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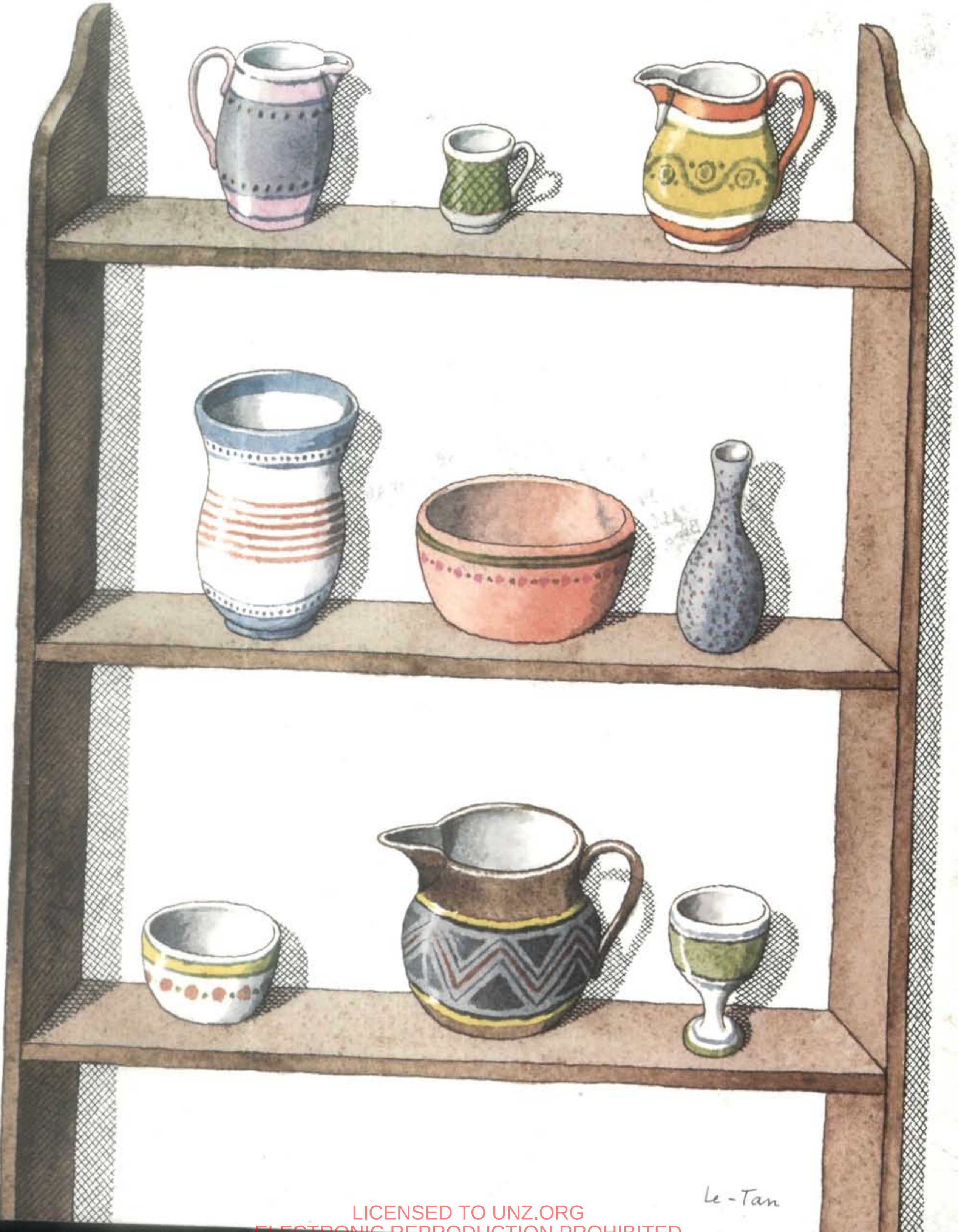

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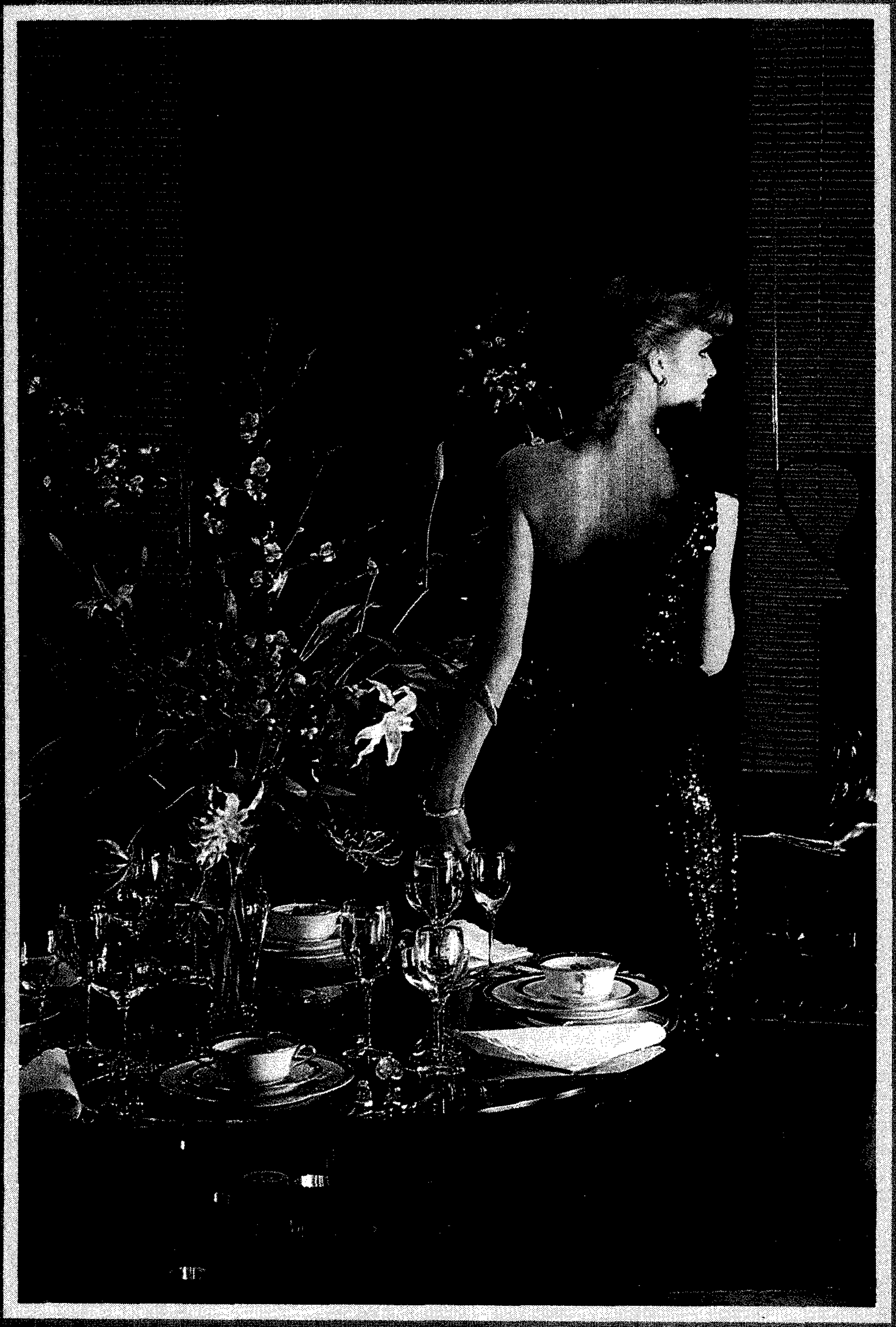

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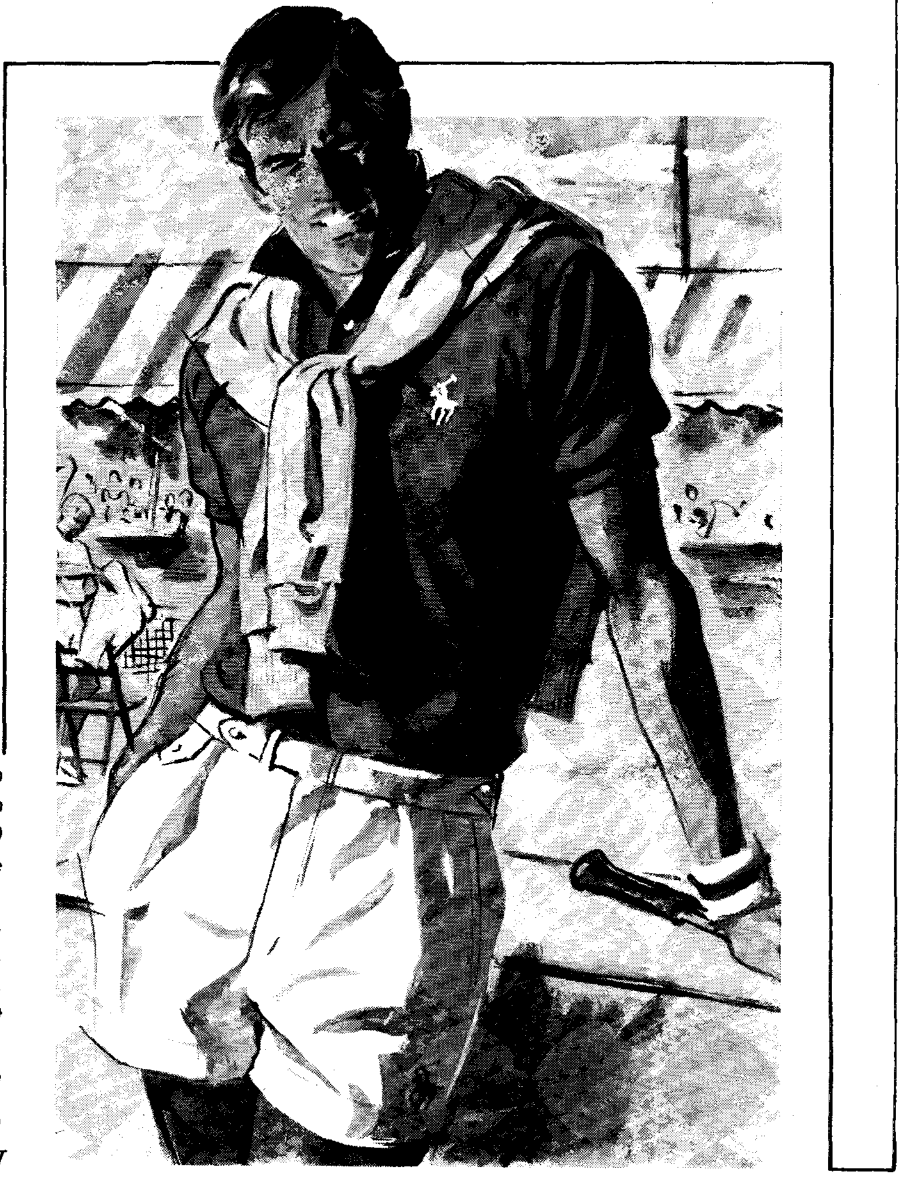

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—John Pielmeier has written a three-sided conversation of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The superlative cast consists of Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. No performances Thursday through Sunday, June 17-20.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—The reappearance of the musical by Larry L. King and Peter Masterson, with music by Carol Hall. Carlin Glynn, Gil Rogers, and Delores Hall head the cast. Directed by Tommy Tune and Mr. Masterson. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Beyond Therapy—John Lithgow and Dianne Wiest star in Christopher Durang's funny, much-ado farce about a pair of lonely misfits bent upon fitting. (6/7/82) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Blues in the Night—Leslie Uggams heads the small cast of this pretend-musical, which has a lot of blues and a lot of night, as the title promises, but not much else to which one need pay attention. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Browning Version and **The Twelve Pound Look**—A satisfactory revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy "The Twelve Pound Look," which serves as a curtain-raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left him fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (5/3/82) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Carolyn Rodgers' Love—A presentation of poems by Carolyn Rodgers, conceived and directed by Shauneille Perry. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 20.)

Cast of Characters—Patrizia Norcia re-creating Ruth Draper's one-woman shows. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Chalk Garden—A very good revival of Enid Bagnold's imperishable comedy, with Constance Cummings, Irene Worth, and Donal Donnelly. John Stix is the director. (5/10/82) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 20.)

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Crimes of the Heart—Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy about three young women in a small town in Mississippi and their trials and tribulations, nearly all of which prove to be very funny indeed. The cast consists of Mia Dillon, Holly Hunter, Lizbeth Mackay, Peter MacNicol, Tom Stechschulte, and Sharon Ullrick. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Shea, Pippa Pearthree, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Remak Ramsay. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of one-act plays, running through Monday, June 21. "Kilo," by Marc B. Berman; "Class Reunion," by Kermit Frazier; "Many Happy Returns," by Willie Reale; and "Routed," by Jeffrey Sweet: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 9-10; Saturday evening, June 12; Friday evening, June 18; and Saturday matinée, June 19. . . . ¶ "Buddies," by Mary Gallagher; "Rosario and the Gypsies," by Eduardo Machado (book and lyrics) and Rick Vartorella (music); and "Ord-Way Ames-Gay," by Susan Vick: Friday evening, June 11; Saturday matinée, June 12: Sunday and Monday evenings, June 13-14; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 16-17; and Saturday evening, June 19. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 247-4982.)

42nd Street Theatre Row Festival—A four-week event that is taking place at the various theatres that line the south side of 42nd Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues;

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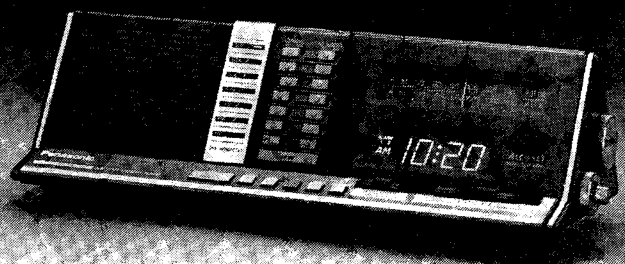

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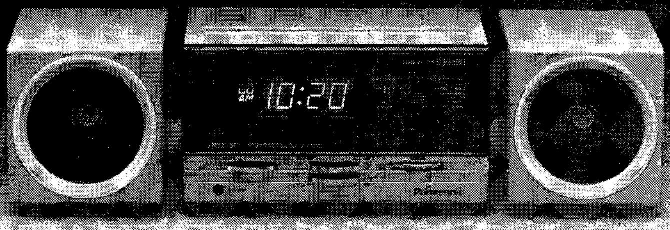

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Sunday, June 27. For information about all tickets, call 279-4200—**ACTORS AND DIRECTORS THEATRE:** The Acting Company presenting "Dubliners," two programs of dramatic adaptations of James Joyce's short stories. (Program A: Friday, June 11, at 8; Saturday, June 12, at 9; and Sunday, June 13, at 8. . . . Program B: Saturday, June 12, at 7, and Sunday, June 13, at 6.) . . . ¶ John S. Patterson in "The Dreamkeeper Speaks," a one-man play about Langston Hughes. (Wednesday and Thursday, June 9-10, at 8.) . . . ¶ "Times like These," a musical revue by Nikki Stern. (Monday and Tuesday, June 14-15, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 16-17, at 8 and 10:30.) . . . **DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS:** "The Freak." This trivial drama about Edgar Cayce, the clairvoyant healer, is written with prime-time slickness, but it is nicely performed by James Greene, Dann Florek, and Polly Draper, among others. Stephen Zuckerman was the director, Granville Wyche Burgess the dramatist. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, June 27.) . . . **HAROLD CLURMAN:** Celeste Holm appearing in "With Love and Laughter," a theatre piece devised from the writings of various authors. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, June 27.) . . . **INTAR:** "Last Latin Lover," a comedy adapted by Leonard Melfi and Max Ferra from a work by Ricardo Halac. (Thursdays through Mondays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, June 27.) . . . **LION THEATRE COMPANY:** "Romeo and Juliet," by William Shakespeare; "Caucasian Chalk Circle," by Bertolt Brecht; and "Kitty Hawk," by Len Jenkins. (Presented in repertory: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, June 27.) . . . **NAT HORNE MUSICAL THEATRE:** "It Ain't All Black and White," a musical entertainment. (Fridays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3 and 7. Through Sunday, June 27.) . . . **SOUTH STREET THEATRE:** "Booth," a play by Robert A. Morse. (Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, June 10, at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Thursday, June 10, at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, June 20.) . . . ¶ Jean Sullivan and Michael Fischetti in "Two by Chekhov," two one-act plays based on the short stories "A Moscow Hamlet" and "The Lady with the Dog." (Monday and Tuesday, June 14-15, at 8.)

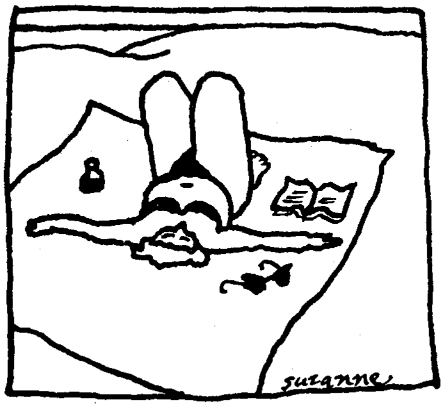
JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, June 13: **THE MIKADO.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, June 16: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

LIVINGSTONE AND SECHELE—David Pownall's intermittently interesting play, which is based on an actual episode, tells of the efforts of Dr. David Livingstone, the nineteenth-century Scottish missionary, to convert to Christianity a proud and crafty African chief. Afemo is impressive in the impressive role of Sechele, and Esther Ryvlin is good, too, as one of his several wives. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MASTER HAROLD . . . AND THE BOYS—Athol Fugard's short and impassioned version of a teen-age writer's literally spitting into the face of the world and the unhealable harm he does and suffers. Superbly acted under the author's direction. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MEDEA—Zoe Caldwell as a barbarian princess raging against her unjust treatment by the conventional, socially ambitious Jason. The gods appear to be on Medea's side, and so, uneasily, are we. (5/17/82) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 27.)



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NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and Larry Riley is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

NINE—A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (credited to Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Raul Julia is the star—one man surrounded by an army of hard-breathing women. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NO DANCING ALLOWED—Aretha Franklin, Marvin Hamlisch, Ben Vereen, and Lesley Ann Warren in a one-time only musical by Henry Edwards. A benefit for the Joffrey Ballet. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Monday, June 14, at 8.)

PERFORMING GARAGE—Final performances in a retrospective of the Wooster Group's works since 1978. **POINT JUDITH:** Thursday, June 10, at 8; Friday, June 11, at 7:30; and Saturday, June 12, at 10:30. . . . **ROUTE 1 & 9:** Friday, June 11, at 10:30; Saturday, June 12, at 7:30; and Sunday, June 13, at 8. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651.)

PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE REGARD OF FLIGHT—Bill Irwin, the beguiling clown, acrobat, pantomimist, and dancer, has added words—funny words—to his repertoire in an on-and-off parody of avant-garde theatre. He is ably assisted by his partners, Doug Skinner (composer and pianist) and Michael O'Connor. (5/31/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St.. 247-0393. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SERIOUS BIZNESS—An entry in the Lunchtime Humorists Series at American Place. This little show, written and performed by David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, Jill Larson, and Don Perman, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. Running time, one hour. Ken Uy is the lively pianist. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1, and Wednesdays at noon.)

SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TORCH SONG TRILOGY—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. The same show that was recently at the Actors Playhouse; it's merely moving uptown, starting Thursday, June 10. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

TOTAL ABANDON—A work-in-progress by Larry Atlas, directed by Jack Hofsiss. With Jeffrey DeMunn, John Heard, Michael Lerner, and W. B. Brydon. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 807-0006. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 27.)

LONG RUNS—**AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Frank Langella plays the villainous Salieri and Dennis Boutsikaris plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a clever and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays

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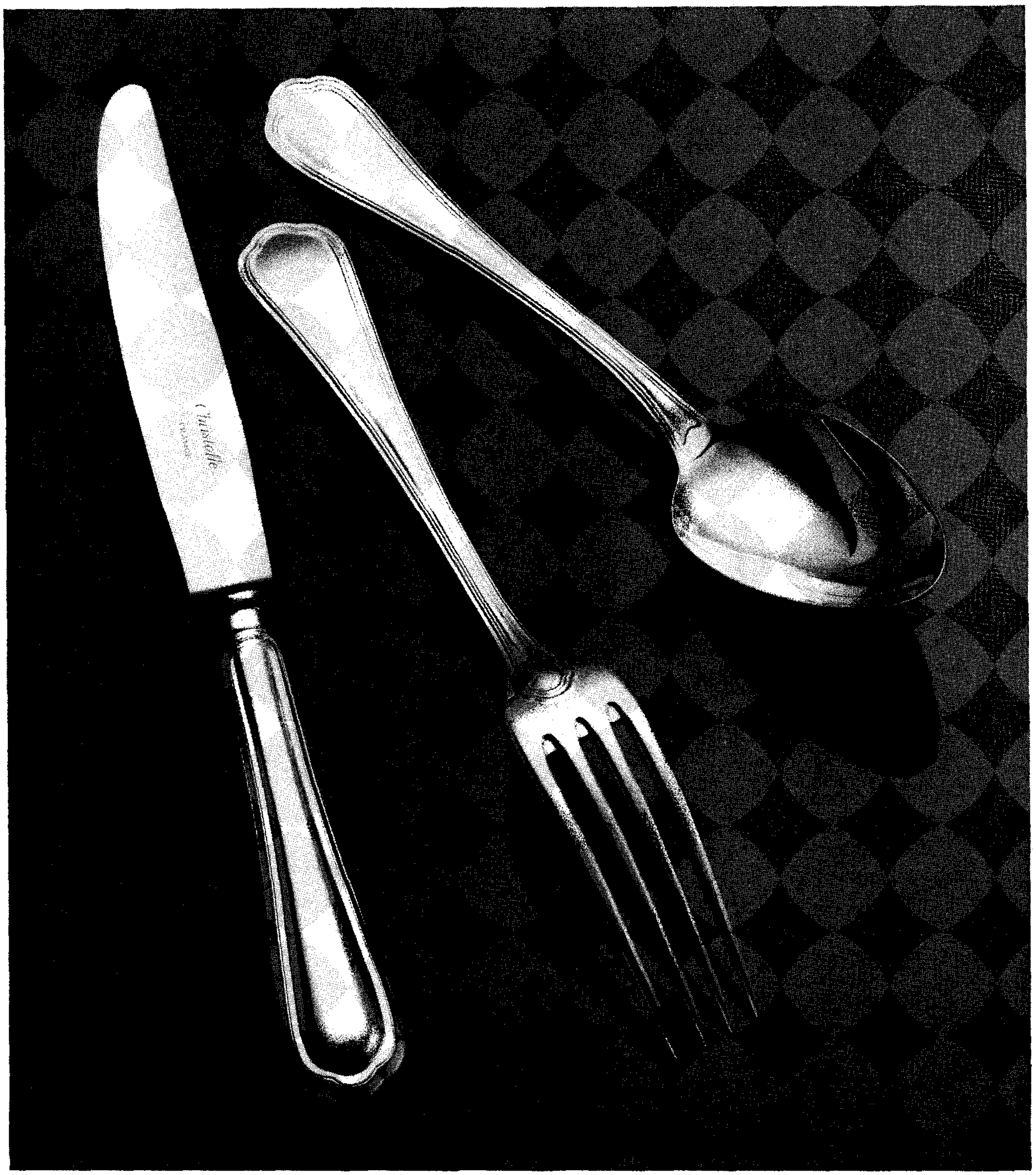

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through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées *Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)* . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,200 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC:** Miss Horne has seen some stormy weather in her time, and when she sings "Stormy Weather" you know she means it. A dazzling show. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Wednesday, June 30.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A *sunny salute to the good* old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** A hellzapoppin version of the Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney (Eddie Bracken fills in for him through Saturday, June 12), Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

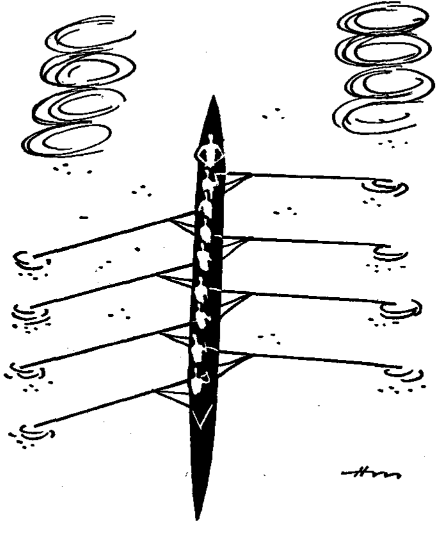
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. Molly Bloom has joined the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Mondays and Tuesdays at 2:30, and Wednesdays and Fridays through Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursday, June 17, at 9; Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, June 10, at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "Patience." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, June 10-11, at 8; Saturday, June 12, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, June 13, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—A *one-week series of* **STRAVINSKY CENTENNIAL** programs, featuring new and repertory works. Thursday evening, June 10: "Circus Polka," "Duo Concertant," "Eight Easy Pieces," "Norwegian Moods" (company première), and four premières—"Tango," "Piano-Rag-Music," "Elégie," and "Variations"—and "Symphony in Three Movements." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 870-5676.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 11: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "The Flood" (première; with John Houseman, narrator), "Eight Easy Pieces," and "Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 12: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "The Flood," two premières—"Pastorale" and "Serenade en La"—and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 12: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Concerto for Piano and Winds" (première), "Scherzo à la Russe," "Norwegian Moods," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 13: "Circus Polka," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos" (première), "Piano-Rag-Music," "Tango," "Elégie," *"Variations," and "The Flood."* . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 13: "Concerto for Piano and Winds," "The Flood," "The Cage," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 15: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Pastorale," "Serenade en La," "The Cage," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 16: "Orpheus," "Four Chamber Works" (première), and "Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 17: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "Four Chamber Works," and divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 18: "Zvezdoliki" (a choral work), "Apollo," "Persephone" (première; with the New York City Opera Chorus and a French narration by Vera Zorina), and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . **REPERTORY:** Saturday matinée, June 19: "Orpheus," "Four Chamber Works," and "Apollo." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 19: "Symphony in Three Movements," "Persephone," and "Agon." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, July 4.)



AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, June 9 at 2: "Les Rendezvous," "Prodigal Son," and "Voluntaries." . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 9 at 8: "Airs," "Clair de Lune," "Jardin Animé," and "Carmen." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 10-11, at 8, and Saturday, June 12, at 2 and 8: "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

ROYAL DANISH BALLET—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Saturday, June 26—Tuesday, June 15, at 7:30; Wednesday, June 16, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, June 19, at 2: "The Kermesse in Bruges" and Act III of "Napoli." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 17-18, at 8: "Firebird," "The Whims of Cupid," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 8: "Firebird," "Letters to Orpheus," and "Memoria." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

FELD BALLET—Wednesday evening, June 9: "Harbinger," "The Gods Amused," "Scenes" (première), and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 10: "Half Time," "A Soldier's Tale," and "Circa." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 11: "Anatomic Balm," "Over the Pavement," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 12: "Scenes," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "Half Time." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 12: "Theatre," "At Midnight," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 13: "The Consort," "Scenes," and "A Footstep of Air." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 13: "Harbinger," "The Gods Amused," "A Soldier's Tale," and "Circa." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 15: "Scenes," "Circa," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 16: "Anatomic Balm," "Over the Pavement," and "A Footstep of Air." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 17: "Theatre," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "Circa." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 18: "The Consort," "At Midnight," and "Half Time." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 19: "Theatre," "Anatomic Balm," and "A Footstep of Air." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 19: "Harbinger," "The Gods Amused," "A Soldier's Tale," and "Play Bach." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, June 27.)

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, June 27—Wednesday evening, June 9 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 832-9166), and Thursday evening, June 10: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Golden Hall" (première), and "Acts of Light" (New York première). . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 11: "Acts of Light," "Hérodiade," and "Dark Meadow." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 12: "Primitive Mysteries," "Hérodiade," and "Dark Meadow." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 13: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Hérodiade," and "Golden Hall." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 13: "Primitive Mysteries," "Hérodiade," and "Dark Meadow." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 15: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Golden Hall," and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 16: "Primitive Mysteries," "Golden Hall," "Lamentation," and "Appalachian Spring." (A benefit performance at which Miss Graham will address the audience and Aaron Copland will conduct the final work; for tickets, call 832-9166.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 17: "Acts of Light," "Hérodiade," "Golden Hall," and "Judith." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 18: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Dark Meadow," and "Appalachian Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 19: "Judith," "Golden Hall," "Duet for Two Cats," and "Acts of Light." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

BILL T. JONES AND COMPANY—Ten performances of "Social Intercourse: Pilgrims' Progress." (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, June 20.)

KENNETH KING AND DANCERS—"S-C-A-N," "Complete Electric Discharge," and "Bridge." (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710.

Wednesday through Saturday, June 9-12, at 8, and Sunday, June 13, at 3 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, pianist, bandleader, and jazz professor **JAKI BYARD** will head up a trio; and on Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, **MAJOR HOLLEY**, who hums along as he bows his bass, will perform. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A new dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Baritone crooner **ARTHUR PRYSOCK**, who had them swooning in the aisles of the Apollo Theatre a couple of decades back, sings here through Sunday, June 13; on Monday, June 14, Guanabara, an octet, will play Brazilian jazz; and on Tuesday, June 15, **DIZZY GILLESPIE**, the master, will begin a six-night visit. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Thursday, June 10, singer and songwriter **HOLLY NEAR**; Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, veteran folkie **TOM PAXTON** and comedienne Elayne Boosler; Sunday, June 13, Lightning Harry Dee and Kieran Liscoe & the Attitude; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 15-16, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** (with electric-violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK** on Tuesday and with Brian Keane on Wednesday) and the Alan Holdsworth band; Thursday, June 17, the Nighthawks, a blues and rockabilly quintet; and Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, two evenings of doo-wop with the Drifters, the Marvelettes, Fourteen Karat Soul, and Larry Chance & the Earls. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. **FRED HERSCH** is the pianist through Saturday, June 12; and starting Monday, June 14, the very bluesy **HAROLD MABERN** will play piano with bass accompaniment by **JAMIL NASSER.** Sundays are now the property of pianist **LARRY WILLIS** and his bassist. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON**, who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-sized Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from *carnaval*. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, the exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** sings and plays with his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS**, whose solos epitomize delicacy and whose sets epitomize brevity, is once again performing nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, June 9, Richard Thorne & the Side Effects, White Harlem, Attention, and Alfonia Tims & the Flying Tigers; Thursday, June 10, Yap Yap Research, Kammer Musik, Mice, and Network; Friday, June 11, the Sorrows, the Colors, Greg Pickard, and Chris Moffa & the Competition; and Saturday, June 12, Shox Lumania, the Donny Fury Band, State of Desire, and Disturbed Furniture. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, **ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues lyric for the uninitiated, with bassist Jimmy Lewis and pianist Gerald Cook as her backup team. Sundays through Tuesdays are the property of singer and bassist **ARVELL SHAW** and his trio, who perform glossy, pleasant-enough versions of such swingers and ballads as "Cottontail," "Love," and "Since I Fell for You." Sets begin nightly at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, June 9, the Irish Tradition; Saturday, June 12, Out to Lunch; Wednesday, June 16, Ray Fisher; and Saturday, June 19, the Will Dicker Boys. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays and from eight-fifteen on Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a sure-fire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two nightly, except Sundays. Wednesdays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, June 13, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** will guide a quartet from about nine-thirty. Dining.

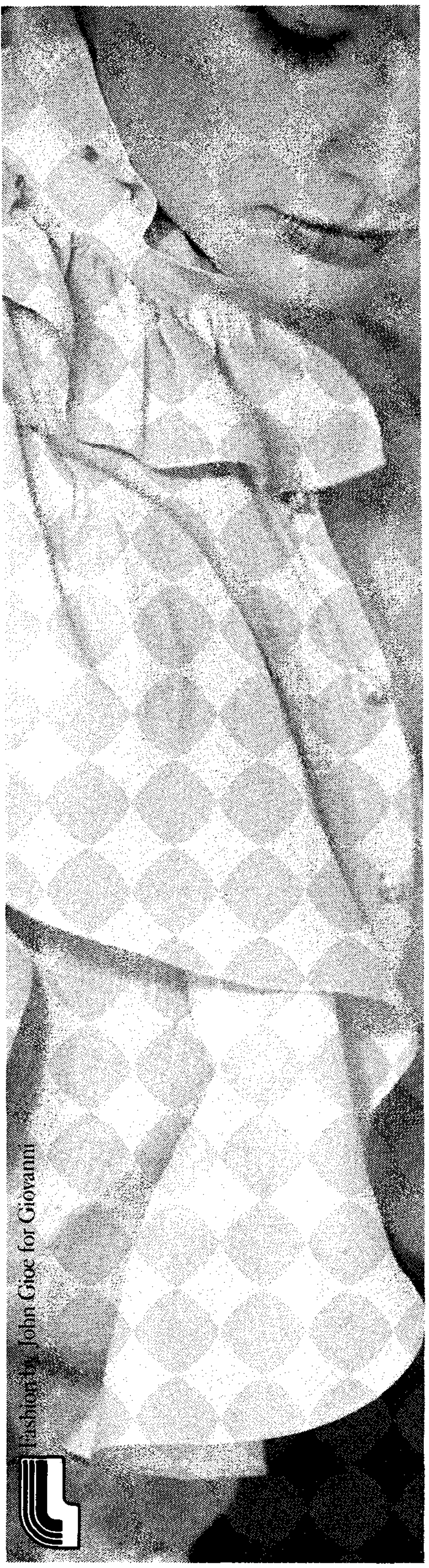
Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Jazz-funk tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** leads his quintet here through Sunday, June 13; on Tuesday, June 15, jazz-funk pianist **LONNIE LISTON SMITH** will bring in his quartet. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, June 9, the Jaime Bartlestone band; Friday, June 11, **JOHN HERALD**; Saturday, June 12, the Bermuda Triangle; Sunday, June 13, Friends & Enemies; Wednesday, June 16, Papa John Kolstead; Thursday, June 17, Bill Ochs and Mandragora; and Friday, June 18, Celtic Thunder. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. The live music: Wednesday, June 9, singer and pianist **ANDY BEY**; Thursday through Saturday, June 10-12, **JOE LEE WILSON**, a fire-breathing jazz singer who should be famous; Monday, June 14, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND**, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**, and trumpeter and composer **JIMMY OWENS**; and starting Tuesday, June 15, Latin-jazz pianist **JORGE DALTO**, Brazilian-jazz singer **ANGELA SUAREZ**, and their combo. Sundays belong to a Brazilian-jazz band called Kenia. Sets run Sundays through Thursdays from ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **AL GAFA**, pianist **ANDY LAVERNE**, and bassist **BILL CROW** work together through Sunday, June 13; Wednesday through Sunday, June 16-20, guitarist Scott Hardy, pianist Harris Simon, and bassist Steve Alcott will occupy the little bandstand. Mondays and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these bands begin playing about ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five to ten, except on Sundays, when **BROOKS KERR** plays stride piano and sings.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of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those very new high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical tubes containing little incandescent bulbs, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. Tuesdays through Saturdays, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**, bluesy and lively, take on the piano-bass duties. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays, from seven to eleven, are given over to pianist **NINA SHELDON**.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **DAVE MC KENNA**, a pumping, swirling time warp of a pianist—he plays stride with his left hand and bebop with his right—is here through Saturday, June 12. On Tuesday, June 15, pianist **JOHNNY GUARNIERI** will begin a rare visit. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A jazz loft for jazzmaniacs, Brazil nuts, and good old regular, everyday, mild-mannered people. On Wednesday, June 9, Clarice Taylor will sing with her backing crew; Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, singer, guitarist, and composer **THIAGO DE MELLO** will lead his ten-piece band, **AMAZON**, which features trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI**; and Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, **CLAUDIO RODITI** will lead his own band, **BRAZIL EXPRESS**. On Thursdays, the eight talented young musicians who make up the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**—a tenor saxophonist-flutist, a trombonist, an electric guitarist, an electric bassist, a trap drummer, two additional drummers (one plays a Brazilian version of a tomtom, the other a Brazilian drum that looks like a portable kettledrum slung on a strap over his shoulder), and a flamboyant, Type A percussionist—assemble themselves on the bandstand. They light right into wild, swirling, manic sambas with such fervor that one might suspect they've just marched in a parade during *carnaval*. Music after eight-thirty. Closed Thursday, June 10.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five resident Dixieland journeymen swing it under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. **ROLAND HANNA**, who is sometimes clipped and percussive, at other times undulating and romantic, but always a powerhouse of a pianist, works with bassist **MIKE RICHMOND** Tuesdays through Saturdays. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** provide the piano-bass music on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, June 9-10, **DOTTIE WEST**; Sunday, June 13, **FINN & THE SHARKS** (a rockabilly band from Nyack), Jack Smith & Rockabilly Planet, and Diamond Dupree; Monday, June 14, folkie **ERIC ANDERSEN**; Tuesday, June 15, country singer Bobby Bare; and Wednesday and Thursday, June 16-17, **JAMES BROWN**, a.k.a. Soul Brother No. 1. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

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LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A new jazz club—not particularly opulent (thank heavens) but definitely lively. **RED GARLAND**, remembered as Miles' pianist of the mid-fifties, is up from Dallas, playing in his unmistakable way—swinging, locked chords and punching, buoyant comping—with a quartet through Saturday, June 12. On Monday, June 14, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** will drop in with his trio. And on Tuesday, June 15, **BARNEY KESSEL** and **HERB ELLIS**, who, with their laid-back middle-aged stage presence, their exchange of warm, knowing chuckles, and their unflappable six-stringed dialogues, come across as the Bob and Ray of guitar duos, will begin a five-night visit here. Sundays are devoted to pianist and composer **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS** and his thirteen-piece orchestra. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—This singer's room has a view of a garden and a view of Fran Jeffries Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DICK HYMAN** and **ROGER KELLAWAY** are performing at twin pianos Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The schedule: Wednesday, June 9, Joe Harris & the Majors; Thursday through Saturday, June 10-12, singer Alaina Reed; Monday, June 14, Lynn Welshman's ten-piece band; Tuesday, June 15, the Fishman Brothers; Thursday, June 17, Wareika, a reggae band; and Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, guitarist **ERIC GALE'S** R. & B.-and-reggae septet, which features jazz drummer **FREDDIE WAITS** and reggae drummer and singer **WINSTON GRENNAN**. On Sundays, **STRING FEVER**, a fourteen-piece string section plus drummer, plays swing music. Music from ten to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now there is jazz, and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, June 9, Learn to Drive; Friday through Sunday, June 11-13, the **PERSUASIONS**, a sublime a-cappella street-corner soul quintet; Tuesday, June 15, Sister Sun and Hot Duck Sauce; Wednesday, June 16, the Savannah Sheiks; Thursday, June 17, Ernie Mannix and the Starters; and Saturday, June 19, the Strangers. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. Trumpeter **SY OLIVER** guides his bouncy dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. Wednesday, June 9, the Professionals; Thursday through Saturday, June 10-12, **MARIANNE FAITHFULL**; Sunday, June 13, Sugar Minott; Monday, June 14, Shrapnel and Jo Marshall; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 15-16, the **POINTER SISTERS**; and Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, Bauhaus. Shows usually after midnight.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, a tribute to Frank Loesser is under way, with a cast comprised of Bobby Morse, Lynne Thigpen, Liz Callaway, and Regina O'Malley. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor: Wednesday, June 9, drummer **ART TAYLOR'S** band; Thursday, June 10, the Eliane Elias quintet; Friday through Sunday, June 11-13, **EDDIE PALMIERI'S** band; Tuesday, June 15, Chuck Loeb; Wednesday and Thursday, June 16-17, a group comprising drummer **BOB MOSES**, trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER**, pianist **STEVE KUHN**, and others; and Friday through Sunday, June 18-20, singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO**. Music from nine-thirty.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, informal room with very good weekend music. Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, **DAKOTA STATON** will sing ballads and satisfying up-tempo blues-tinged numbers; on Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, the Ink Spots will be present. Music from ten. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** leads his quartet through Saturday, June 12; Sunday and Monday, June 13-14, will be turned over to Clyde Lucas; and starting Tuesday, June 15, **NAT ADDERLEY**, an earthy cornettist-raconteur, will arrive with his blues-laden quintet, which will feature alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE**. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A simple, basic blues club with the only amenity that counts—blues players. Wednesday and Thursday, June 9-10, second-generation Chicago-blues guitarist and singer **MAGIC SLIM** (his name was Morris Holt until the late Magic Sam generously dubbed him Magic Slim back in the sixties) and his band, the **TEARDROPS**; Wednesday and Thursday, June 16-17, Big Time Sarah & Her Blues Band. Fridays and Saturdays belong to the mellifluous R. & B. singer and hot piano pounder **CHARLES BROWN**, and on Tuesdays, the

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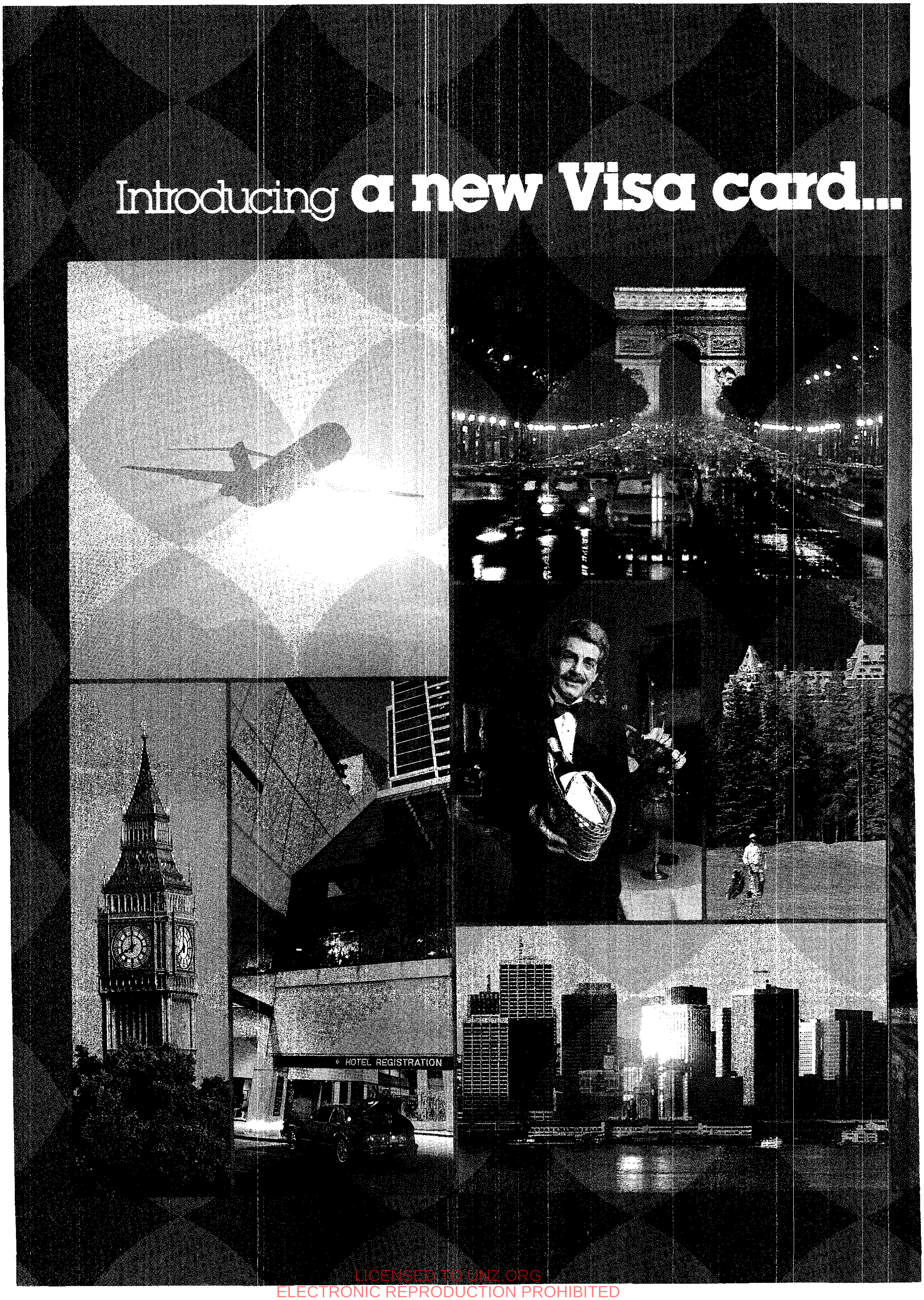
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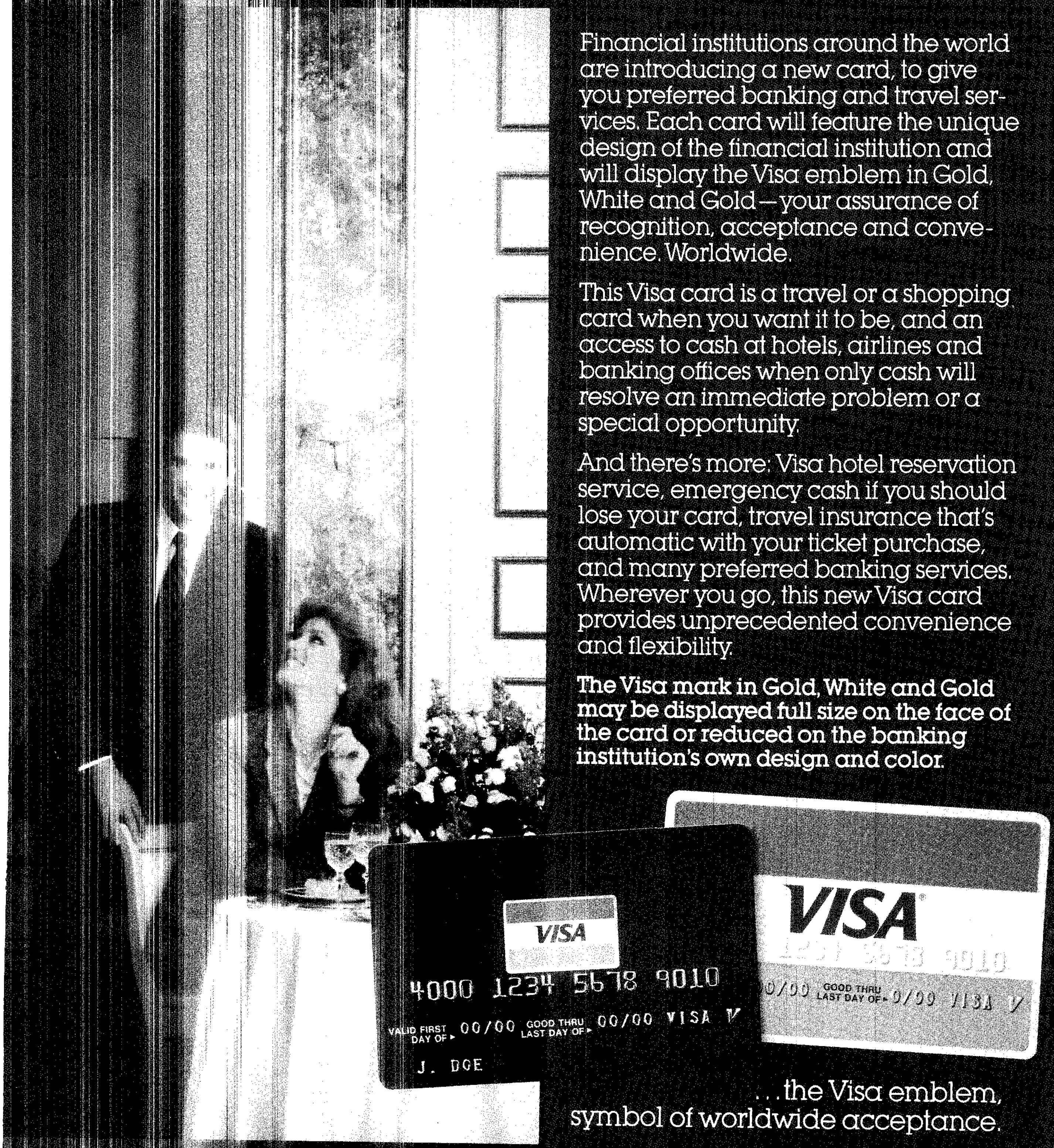
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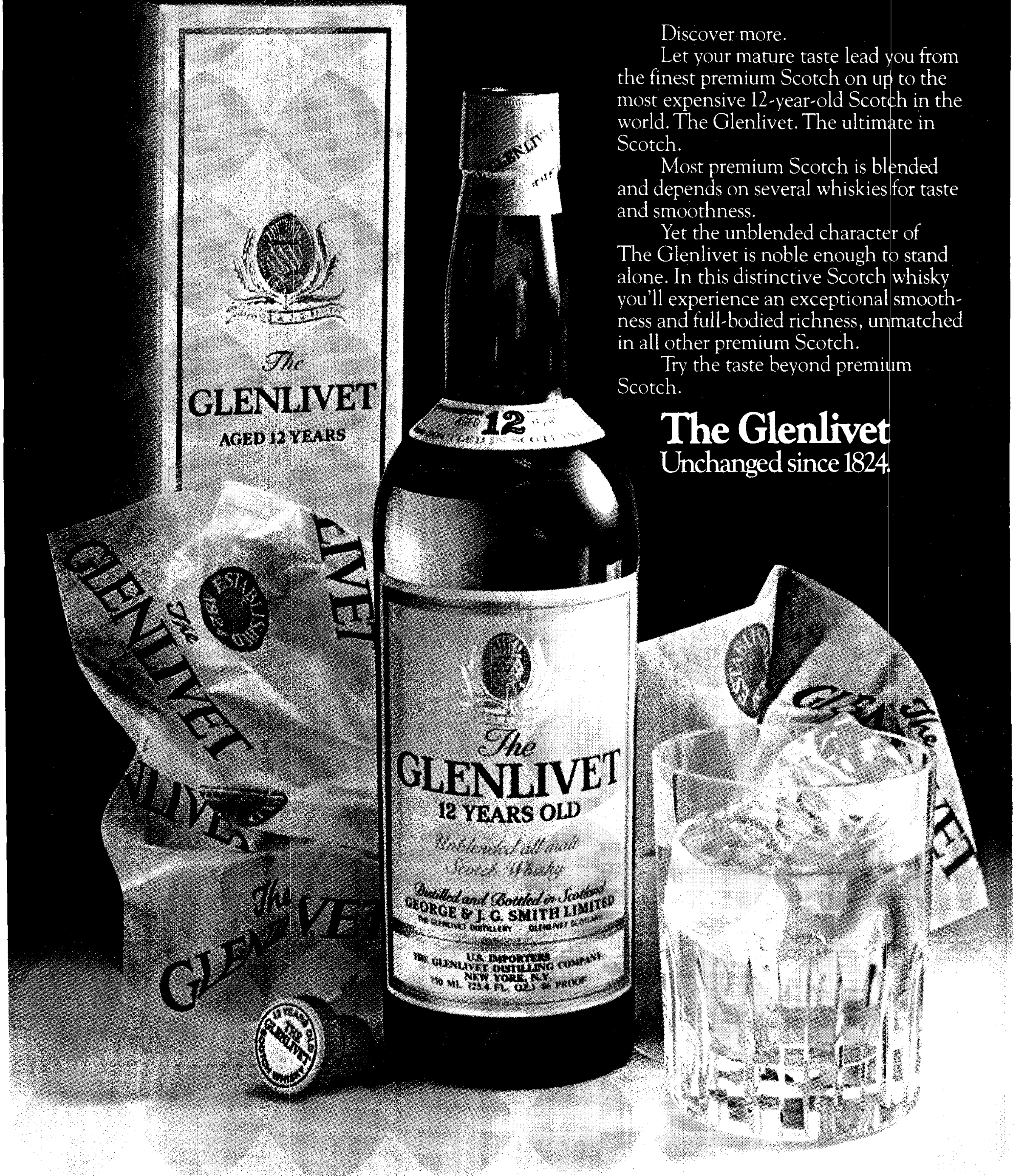
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

UPTOWN HORNS, a local basic-blue octet, does moving renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights from about nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Wednesday, June 9, Jim Carroll; Thursday, June 10, No Guitars and John Gault; Friday, June 11, the **UPTOWN HORNS;** Saturday, June 12, Tot Rocket and the Band of Outsiders; Tuesday, June 15, Jon Carroll and Points; Wednesday, June 16, Speculator and Hooks; Thursday, June 17, Eel Dog and Triangle; Friday, June 18, Robbie Watson's Speedometers; and Saturday, June 19, Sound. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the big, barnlike downstairs room is the site of salsa concerts, which begin after nine; on June 14, **TITO PUENTE** and his band and **CONJUNTO CREMA** will be on hand, along with guest soloist vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON.** On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor in this, the most famous jazz club in the world. **WOODY SHAW,** a heady trumpet soloist and composer, is here with his quintet through Sunday, June 13; on Tuesday, June 15, devoted hard boppers **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and **BARRY HARRIS** will begin co-piloting a quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

VILLAGE WEST, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). Vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** works with his bebop partner guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and with bassist **REGGIE JOHNSON** through Sunday, June 13; on Tuesday, June 15, **BRIAN TORFF,** an accomplished young bass player who's been touring with George Shearing, will arrive with his own trio for a two-week stint. Music from about nine-thirty.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Esther Blue on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and **SADIK HAKIM** Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Tenor saxophonist Percy France heads a combo through Tuesday, June 15; Wednesday through Saturday, June 16-19, **DOC CHEATHAM**—his clear, easy tone still intact—will play and sing a hip thirties repertoire. Music every night from nine.

ZINNO, 128 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—In the twenties, you could find a speakeasy at this address; in the seventies, Reno Sweeney. Now the club is a sleek, spacious bar, restaurant, and musical passageway between them. Bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** works with pianist James Williams through Saturday, June 12; on Monday, June 14, guitarist Carl Thompson and bassist Linc Milliman will take over. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty.

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JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SMOKEY ROBINSON—With "D" Train. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, June 10, at 7:30.)

BOBBY AND THE MIDNITES—With Bob Weir, Billy Cobham, Alphonso Johnson, Dave Garland, and Bobby Cochran. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, June 10, at 8.)

JOHN HICKS BIG BAND—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, at 10.

ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK—With Stewie Stone. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, June 11, at 8; Saturday, June 12, at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday, June 13, at 8.)

FRANK FERRUCCI—With a ten-piece ensemble in a program of his own music. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, at 8:30.)

TAHUANTINSUYO—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, June 12, at 8.

THE DREGS—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, June 12, at 8.

WEATHER REPORT—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. For information about tickets, call 977-9020. Saturday, June 12, at 8.

FIFTH ANNUAL NEW YORK WOMEN'S JAZZ FESTIVAL—Sunday, June 13, from 1 to 8: Opening-day ceremonies, with performances by jazz musicians Ellen Seeling and Jean Fineberg and the Harp Band, singers Cathy Rose Salit and Grace Testani, dancers Catherine Mapp and Atsuko, and others. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 14, at 8: Phyllis Hyman, Gail Wynters, and Lillias White. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 15, at 8: Dave Chertok's film "Women in Jazz." . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 16, at 8: The Joanne Brackeen trio and Sheila Jordan and Harvie Swartz. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 17, at 8: Jazz tap dancers Brenda Bufalino, Jane Goldberg, and Tina Pratt. . . . ¶ Friday, June 18, at 8: The Jeanne Lee trio and the Betty MacDonald quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 8: Dakota Staton, with the Bross Townsend trio, and the Willene Barton quartet, with Keisha St. Joan. (Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 20, at 7: Closing-day ceremonies, including appearances by Melba Liston and the Women's Jazz Festival Orchestra and Shirley Horn's trio. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St.) The event in Damrosch Park is free; for information about tickets to the other events, call 924-5026.

BIG NICK NICHOLAS QUARTET—With Honi Coles, tap dancer. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Sunday, June 13, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 722-8223.)

DIONNE WARWICK—With Ramsey Lewis. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, June 15, at 7:30.)

THIAGO DE MELLO AND AMAZON—With Claudio Roditi. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Friday, June 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 249-8950, Ext. 650.)

SQUEEZE—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, June 18, at 8.

STEEL PULSE—Beacon Theatre. Friday, June 18, at 8.

RICK SPRINGFIELD—Carnegie Hall. Friday through Sunday, June 18-20, at 8.

GEORGE RUSSELL BIG BAND—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, at 10.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 10, at 10, 11:30, and 1: John Hicks trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Cedar Walton quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 13, at 10 and midnight: Judy Niemack, Albert Dailey, Curtis Boyd, and Dennis Irwin. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 17, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Jual Curtis & Instant Swing. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Mickey Tucker sextet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ROBERT CUMMING—Realist drawings in black and white, plus silhouettes and photographs. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, June 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

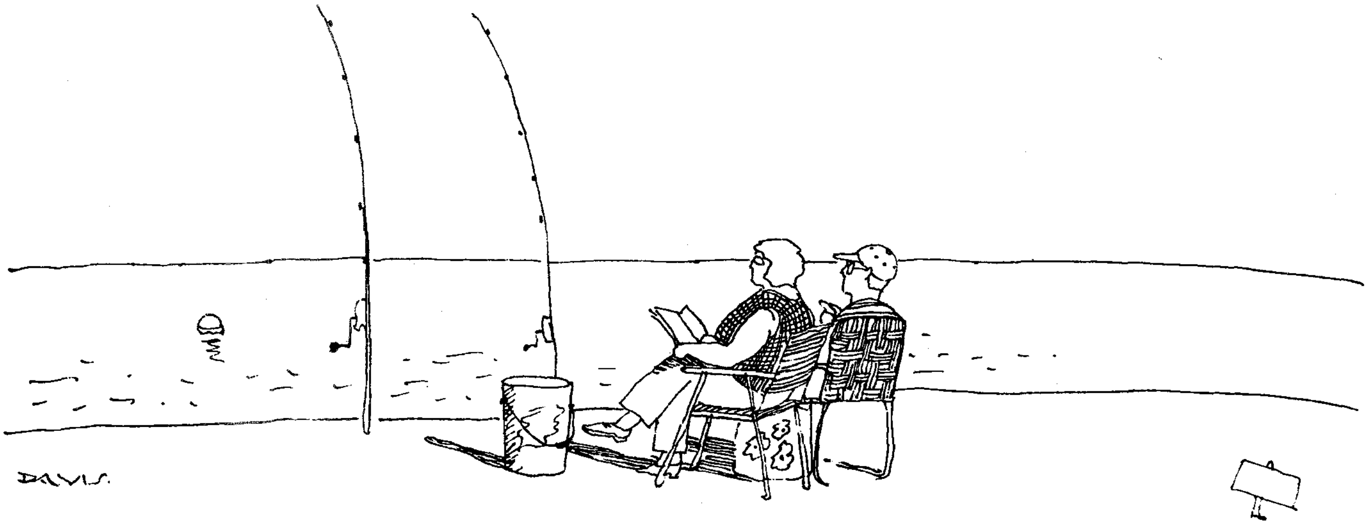
ROBERT DONLEY—Recent paintings and drawings. Through July 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

CHAIM GROSS—Early and recent direct carvings in wood and stone. Through Monday, June 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MICHAEL HEIZER—Massive chunks of lava, gray granite, and red granite are used in three new sculptures. Through Saturday, June 19. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

RANDALL TIMMONS—Recent paintings. Through June 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

TOD WIZON—Highly colored semi-abstract



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

paintings of landscapes. Through Wednesday, June 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 21 E. 67th St.: Works by late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, including Robert Henri, Joseph Cornell, Childe Hassam, and Georgia O'Keeffe. . . . ¶ In another room, there are works on paper by gallery artists, among them Jeffrey Kronsnoble, Lionel Kalish, and Fritz Scholder. Through July 2. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Europeans, including Cézanne, Ernst, and Matisse; and by the Americans Kline and Rothko. Through Saturday, June 12. . . . **GOETHE HOUSE**, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St.: Paintings from Frankfurt at the time of Goethe: Fifteen canvases by contemporaneous artists; and three triptychs, made by a family of restorers, which contain miniature copies of paintings (by Rembrandt, Correggio, Dürer) owned by Frankfurt collectors. Through Saturday, June 12. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "New York Visionaries" is the title for a show of paintings by seven artists—Isaac Abrams, Linda Gardner, Carol Hertzer, Hanna Kay, Mati Klarwein, De Es Schwertberger, and Olga Spiegel—who share similar themes. Through June 25. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and works on paper by gallery artists, among them Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Antonio Segui. Through July 1. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SALANDER-O'REILLY**, 22 E. 80th St.: Welded-aluminum sculptures by William Noland, paintings on paper by Walter Darby Bannard, and drawings by Arshile Gorky are among the many works on view. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **URDANG**, 23 E. 74th St.: Paintings, works on paper, and sculptures, all from the past decade, by Pinchas Cohen Gan, Kay WalkingStick, Karen Shaw, and others. Through June 30.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Glen Baxter—Drawings (with captions) done in a humorous vein by a British artist. Through July 2. (Jacobson-Hochman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Barton Lidicé Beneš—Recent collages, including one consisting of pieces snipped at random from original works by other artists (Picasso, Christo, Warhol, Chagall), affixed to black velvet, and then laid out on a grid format. Through July 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer / David Hockney—Recent oils. / Standard-size Polaroids (of people and studio interiors) arranged as pieces in mosaics, so that larger, Cubist portraits and studio still-lifes result. Through June 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—A selection of watercolors representing the seasons. Through Friday, June 11. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Harold Gregor / Ida Lorentzen—Watercolors (and some drawings) of Illinois farmlands. / Paintings and works on paper of interior scenes in the artist's home in Norway. Through June 23. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Irwin—Works from the late sixties: two disc paintings, one opaque and one translucent, projecting from the wall; and two solid-color paintings. Through Friday, June 18. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Wifredo Lam—Early paintings and works on paper by a Surrealist. Through June 26. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Drawings and sculptures of women can be seen in this show marking the hundredth anniversary of the sculptor's birth. Through July 16. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Judith Nelson—Recent abstract paintings: translucent geometric shapes superimposed over grids of dots. Through June 26. (Viridian, 52 W. 57th St.)

St. Clair Sullivan / Hitch Lyman—Oils of dancing figures. / Watercolors of Greece and Turkey. Through June 30. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—Works on paper in mixed mediums by a Spanish abstractionist who often leans heavily on bright red and dead black. Through June 25. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

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Sibyl Weil—Three new sculptures: one lead (accompanied by drawings), one paper, one glass. Through Saturday, June 19. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St.: New work by Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, and Richard Serra. Through Saturday, June 19. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Kiki Smith, Justen Ladda (paintings), Rebecca Howland (sculptures), and John Fekner (small-scale wall pieces fashioned from plaques) are some of the artists whose works are on view, all of which make political statements about the uses and abuses of nature. Through July 3. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by artists currently or formerly associated with the gallery, including Eugène Mihaesco, Egon Schiele, and Grandma Moses. Through Sept. 3. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **HABER THEODORE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works in clay by Betty Woodman, Graham Marks, Maryann Harman, James Makins, and four others. Through June 26. . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings, primarily from the past couple of years, by Europeans (Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi) and Americans (David Salle, Julian Schnabel). Seventeen artists in all. Through July 9. (Open Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: American landscapes and interiors by Isabel Bishop, William Palmer, Paul Cadmus, Margit Varga, William Thon, and other gallery artists. Through July 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **MILLER**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Abstract landscape paintings by fifteen artists, Louise Bourgeois, Willem de Kooning, Dana Garrett, and Anselm Kiefer among them. Through July 31. . . . **OSCARSSON HOOD**, 41 W. 57th St.: Recent paintings and works on paper by Thornton Willis and Carol Haerer, and a sculpture in mixed mediums by George Mayocole. Through June 25. (Opens at noon, Tuesdays through Fridays.) . . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings by gallery regulars Alice Dalton Brown, Sally Vagliano, Power Boothe, and others; and sculptures by Dorothy Dehner. Through Saturday, June 19. . . . **SUMERS**, 50 W. 57th St.: Prints by sculptors, among them Archipenko, Maillol, Marini, and Rodin. Through Friday, June 18. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **ZARRE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Charmion von Wiegand, Nassos Daphnis, Robert Swain, and Susan Crile are among the ten artists whose abstract paintings are on view. Through July 31.

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Altoon (1925-69) / **Jane Rosen**—Large drawings, some of them erotic, done with a quick, nervous line. / Wall sculptures of soaring figures. Through Saturday, June 12. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Victor Burgin / Gwenn Thomas—Photographs with captions, inspired by the writings of Freud. / Color photographs of city scenes, in frames that have been painted by the artist. Through Saturday, June 19. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Don Gummer—Wall reliefs. Through Saturday, June 12. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ A large sculpture, called "Spiral Crown," currently occupies the space in front of the Seagram Building, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St.

Diane Kaiser—Plaster, clay, and painted-wood wall reliefs, some of them integrating both organic (clouds, shells) and architectural (roofs, stairs) forms. Also, sculptures. Through June 23. (SoHo 20, at 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Dennis Oppenheim / Keith Haring—An expanded version of an installation from his "fireworks" series, which was exhibited at the Hirshhorn Museum. Some of its components (spinning blades, motors) are in constant motion; others (rockets, flares) are activated periodically. / Commercial color posters of Elvis Presley and Marilyn Monroe, altered with black sumi ink. Through June 26. (Bonlow, 150 Greene St.)

Italo Scanga / Dale Chihuly—Recent glass and wood-and-metal sculptures. Also, drawings. / Abstract glass sculptures. Through June 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by nine artists in this gallery's invitational summer show: Mike Howard, Ellen Lanyon, Susan R. Laufer, Nachume Miller, and others. Through July 16. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by a dozen artists, two of whom (John Knecht and Sandra Moore) are showing drawings for animated films. Through June 26. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Drawings by eighteen artists, among them Al Blaustein, Tom Boutis, Daphne Mumford, and Nora Speyer. Through Thursday, June 17. (Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.) . . . **NOSEI**, 100 Prince St.: Works in a variety of mediums by artists on this gallery's roster, including Jean Michel Basquiat, Mike Glier, and K. H. Hödicke. Through June 30. . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON**, 392 West Broadway: Paintings in different mediums by Nicholas Africano, Francesco Clemente, Keith Haring, Robert Kushner, and others. Through June 30. . . . **TOLL**, 146 Greene St.: The ocean is the theme of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Cheryl Laemmle, Judith Shea, Tom Butter, and Dennis Kardon. Through Saturday, June 19.

OTHER GALLERIES

Myrna Baez—Figurative paintings and graphics from the seventies by a Puerto Rican artist. Through Aug. 15. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

John Chamberlain—A permanent exhibit of twenty painted-and-chromed steel sculptures from 1975-81; one large-scale work in urethane foam; and a series of fifteen lithographs, dated 1978. (Dia Art Foundation, 67 Vestry St., two blocks below Canal St., a stone's throw from the Hudson. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **BROMM**, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: "Agitated Figures: the New Emotionalism" is the title for a show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by ten artists, including Jedd Garet, Roseanne Generalli, Jody Pinto, and Terry Rosenberg. Through Saturday, June 19. . . . **THE DAIRY**, in Central Park between the zoo and the carousel: Twenty-two original watercolors, pastels, and acrylics of the Park which have appeared on the cover of this magazine. Ilonka Karasz and Julian de Miskey (work from the twenties); and Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin (C.E.M.), Charles Saxon, and James Stevenson (work from the sixties and seventies). Through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Edouard Boubat—More than seventy prints from the past four decades. Through July 16.

(Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Roger Corbeau—Photographs taken on movie sets, 1932-82. Through June 25. (French Institute-Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30.)

Mitch Epstein / Leon Levinstein—A dozen photographs documenting the filming of "Annie," and prints from a trip to India in 1981. / Scenes of New York during the fifties, sixties, and seventies. Through July 2. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Cas Oorthuys (1908-75)—Photographs taken in Amsterdam, 1944-45, during the German occupation. Through July 9. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

John Phillips—Forty photographs taken in France from 1937 through 1950, by the former *Life* photographer. Through June 30. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Through Indian Eyes—The art of photography in India between 1850 and 1920 is surveyed in a show of more than a hundred and fifty hand-painted photographs that invite comparison and contrast to traditional Indian painting and to European photography (fifteen examples of each are offered) of the same period. Through July 4. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeenth-century French art in two different shows: paintings, primarily on loan, but offering the museum's "The Fortune Teller," by Georges de la Tour, and including as well ten landscapes by Claude and "The Death of Germanicus," by Poussin; and a complementary display of drawings and prints (all from the museum's collection) by Callot, Le Brun, Claude, and others. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A recent bronze casting of Rodin's monumental "The Gates of Hell" is now greeting visitors in the Charles Engelhard Court, and will be doing so for the next nine months. . . . ¶ Thirty-one seventeenth-century Dutch paintings on loan from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Edward William Carter. Through June 20. . . . ¶ A show of fifth- to tenth-century artifacts that were buried in the deserts of Central Asia for a thousand years and unearthed by German archeologists in the late nineteenth century—primarily religious paintings, clay and wood figures, and manuscripts, but also some frescoes retrieved from temples at Kizil, showing scenes from the life of Buddha. On loan from the West Berlin State Museums. Through June 20. . . . ¶ Forty-four watercolors and drawings of Boston Public Garden from the sketchbook of Maurice Prendergast, exhibited separately in their original sequence. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of about a hundred early paintings and drawings by Giorgio de Chirico. Through June 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of diverse works by seven contemporary Italian artists: Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi, Nino Longobardi, Luigi Ontani, Giuseppe Penone, Vettor Pisani, and Gilberto Zorio. . . . ¶ Jack Tworkov: An exhibit of paintings and works on paper from the past fifteen years. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through June 20.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of the video artist Nam June Paik, whose latest piece consists of a pyramid of forty-eight television sets showing various Paik tapes. Through June 27. . . . ¶ An exhibit devoted to abstract drawings in which thirty-two artists are represented, including Weber, Gorky, Albers, and Rockburne. Through July 11. . . . ¶ Approximately fifty figurative paintings from the past two decades by nearly two dozen artists—Arthur G. Dove, Alice Neel, Alfred Leslie, and David Salle among them. Through Sunday, June 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An installation combining paint and string on a gallery wall, by Patrick Ireland. . . . ¶ Alberto Burri's multipanelled abstract painting entitled "The Voyage." (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Both shows through July 5.

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Champions of American Sport," a show in which a hundred sports heroes from the eighteen-thirties to today (Knute Rockne, Casey Stengel, Pancho Gonzales, Wilma Rudolph, Mark Spitz) are seen in paintings, photographs, and sculptures by such artists as Thomas Eakins, Norman Rockwell, Neil Leifer, Elaine de Kooning, and others. Organized by the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery. Through June 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of art works and manuscripts by new members of the Academy-Institute and by winners of honors and awards. Paintings by R. B. Kitaj, Philip Pearlstein, Will Barnet, and others; books and manuscripts by Shirley Hazzard, Francis Steegmuller, Christina Stead, Edward Hoagland, Frederick Buechner, Daryl Hine, Berton Roueché, Mark Helprin, William Heyen, and others. Through Sunday, June 13. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Fifty Oriental rugs collected by the members of the Hajji Baba Club. Through June 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century landscape drawings (with a few prints and oil paintings) by Winslow Homer, Thomas Cole, Frederic E. Church, Samuel F. B. Morse, and others. Through July 18. . . . ¶ Columns (for example, Nelson's in Trafalgar Square) as architectural devices, as seen in drawings, prints, and a few photographs; and as ornamental elements—on wallpaper, textiles, and furniture. Through Aug. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—This institution's entire collection of eleven Rembrandt etchings is on display for the first time in many years. Among the cleaned and restored works are scenes from the life of Christ (including the so-called "Hundred Guilder Print"), landscapes, and portraits. Through June 27. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—An exhibit of Americana and other items from the Library Company of Philadelphia, the oldest library collection in the United States. Among the offerings are Thomas Jefferson's own copy of his 1744 book "A Summary View of the Rights of British America," with the page turned to his handwritten notes; a draft of the Constitution, with notes in the hand of delegate John Dickinson; and an autograph manuscript of Dr. Benjamin Rush's "Lecture of Diseases of the Mind." Through Thursday, June 17. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of works by Shikō Munakata (1903-75), whose set of twelve woodblock prints entitled "The Ten Great Disciples of Buddha" is complemented by landscapes and calligraphy in ink. Through July 31. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of works in various mediums by eighteen artists who have, in the past decade, turned to their Jewish heritage as a source of subject matter. Included are a video tribute to her grandparents by Maxi Cohen; a twenty-five-foot triptych, "Death as an Usher: Germany, 1933," by Jerome Witkin; and a conceptual piece by Komar and Melamid representing their departure from the Soviet Union. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French illustrated books has, among more than a hundred examples, a copy of Molière's "Oeuvres" with original drawings by Moreau and of Verlaine's "Parallèlement" with all of its Bonnard drawings and trial proofs. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings from the Donald M. Oenslager collection of theatre drawings, a recent gift to the library. . . . ¶ A show of Carolingian and Romanesque illuminated manuscripts affording, in particular, a view of the jewel-bound front cover of the ninth-century "Lindau Gospels." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All three shows through July 31.

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan show of American still-life paintings, 1801 to 1939, includes examples by Raphaelle Peale, Severin Roesen, William Michael Harnett, Charles Demuth, and Georgia O'Keeffe. Through July 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park

W., at 77th St.—The architectural history of Grand Central Terminal is documented in a show of photographs (of the site, the excavation of the site, the building under construction and after completion), original drawings (for the architectural competition), and a multi-level, walk-through scale model of the structure's façade. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Sculptures, in the broadest application, by Andrea Evans, Brad Melamed, and Aric Obrosey (a conceptual installation); Gilles Jean Giuntini (common objects in uncommon settings), Tony Oursler (sets designed for video), and others. Through July 17.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Contemporary handmade books by East European artists (through Saturday, June 19), and by Mexican artists (through June 26). . . . ¶ Posters by Polish artists, through June 26.

MUSIC

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424)—Final programs in the "Mozart & Stravinsky Festival." Thursday and Friday, June 10-11: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 15: Robert Craft directing, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet; John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone; and the New York Choral Artists. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 17: Erich Leinsdorf conducting an all-Mozart program, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, June 18: Erich Leinsdorf conducting an all-Stravinsky program, with Jennifer Jones, mezzo-soprano; Timothy Jenkins, tenor; and John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone. (Evenings at 8.)

Serenades—The final performances in a series of concerts of orchestral, choral, and chamber music. CARNEGIE HALL. Wednesday, June 9, at 8: Gerard Schwarz conducting the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra in a performance of Stravinsky's "Octet for Wind Instruments," Haydn's Symphony No. 88, and a fully staged version of Stravinsky's "The Soldier's Tale." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 10, at 8: Gerard Schwarz conducting a performance of Beethoven's Septet in E Flat Major and Stravinsky's "The Soldier's Tale." With members of the Cleveland Quartet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 16, at 8: The Guarneri Quartet and Misha Dichter, piano, in a Stravinsky-Haydn-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 17, at 8: The Guarneri Quartet; Misha Dichter, piano; Pinchas Zukerman, violin; and Eugenia Zukerman, flute, in a Stravinsky-Beethoven program. . . . CARNEGIE RECITAL HALL. Wednesday, June 9, at 5:45: The Cleveland Quartet; Erie Mills, soprano; Timothy Paradise, clarinet; Marc Neikrug, piano; and Romuald Tecco, violin, in a Beethoven-Stravinsky program. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 10, at 5:45: Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano, and Timothy Paradise, clarinet, in a Beethoven-Stravinsky program. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 16, at 5:45: The Gregg Smith Singers in a Gesualdo-Haydn-Stravinsky program. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 17, at 5:45: A Stravinsky-Haydn-Beethoven program performed by Misha Dichter and Cipa Dichter, duo-piano; Arnold Steinhardt, violin; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; and David Soyer, cello. (For tickets, call 247-7459.)

Gothic Concert—An all-C. P. E. Bach program performed by Frederick Renz, harpsichord; Jory Garrigue, baroque violin; Myron Lutzke, baroque cello; and Ruth Cunningham, flute. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, June 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Ian Shapinsky—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Sunday, June 13, at 2:30.)

Choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral—John Grady directing, with Nadja Witkowska, soprano; Ellen Alexander, mezzo-soprano; Harry Danner, tenor; James Javore, baritone; Michael Riley, bass; and an orchestra. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, June 13, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Ann Zalkind—Piano, with Avron Coleman, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Monday, June 14, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Mummers String Band Spectacular—Ten bands from Philadelphia. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Sunday, June 13, at 1.)

Benefit Program—The participants for an evening honoring Soviet dissident pianist Vladimir Feltsman will be Helen Hayes, Misha Dichter, Giora Feidman, Tony Randall, Gelsey Kirkland and Patrick Bissell, Marianna Tcherkassky and Danilo Radojevic, and Marielena Mencia and Yanis Pikieris. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, June 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 752-7152.)

SPORTS

Baseball—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Wednesday, June 9, at 7:35. . . . ¶ St. Louis, Friday, June 11, at 8:05; Saturday, June 12, at 7:35; and Sunday, June 13, at 1:35. . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Monday through Wednesday, June 14-16, at 8. . . . ¶ Baltimore, Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, at 8.

Boxing—A closed-circuit telecast from Las Vegas of the Larry Holmes-Gerry Cooney WBC Heavyweight Championship bout and a couple of preliminary bouts. Also five live bouts *in situ.* (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, June 11, at 7.)

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 12, starting at 5:15; varsity race at 6:45.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Aug. 2. The Nassau County Handicap, Saturday, June 12; the Bowling Green Handicap, Sunday, June 13; and the New York Handicap, Saturday, June 19. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4.

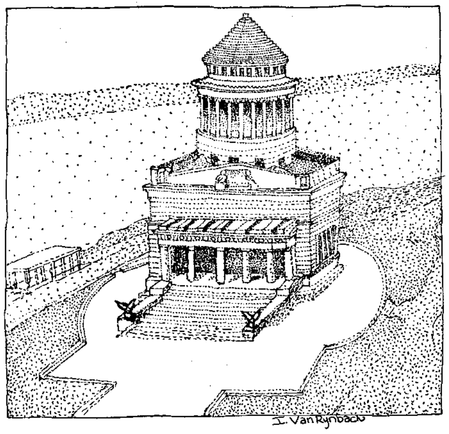
Rugby—Eastern Rugby Union All Stars vs. the National team of England. (Gaelic Park, Broadway at 240th St. Wednesday, June 16, at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 1-518 374-7571.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, June 16. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8, from Thursday, June 17, through Saturday, Aug. 7. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Friday, June 18.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—"Bloomsday on Broadway," a nineteen-hour reading of episodes from James Joyce's "Ulysses," by Anne Meara, Michael Moriarty, Patrick O'Neal, Maria Tucci, Fritz Weaver, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, June 16, from 8 A.M. until 3 A.M. Thursday. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Ntozake Shange reading from an English translation of Tidiane Dem's novel "Masseni." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday, June 16, at 7.)



Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, June 9-10, at 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 10, at 7, and Friday, June 11, at 2: Latin-American paintings, sculptures, prints, and photographs. Admission to the Thursday sale by ticket only; for information, call 472-4781. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 12, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth-century drawings, from the estate of Christian Humann and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 15, at 2, and Wednesday, June 16, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, June 11. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 17, at 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 12. . . . SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, at 2: English furniture, as well as clocks and decorations. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 12, at 10:15 and 2: Pre-Columbian art. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, June 14-15, at 2, and Wednesday, June 16, at 10:15: *Objets de vertu*, watches, scientific instruments, and Continental and English silver. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 16, at 2: Silver. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 17, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 12. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, June 9, at 2: Latin-American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Friday, June 11, at 10 and 2: Books and manuscripts. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 12, at 2: American furniture, silver, and decorative art. . . . ¶ Monday, June 14, at 10: Silver, watches, and *objets de vertu*. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 15, at 10: Fabergé and other Russian works of art. . . . PHILLIPS, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Wednesday, June 16, at 2: European and American paintings and prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 12.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Metropolitan Opera Concert Productions—CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN: Tuesday, June 15, at 8:30 (rain date, June 17), "Il Trovatore," with Grace Bumbry, Bianca Berini, Juan Lloveras, and Louis Quilico; conducted by Anton Guadagno. . . . CLOVE LAKES PARK, Staten Island: Wednesday, June 16, at 8:30 (rain date, June 17), "Fidelio," with Johanna Meier, Edward Sooter, Morley Meredith, John Macurdy, and Roberta Peters; Thomas Fulton. . . . MARINE PARK, Brooklyn: Friday, June 18, at 8:30 (rain date, June 20), "Il Trovatore," with the same cast as June 15. . . . CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens: Saturday, June 19, at 8:30 (rain date, June 20). "Fidelio," with the same cast as June 16.

South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. Friday, June 11, at 8: Hugh Masekela. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 12, at 8: Janet Lawson with a quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, at 8: John Clark and Friends.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 1. (First concert on Wednesday, June 16—in the event of rain, next evening—at 8; thereafter, Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.)

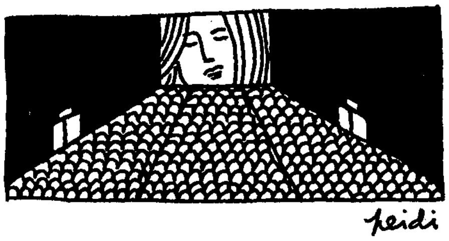
Walking Tour—"Brooklyn Heights: Fashionable Brooklyn of the Last Century," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, June 13, starting at Borough Hall, Brooklyn, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call 534-1672.

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, June 12-13, from noon until sundown.

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 10:30 to 4:30.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Eight Minutes to Midnight: A Portrait of Dr. Helen Caldicott" (directed by Mary Benjamin) and "No Place to Hide" (Tom Johnson and Lance Bird), both documentary films.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through June 10: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
From June 11: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 10: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†); and "Stir Crazy" (1980; Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor, Gene Wilder, Georg Stanford Brown, and Jobeth Williams.
June 11-17: "Chariots of Fire" (†); and another feature, to be announced.
From June 18: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Missing" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through June 10: "Victor/Victoria" (†).
From June 11: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 10: "Visiting Hours" (Jean-Claude Lord), with Lee Grant and William Shatner.
From June 11: To be announced.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.
Theatre 2: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 3: "Annie" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Rocky III" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 10: "Maya" (Agust Agustsson), with Berta Dominguez D.
June 11-17: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
From June 18: "Fabian" (Wolf Gremm; in German), with Hans Peter Hallwachs.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Secret Policeman's Other Ball," a series of skits with the Monty Python troupe.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Visiting Hours" (Jean-Claude Lord), with Lee Grant and William Shatner.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Escape Artist" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 17: "Diner" (†). From June 18: "Author! Author!" (Arthur Hiller), with Al Pacino and Dyan Cannon.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through June 13: "Mephisto" (†). June 14-15: Theatre closed. From June 16: "Bolero" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with James Caan and Geraldine Chaplin.
Theatre 2: "Rocky III" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through June 17: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones. From June 18: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.
Theatre 2: Through June 10: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay. From June 11: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Victor/Victoria" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 10: "Cat People" (†).
From June 11: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Annie" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Poltergeist" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Rocky III" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 10: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones. June 11-17: "Rocky III" (†). From June 18: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through June 15: "A Distant Cry from Spring" (1980; directed by Yoji Yamada; in Japanese), with Ken Takakura. From June 16: "Lotte Eisner in Germany" (1980; S. Mark Horowitz) and "Now . . . After All These Years" (1981; Harald Luders and Pavel Schnabel; in German), both documentary films.
Theatre 2: June 9: "Violette" (1978; Claude Chabrol, in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; and "The Ceremony" (1971; Nagisa Oshima, in Japanese). June 10-12: "The Spider's Stratagem" (†) and "A Geisha" (†). June 13-14: "La Chinoise" (†); and "Opera Prima" (Fernando Trueba; in Spanish), with Oscar Ladoire and Paula Molina. June 15-16: "The Idiot" (†) and "Orchestra Rehearsal" (†). June 17-19: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (†); and "Heart of Glass" (1977; Werner Herzog; in German).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).
Theatre 2: "Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through June 17: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones. From June 18 (tentative): "Smash Palace" (†).
Theatre 2: "Garde à Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura.
Theatre 3: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 4: Through June 10: "Roommates" (Chuck Vincent). From June 11: "I Love You" (Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Victor/Victoria" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through June 10: Theatre closed.
From June 11: "Grease 2" (Patricia Birch), with Maxwell Caulfield and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through June 17: "I Love You" (Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga.
From June 18: "Diner" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through June 10: "Genocide" (Arnold Schwartzman), a documentary. (No evening performances on Wednesday, June 9.)
From June 11: "Not a Love Story" (Bonnie Sherr Klein; a Canadian film).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Smash Palace" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through June 12: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.
From June 13: "Mephisto" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Atlantic City" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May.
Theatre 2: "Marianne and Juliane" (Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Barbara Sukowa and Jutta Lampe.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 2: "Garde à Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through June 17: "Victor/Victoria" (†). From June 18: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 17: "Poltergeist" (†). From June 18: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through June 17: "Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard. From June 18: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through June 17: "Rocky III" (†). From June 18: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), wtih Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.
Theatre 2: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through June 10: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones. From June 11: "Conan the Barbarian;" and "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
Theatre 2: Through June 10: "Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner. From June 11: "Hanky Panky;" and "Absence of Malice" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 10: "Arthur" (†)

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and "Body Heat" (†). From June 11: "I Love You" (Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga.

Theatre 4: Through June 10: "Dawn of the Dead" (†); and "Mother's Day" (1980; Charles Kaufman), with Nancy Hendrickson and Deborah Luce. From June 11: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through June 17: "Quest for Fire" (†). From June 18: "Author! Author!" (directed by Arthur Hiller), with Al Pacino and Dyan Cannon.
Theatre 2: Through June 10: "Kill Squad." From June 11: "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball," a series of skits with the Monty Python troupe.
Theatre 3: "Cat People" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 10: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns. From June 11: "Kill Squad."
Theatre 5: Through June 10: "Screamers" (Dan T. Miller), with Barbara Bach and Richard Johnson. From June 11: "Dawn of the Dead" (†); and "Mother's Day" (1980; Charles Kaufman), with Nancy Hendrickson and Deborah Luce.
Theatre 6: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through June 10: "Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard. From June 11: "Fighting Back" (Lewis Teague), with Tom Skerritt and Patti LuPone.
Theatre 3: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D.
Theatre 4: "Partners" (James Burrows), with Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Annie" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.
Theatre 2: Through June 10: "Fighting Back" (Lewis Teague), with Tom Skerritt and Patti LuPone. From June 11: "Humongous" (Paul Lynch), with Janet Julian and David Wallace.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through June 10: "Dawn of the Dead" (†); and "Mother's Day" (1980; Charles Kaufman), with Nancy Hendrickson and Deborah Luce.
From June 11: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones. (No evening performances on Friday, June 11.)
Theatre 2: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward. (No evening performances on Friday, June 11.)

R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rocky III" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through June 17: "Visiting Hours" (Jean-Claude Lord), with Lee Grant and William Shatner. From June 18: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 15: "As If It Were Yesterday" (directed by Myriam Abramowicz and Esther Hoffenberg), a documentary.
From June 16: "Invisible Adversaries" (1977; Valie Export).

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Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 9: "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1967; John Schlesinger), with Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, Peter Finch, and Alan Bates; and "A Kind of Loving" (1962; John Schlesinger), with Alan Bates, June Ritchie, and Thora Hird.
June 10: "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943; Jacques Tourneur), with Frances Dee and James Ellison; and "Cat People" (1942; Jacques Tourneur; with Simone Simon, Kent Smith, and Tom Conway.
June 11-12: "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film); and "The Devil's Playground" (1976; Fred Schepisi; an Australian film), with Arthur Dignam and Nick Tate.
June 13: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons; and "The Homecoming" (1973; Peter Hall), with Cyril Cusack, Ian Holm, and Michael Jayston.
June 14: "The French Lieutenant's Woman;" "The Homecoming;" and "Top Dog" (1978; Feliks Falk; in Polish). Mr. Falk will be present at 8:30.
June 15: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada; and "Nanami—Inferno of First Love" (1969; Susumu Hani; in Japanese).
June 16: "Silver Streak" (1976; Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder, Jill Clayburgh, and Richard Pryor; and "Young Frankenstein" (1974; Mel Brooks), with Gene Wilder, Peter Boyle, and Madeline Kahn.
June 17: "An American Werewolf in London" (1981; John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter; and "Dracula" (†).
June 18-19: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), with The Band; and "Jimi Hendrix" (1973), a documentary.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through June 10: "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976; Eric Rohmer; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz; and "Wedding in Blood" (1974; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran and Michel Piccoli.
June 11-12: "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol.
June 13: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard) with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "David Copperfield" (†).
June 14: "Andrei Roublev" (1969; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).

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SIMPSON

June 15: "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; and "Touch of Evil" (†).
June 16-17: "Peeping Tom" (†); and "Contempt" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli.
June 18-19: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976; Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas; and "Harry & Tonto" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 10: "The French Connection" (1971; William Friedkin), with Gene Hackman; and "Bullitt" (1968; Peter Yates), with Steve McQueen, Robert Vaughn, and Jacqueline Bisset.
June 11-12: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin, in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny. X-rated.
June 13-15: "The Deer Hunter" (1978; Michael Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale.
June 16-17: "Altered States" (1980; Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown; and "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright.
June 18-19: "My Brilliant Career" (†); and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
June 9: "The Ritz" (1976; Richard Lester), with Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller; and "Saturday Night at the Baths" (1975; David Buckley), with Robert Aberdeen.
June 10: "Some of My Best Friends Are . . ." (1971; Mervyn Nelson), with Candy Darling, Fannie Flagg, and Carleton Carpenter; and "The Gay Deceivers" (1969; Bruce Kessler), with Kevin Coughlin, Larry Casey, and Brooke Bundy.
June 11-12: "The Killing of Sister George" (1968; Robert Aldrich), with Beryl Reid and Susannah York; and "The Children's Hour" (1962; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine, and James Garner.
June 13-14: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "Scorpio Rising" (†).
June 15: "Thunderbolt and Lightfoot" (1974; Michael Cimino), with Clint Eastwood, Jeff Bridges, George Kennedy, and Geoffrey Lewis; and "The Detective" (†).
June 16: "The Christine Jorgensen Story" (1970; Irving Rapper), with John Hansen, Joan Tompkins, and Quinn Redeker; and "I Want What I Want" (1972; John Dexter), with Anne Heywood and Harry Andrews.
June 17: "Nijinsky" (†) and "Valentino" (†).
June 18-19: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through June 12: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift.
June 13-15: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Marathon Man" (†).
June 16-19: "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson; and "Carmen Jones" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through June 12: "The Godfather, Part II," (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.
June 13-15: "The Devils" (1971; Ken Russell), with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed; and "The Exorcist" (†).
June 16-19: "You Only Live Twice" (1967; Lewis Gilbert), with Sean Connery as

James Bond; and "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" (1969; Peter Hunt), with George Lazenby as Bond.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 9: "Tobacco Road" (1941; John Ford), with Charley Grapewin, Gene Tierney, Marjorie Rambeau, and Elizabeth Patterson; and "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940; John Ford), with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell.

June 10-12: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

June 13-15: "The King and I" (1956; Walter Lang), with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner.

June 16-19: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 9: "Four Feathers" (1939; Zoltán Korda), with Ralph Richardson, John Clements, and C. Aubrey Smith; and "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940; Ludwig Berger, Michael Powell, and Tim Whelan), with Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and Rex Ingram.

June 10: "Gun Crazy" (1949; Joseph H. Lewis), with Peggy Cummins; "The Lodger" (1944; John Brahm), with Merle Oberon, Laird Cregar, George Sanders, and Cedric Hardwicke; and "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" (1946; Lewis Milestone), with Barbara Stanwyck, Van Heflin, and Kirk Douglas.

June 11-12: "Willful Murder" (1980; Ken Kumai; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

June 13: "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff; and "Little Mother" (1972; Radley Metzger), with Christiane Kruger.

June 14: "The Go-Between" (1971; Joseph Losey), with Julie Christie, Alan Bates, and Margaret Leighton; and "The Hireling" (†).

June 15: A program of cartoons.

June 16: "Band of Outsiders" (†); and "Masculine Feminine" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya.

June 17: "The Window" (1949; Ted Tetzlaff), with Bobby Driscall, Arthur Kennedy, and Barbara Hale; "While the City Sleeps" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews, Ida Lupino, and Rhonda Fleming; and "Hell's Island" (1955; Phil Karlson), with John Payne, Mary Murphy, and Francis X. Sullivan.

June 18-19: "Sweet William" (1980; Claude Whatham), with Sam Waterston, Anna Massey, and Jenny Agutter; and "Alfie" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 9: "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936; Richard Boleslavsky), with Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas, Thomas Mitchell, and Spring Byington; and "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

June 10: "Cat Ballou" (1965; Elliot Silverstein), with Jane Fonda, Lee Marvin, Michael Callan, Dwayne Hickman, and Tom Nardini; and "The Chase" (1966; Arthur Penn), with Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda, Robert Redford, and E. G. Marshall.

June 11-12: "Ministry of Fear" (1945; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

June 13: "Murder on the Orient Express" (†) and "Death on the Nile" (†).

June 14: "The Baker's Wife" (1938; Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Raimu; and "Jour de Fête" (†).

June 15: "Easy Rider" (†); and "Five Easy Pieces" (1979; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

June 16: "The Front Page" (†) and "I Cover the Waterfront" (†).

June 17: "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French); "L'Affaire Est dans le Sac" (1932; Pierre Prévert; in French); and "Zero for Conduct" (1933; Jean Vigo; in French).

June 18-19: "Murder Ahoy" (1964; George Pollock), with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple; and "Murder at the Gallop" (†).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Absence of Malice—A well-paced newspaper melodrama that queries journalistic practices. Sally Field is the insensitive, eager-beaver Miami reporter who snaps up a false story leaked to her by the head of a federal strike force (Bob Balaban). The federal man's purpose is simply to stir things up by putting pressure on an honest businessman who has Mafia relatives. Paul Newman is the victim who turns the methods of the authorities and the newspaperwoman against them. The script is by Kurt Luedtke, a former newspaperman, the director is Sydney Pollack, and the film is moderately entertaining, but it leaves no residue. Except for the intensity of Newman's sly, compact performance and the marvellously inventive acting of Melinda Dillon in the role of an achingly helpless, frightened woman, and the character bits by Barry Primus, Luther Adler, Josef Sommer, Wilford Brimley, Don Hood, and John Harkins, you could get it all by reading an article. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/4/82.) (Olympia Quad; starting June 11.)

Alfie (1966)—Michael Caine gives us Alfie, the swaggering Cockney Don Juan, as he sees himself. Alfie doesn't know his own limitations; that's what makes it possible for him to charm so many "birds." Bill Naughton adapted his own material (it had already been a radio play, a stage play, and a novel—in that order) for this British picture, directed by Lewis Gilbert. It's still basically oral—Alfie addresses us, narrating his own story, and his sexual encounters are used as illustrations of his character. But Caine brings out the gusto in Naughton's dialogue, and despite the obvious weaknesses in the film (the gratuitous "cinematic" barroom brawl, the clumsy witnessing of the christening, the symbolism of the dog) he keeps the viewer absorbed in Alfie, the cold-hearted sexual hotshot, and his self-exculpatory line of reasoning. The supporting performers, who appear in a series of sketches and have highly individualized roles, include Julia Foster, Jane Asher, Vivien Merchant, Millicent Martin, Eleanor Bron, Shirley Anne Field, Shelley Winters, Denholm Elliott, Alfie Bass, Graham Stark, Murray Melvin, and Sydney Tafler. The score is by Sonny Rollins. (Thalia; June 18-19.)

Annie—As the soused, man-hungry Miss Hannigan, the head of the New York City orphanage where Annie lives till the age of ten, Carol Burnett is both hag and trollop, and her inflections spin around and make her the butt of her own sarcasm; she's gloriously macabre. But the rest of this big movie (which is set in 1933) has the feel of a manufactured romp. Annie (Aileen Quinn) and the other little orphans seem to have been trained by Ethel Merman; they belt in unison. And when they dance it's showy leaping about, and the editing breaks it up, making it more hectic. When Annie, who is invited to the mansion of the billionaire Daddy Warbucks, arrives, his household staff dances, and the cutting is so choppy that the pump-and-tumble dancing—arms like pistons, and stamping feet—turns into commotion. Children from about four to about eleven will probably enjoy the picture—how often do they get to see a musical that features a little girl conquering all? Produced by Ray Stark and directed by John Huston. As Daddy Warbucks, Albert Finney (with a shaved head) gives a smooth, amused performance and models his manner of speech on Huston's awesome velvet growl. With Ann Reinking as Warbucks' secretary, Tim Curry as Rooster, Geoffrey Holder as Punjab, Bernadette Peters as Lily, Edward Herrmann as F.D.R., and the little scene-stealer Toni Ann Gisondi as Molly. The script is by Carol Sobieski; music by Charles Strouse and lyrics by Martin Charnin; choreography by Arlene Phillips and musical sequences by Joe Layton. (5/31/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Olympia Quad; through June 10.)

Atlantic City (1981)—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the ten or twelve major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid as the widow of a mobster, Hollis McLaren as a dippy flower child born into the wrong era, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors, and an appearance by Robert Goulet as himself. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Loews Paramount.)

Band of Outsiders (1964)—The two heroes (Claude Brasseur and Sami Frey) begin by playacting crime-and-violence movies, then really act them out in their lives. Their girl (Anna Karina), wanting to be accepted, tells them there is money in the villa where she lives. And we watch, apprehensive and puzzled, as the three of them go through the robbery they're committing as if it were something in a movie—or a fairy tale. The crime does not fit the daydreamers or their milieu; we half expect to be told it's all a joke—that they can't really be committing an armed robbery. This Jean-Luc Godard film is like a reverie of a gangster movie—a gangster movie as students in an *expresso* bar might remember it or plan it. It has the gangster-film virtues (loyalty, daring), but they are mixed with innocence, amorality, lack of equilibrium. It's as if a French poet took a banal American crime novel and told it to us in terms of the romance and beauty he read between the lines; Godard re-creates the gangsters and the moll with *his* world of associations—seeing them as people in a Paris café, mixing them with Rimbaud, Kafka, Alice in Wonderland. This lyrical romantic tragicomedy is perhaps Godard's most delicately charming film. Script by Godard (he is also the narrator), based on the novel "Fool's Gold," by Dolores Hitchens. Cinematography by Raoul Coutard; music by Michel Legrand. In French. (Thalia; June 16.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant (1972)—The prodigal young (twenty-six years old at the time) Rainer Werner Fassbinder's elegant, sensitive film about lesbians. Like Bergman, Fassbinder works with a troupe of actors who have almost become his repertory company.

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He plays a game of double-dare, pretending to frivolity where he means the intensely serious. In German. (Film Forum; June 17-19.)

Body Heat—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue that it would be fun to hoot at if only the hushed, sleepwalking manner of the film didn't make you cringe or yawn. Kasdan has modern characters talking jive talk as if they'd been boning up on Chandler novels, and he doesn't seem to know if he wants laughs or not. It's like listening to Mae West deliver her bawdy innuendos in a sincere tone. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt, who's a chump, to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (Olympia Quad; through June 10.)

Carmen Jones (1954)—The setting of Bizet's "Carmen" has been changed from Mérimée's Spain to Jacksonville, Florida, and Meilhac and Halévy's libretto has been rewritten by Oscar Hammerstein II, who provides colloquial, rather basic lyrics, but the music retains much of its excitement in this flamboyant version with an all-black cast. Dorothy Dandridge is a marvellous-looking Carmen—fiery and petulant, with whiplash hips in a hot-pink skirt. (Her singing is dubbed by Marilyn Horne.) The man Carmen destroys is played by Harry Belafonte, who seems miscast and miserable (he's also dubbed). It's somewhat frustrating to watch performers who *can* sing but aren't allowed to; of the principals, only Pearl Bailey sings in her own voice—she comes up with a whacking rendition of the Gypsy Song. She's pure, comic energy up there in the center of the screen, and the director, Otto Preminger, seems to just stand back, enjoying her, like the rest of us. Made from a hit Broadway musical, this movie is terribly uneven—best when it's gaudy and electric, worst in its more realistically staged melodramatic moments, especially toward the end. Over all, it's an entertaining show, choreographed by Herbert Ross, featuring the dancers Carmen de Lavallade and Archie Savage, and with a cast that includes Diahann Carroll, Olga James, Joe Adams, Nick Stewart, and Brock Peters, who plays Sergeant Brown and also dubs the singing voice of Rum, played by Roy Glenn. Adapted to the screen by Harry Kleiner; art direction by Edward L. Ilou. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 16-19.)

Cat People—Working with his team—the visual consultant Ferdinando Scarfiotti, the cinematographer John Bailey, and the composer Giorgio Moroder—the director Paul Schrader is perfecting an apocalyptic swank. Each shot looks like an album cover for records you don't ever want to play. The picture has all the furnishings for a religious narrative about Eros and Thanatos, but what's going on is that Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell—the sister and brother with black leopards inside them—are jumping out of their skins and leaving little puddles of guck behind. The obscure proceedings are often ludicrous, yet you don't get to pass the time by laughing, because it's all so queasy and so confusingly put together that you feel shut out. You're brought into the film only by the camera tricks or the special-effects horrors, or, perhaps, the nude scenes. With John Heard, Annette O'Toole, Ruby Dee, and Ed Begley, Jr. From a script by Alan Ormsby. (5/3/82) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through June 10.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Art; through June 10. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Eastside Cinema; June 11-17.)

La Chinoise (1967)—The writer-director Jean-Luc Godard's fast, clever political comedy (and elegy) about the late sixties incorporation of revolutionary heroes and ideas into Pop. The film is made in a new, semi-satirical shorthand; it centers on the terrorist actions of a group of young French Maoists—naïve, forlorn little ideologues who live out a Pop version of "The Possessed." Anne Wiazemsky (married at the time to Godard) plays the affectless killer Véronique, a teen-age philosophy student; she and the four other members of her Maoist group share the apartment where most of the movie takes place. They study Marxism-Leninism and chant Chairman Mao's sayings from the Little Red Book like nursery rhymes. Godard's hard-edged visual style is stripped down for speed and wit; he wants you to be able to read the whole picture (and the words) at once. He uses words here in more ways than any other filmmaker has: they're in the dialogue and on the walls, on book jackets and in headlines; they're recited, chanted, shouted, written, broken down; they're in commentaries, quotations, interviews, narration; they're in slogans and emblems and signs. Those who dislike verbal allusions will be irritated, and those who want only straightforward action may be driven wild by Godard's neo-Brechtian displacement devices (his voice on the soundtrack, a cut to Raoul Coutard at the camera) and by his almost novelistic love of digression—his inclusion of anecdotes, of speculations about movie art, and of direct-to-the-camera interviews. In a section toward the end, Godard brings in Francis Jeanson playing himself—an older radical from a humane tradition; Jeanson asks Véronique the political questions that resonate through the movie—questions about the consequences of terrorism. The movie is like a speed freak's anticipatory vision of the political horrors to come; it's amazing. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Juliette Berto, Michel Sémianko, Lex de Bruijn as Kirilov, and Omar Diop as Comrade X. In French. (Film Forum; June 13-14.)

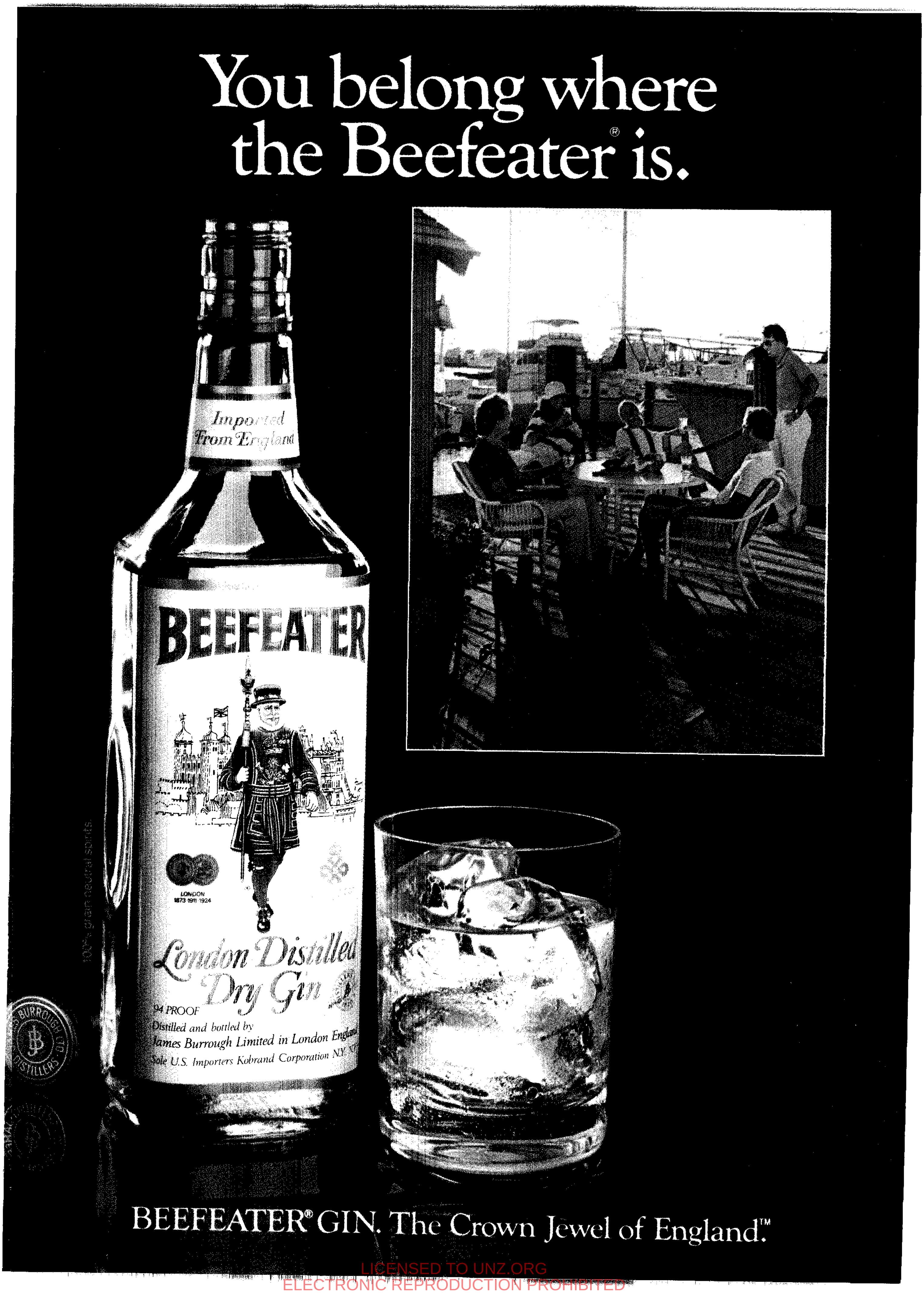
David Copperfield (1935)—Misplaced homage to Dickens by Hollywood, with Freddie Bartholomew's child-star classiness serving for Copperfield as a boy, and W. C. Fields squeezing himself into Mr. Micawber as if into a promise of teetotalism. Edna May Oliver is pretty good as Aunt Betsey; so is Basil Rathbone as Mr. Murdstone. It being 1935, and this being an M-G-M production, nobody quite managed to get Roland Young to keep the charm out of Uriah Heep. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 13.)

Dawn of the Dead (1979)—The recently deceased rise from their graves; they're insatiably hungry, and they cannibalize the living, chomping on anyone they can grab. The chomped, in turn, become ghouls. This idea has already served the director, George A. Romero, as the subject of his 1968 "Night of the Living Dead," a cheaply made, gray and grainy, truly frightening movie, but this time he did it in shining, comic-book color, and on an epic scale. The four central characters hole up in a suburban shopping mall and are besieged there, and for most of the film's two hours and six minutes the audience watches as, one by one, heads splatter and drip in bright, gory reds. You're supposed to need a strong stomach to sit through this one, but it's so stupefyingly obvious and repetitive that you begin to laugh with relief that you're not being emotionally affected; it's just a gross-out. With Scott Reiniger, Ken Foree, Gaylen Ross, and David Emge. Made in the Pittsburgh area. (5/18/81) (Olympia Quad, and Movieland; through June 10. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting June 11.)

Death on the Nile (1978)—Anthony Shaffer's adaptation of Agatha Christie's 1937 novel has wit and edge and structure—too much structure, as it turns out, for the methodical pacing of the director, John Guillermin. The movie is fatally perfunctory about emotion, atmosphere, suspense. But if the over-all effect is disappointing, from moment to moment the details are never less than engaging, and are often knobby and funny. The steamer, full of victims and suspects, has a passenger list that includes Maggie Smith, in a triumphantly mannered performance, as a nippy, spinsterish nurse-companion, and Angela Lansbury, in a superlative caricature, as a wreck of a vamp. (She's all curves, satin turbans, amber beads that hang to her crotch, and drizzling clouds of chiffon and fringe; she's whooping it up one moment and sagging from booze the next.) Peter Ustinov is an ideal fatuous, vain Hercule Poirot. With Mia Farrow, whose pale-pink eerie sprite face takes the light as delicately as any face in movies, and I. S. Johar as the Indian manager of the cruise ship, Bette Davis, Simon MacCorkindale, Jon Finch, Jack Warden, David Niven, Olivia Hussey, Harry Andrews, Jane Birkin, and, regrettably, the inexpressive Lois Chiles (who sounds dubbed or vaguely ventriloquial, like a transsexual) and George Kennedy (who gives his usual blustering, overscaled performance). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 13.)

The Detective (1968)—Frank Sinatra as a New York City police detective. He doesn't give much hint of his sometime ability as an actor in this brutal thriller that's meant to be cool and tough and gamy. Homosexuality, police corruption, and race relations are exploited in the moralistic "outspoken" style of the screenwriter, Abby Mann, while the director, Gordon Douglas, keeps pounding away. With Lee Remick, Jacqueline Bisset, Jack Klugman, Al Freeman, Jr., Robert Duvall, William Windom, Tony Musante, and Ralph Meeker. From a novel by Roderick Thorp; music by Jerry Goldsmith. (8th St. Playhouse; June 15.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just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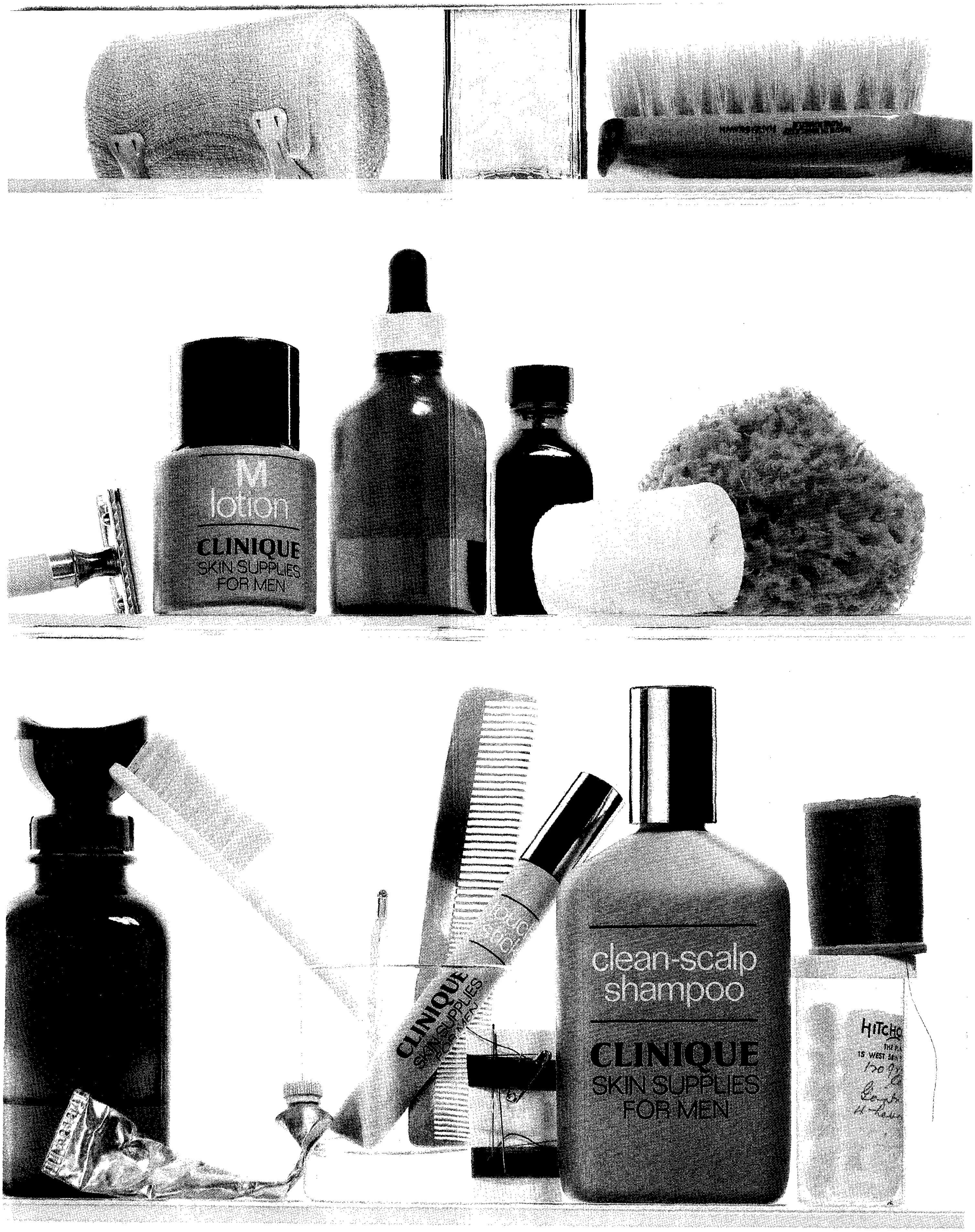
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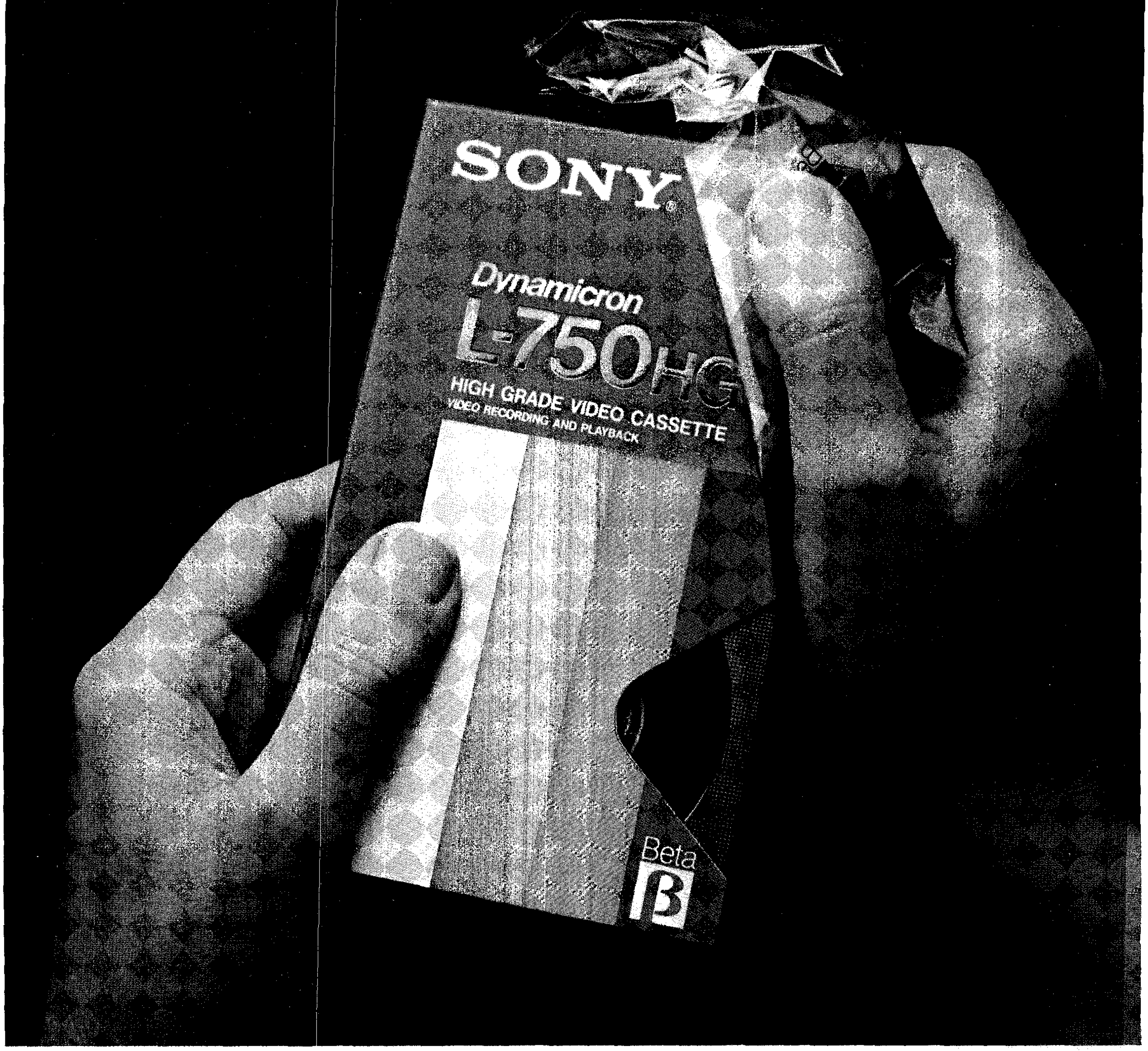

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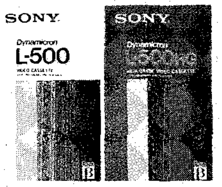

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before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Coronet; through June 17. . . . ¶ Festival; starting June 18.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil" (see below); it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

Dracula (1931)—It begins well, wandering around the crypt of Dracula's castle in the Carpathian Mountains as the vampires get up from their coffins. But this first American version, directed by Tod Browning, was adapted from a play based on the Bram Stoker novel rather than from the novel itself, and it becomes too stagy. It was a tremendous popular success, however (it was advertised as "The Strangest Love Story of All"), and spawned many sequels. As Count Dracula, Bela Lugosi is the courtly personification of evil. He had played the role on Broadway in 1927 and had toured in it for years, and he seemed inside it in a wonderfully hammy, slightly demented way; his stilted manner and his ripe Hungarian accent have been imitated and parodied by subsequent Draculas. With pale Helen Chandler, who seems too anemic to attract a vampire. David Manners, Frances Dade, Edward Van Sloan, and the peerlessly degraded Dwight Frye. Cinematography by Karl Freund, script by Garrett Fort, with dialogue by Dudley Murphy, play by Hamilton Deane and John L. Balderston. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 17.)

Easy Rider (1969)—A ballad about an eastbound motorcycle odyssey across modern America. The two heroes are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. The third hero, a middle-aged, highborn Southern liberal lawyer, is brilliantly seen as the hippies' natural blood brother, and is acted with the greatest talent by Jack Nicholson. Directed by Dennis Hopper; his first film. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 15.)

The Escape Artist—With Griffin O'Neal, Raul Julia, and Teri Garr; directed by Caleb Deschanel. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet.)

E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial—With Dee Wallace and Peter Coyote, directed by Steven Spielberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Loews New York Twin, and Movieland; starting June 11.)

The Exorcist (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in people's faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception. Neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It would be sheer insanity to take children. With Linda Blair, Ellen Burstyn, Max von Sydow, and Jason Miller. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 13-15.)

The Front Page (1931)—The first movie version, directed by Lewis Milestone. It stays closer to the Hecht-and-MacArthur play than the Howard Hawks version of 1940 or the 1974 one by Billy Wilder. The play is a dialogue comedy, but dialogue of the speediest, most rapid-fire variety, which succeeds in this film as it does on the stage. Adolphe Menjou is sharp and adroit as Walter Burns; Pat O'Brien is a trace too stolid as Hildy Johnson. As the heroine, Mary Brian makes her occasional wan entrances; Edward Everett Horton is the fastidious health-crank reporter. With Mae Clark as the neurotic prostitute, and Walter Catlett. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 16.)

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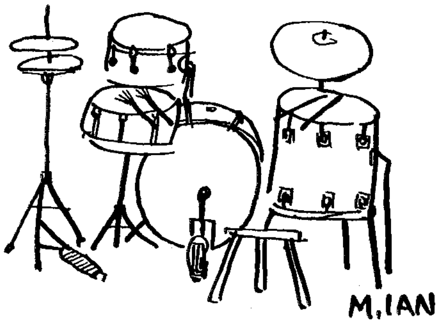
A Geisha (1953)—By the great Kenji Mizoguchi. This shapely film ironically compared the geishas to national treasures—to the Noh theatre, the tea ceremony, Mount Fuji. Mizoguchi's geishas have a hard time. One of them, only sixteen years old, bites a customer when she realizes what she is meant to do apart from flower-arranging and pouring *sake* and being eternally polite. Her flab-spirited father, who refused to pay for her training, turns up in a sad scene to beg money from her older female mentor. The film's understanding of the relationship between the two women is remarkable and tacit. So is the understanding of the men, who sometimes expect of women bent necks and giggles but who once or twice show feeling and love. A masterpiece of quiet attention. In Japanese. (Film Forum; June 10-12.)

Harry & Tonto (1974)—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, and after visiting them he decides that they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 18-19.)

The Hireling (1973)—Made by an Englishman named Alan Bridges, from an L. P. Hartley novel about times between the World Wars when class warfare in England could cut to the raw. Robert Shaw plays a chauffeur who knows how to say "My lady" and stay just this side of rudeness; the girl he dotes on, Lady Franklin, is very well played by Sarah Miles, who gives to the character's etiolated breeding the sort of beauty that comes, like the perfection of old English lawns, from a family history of five hundred years of being looked after. Diluted stuff, vulgarized in its moments of melodrama. (Thalia; June 14.)

I Cover the Waterfront (1933)—Up front, this is a commonplace romantic melodrama about a wisecracking, hard-drinking reporter (Ben Lyon) who exploits his love affair (with Claudette Colbert) in order to get a good story for his paper, but the background is far from commonplace. Colbert's father (played by Ernest Torrence) is a huge wreck of a sea captain who smuggles Chinese to the West Coast; he's a moody, illiterate mercenary who throws his passengers overboard tied to anchor chains when the Coast Guard approaches. There are several strong, memorable scenes, and such unusual moments as the heroine's passing the time of day with the madam of a brothel while waiting to take her boozed-up father home. James Cruze directed; from Max Miller's book. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 16.)

The Idiot (1951)—Kurosawa made this version of the Dostoevski novel right after "Rashomon," using the same two men—Masayuki Mori (the husband in "Rashomon") as Prince Myshkin, and Toshiro Mifune (the bandit in "Rashomon") as Rogozhin. It's a long, uneven, fascinating film, with such curiosities as a Nastasya Filipovna (Setsuko Hara) modelled on Maria Casarès in Cocteau's "Orpheus." In Japanese. (Film Forum; June 15-16.)



Jour de Fête (1950)—As a director, Jacques Tati has a spare, quick, improvisatory touch. As a comedian, buoyancy and impersonal eccentricity in the face of disaster are his special style. In this film, shot in the village of Sainte-Sévère-sur-Indre, with villagers playing many of the parts, the tall, ungainly Tati is the postman who attends the village fair and sees a documentary on the advanced, mechanized American postal system. He is overcome with enthusiasm for speed, and though he has no helicopter, he has his bicycle. He takes off, and what happens is unpredictable, even if you've already seen the movie—it's all so odd you forget it. Still, the film's melancholy humor is probably a little too mild or quaint for most American tastes. Written by Tati and Henri Marquet. It's not silent (it has sound effects and music), but it's not in French, either; Tati has devised a kind of unintelligible yet expressive gibberish. It's like the talk of robots who've got fouled up. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 14.)

Marathon Man (1976)—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled crosscutting that there isn't the clarity needed for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, Marthe Keller, William Devane, and Fritz Weaver; cinematography by Conrad Hall. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 13-15.)

Mephisto—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (5/17/82) (Cinema I; through June 13. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting June 13.)

Missing—Costa-Gavras has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As Ed Horman, the father of a young American who has disappeared in Chile after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is the naïve, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reëducated) by what he learns. Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (3/8/82) (Gramercy.)

Murder at the Gallop (1963)—Modest, relaxed follow-up to "Murder She Said." Margaret Rutherford again as Agatha Christie's dotty, blustering Miss Marple; she rides a horse in this one and does the Twist, as well as attempting to solve crimes. With Robert Morley,

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Flora Robson, Stringer Davis, James Villiers, and Duncan Lamont. George Pollock directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 18-19.)

Murder on the Orient Express (1974)—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity promises to be a sumptuous spread, and so it is, but not as tasty as one had hoped. When the train stops—it's snowbound throughout the murder investigation—the picture loses its impetus. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Jacqueline Bisset, Sean Connery, Richard Widmark, Tony Perkins, Michael York, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Martin Balsam, George Coulouris, Colin Blakely, Denis Quilley, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed, from Paul Dehn's script. The percussively edited pre-title montage is by that wizard of film shorthand, Richard Williams; the film proper, shot by Geoffrey Unsworth, reaches its visual peak in the railway station, at the opening. Production design by Tony Walton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 13.)

My Brilliant Career (1980)—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated Down Under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn (beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis), experiences sudden and riveting changes of social and romantic fortune, but the slower, more affecting story is about her coming to terms with her own inexorable inner seriousness. The movie is sustained by a great number of splendidly drawn and well-acted secondary characters, and by the restraint of its director, Gillian Armstrong, who never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (Cinema Village; June 18-19.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Nijinsky (1980)—A lavish, chocolatey, unconvincing portrait of the great dancer at the height of his career and the beginning of his madness (1912-13), when he made a celebrated début in "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," did the choreography for Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," and broke with his mentor and lover Diaghilev as the result of his own unexpected marriage. The director, Herbert Ross, a former choreographer, has unaccountably damaged his cause by interrupting most of the movie's ballet sequences with camera tricks and by his selection of a youthful dancer, George de la Peña, to portray the undanceable, and apparently unactable title role. The picture is enjoyable for its colors and music and grand Edwardian interiors, and for a dominant performance by Alan Bates as the sensual, bullying Diaghilev, but it disappoints us by converting art and genius into the stuff of a homosexual costume drama. With Leslie Browne (as Romola de Pulszky), Alan Badel, Carla Fracci, Ronald Pickup, and Anton Dolin. (8th St. Playhouse; June 17.)

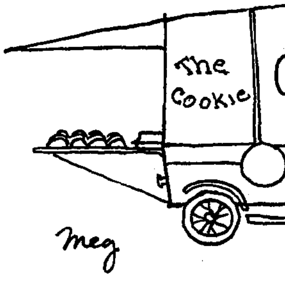
Orchestra Rehearsal (1979)—Federico Fellini's style here is as compact and silvery as a sardine. The musicians rehearse—in a shadowed thirteenth-century church oratory with perfect acoustics—under the baton of a German conductor (Baldwin Baas) and give touching, funny interviews to Fellini (off camera) about their instruments. When they revolt against the dictatorship of the conductor, the movie turns into a political metaphor that draws a false comparison between artistic discipline and totalitarianism, but it can be skimmed for its eloquent details. Music by the late Nino Rota, who scored all of Fellini's movies from "The White Sheik" (1952) on, and to whom this one is dedicated. In Italian. (Film Forum; June 15-16.)

Peeping Tom (1960)—Michael Powell, of the Powell and Pressburger team that made "Black Narcissus" and "The Red Shoes," did this thriller about a psychotic who kills women and photographs their last agonies. It was a controversial film at the time—and some considered it repellent. It has also been an influential film, and its reputation has grown with the years. With Karl Boehm and Moira Shearer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 16-17.)

Poltergeist—With Jobeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson, directed by Tobe Hooper. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan, 86th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through June 17.)

Quest for Fire—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001." Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire and bringing it back. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly closeups of torn flesh and of bloody confrontations, the picture might be taken for a put-on. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own primitivism; he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and attractive. Naoh, the hero, falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, who know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages," and Desmond Morris "created" the "body language and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (Criterion Theatres; through June 17.)

Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip—The master of physical comedy and lyrical obscenity in a new one-man show. To those of us who thought his 1979 film, "Richard Pryor Live in Concert," was one of the greatest performances we'd ever seen or ever will see, it may be disappointing yet emotionally stirring. The vast public outpouring of affection for him after his near-fatal accident in June, 1980, has changed him and his relation with the audience. He knows that all he has to do is stand on the stage and be adored. And he knows there's something the matter with this new situation, but he doesn't know how to deal with it. This film isn't in the class of the first, but it has superb bits. (4/5/82) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 10.)



Rocky III—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level; it's packaged hysteria—and is on its way to becoming another hit. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The pace is accelerated by a crude, hustling shorthand—montages of Rocky in the ring defending his title against a series of contenders, Rocky doing commercials, Rocky with his family, Rocky's training intercut with his opponent Clubber's training, and so on. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; and an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/82) (34th St. East, Cinema II, R.K.O. Century 86th St., and R.K.O. Century Cinerama. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through June 17.)

Scorpio Rising (1963)—Kenneth Anger's account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult. An energetic, influential movie with a witty musical track. (8th St. Playhouse; June 13-14.)

Smash Palace—A remarkable film from New Zealand on the theme of separating. The husband and wife, played by Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison, embody a basic male-female conflict. He's flesh-and-blood and growing bald; she's French-born and fine-boned and fastidious. He runs the business he inherited from his father—the Smash Palace, a vast wrecking yard in an isolated area in New Zealand—and, except for the pleasure he takes in watching their seven-year-old daughter Georgie scooting around in miniature cars, he lives like a single man, puttering with motors, burning up the country roads in the Grand-Prix Formula One racer he's restoring, and drinking beer with his pals. He ignores his wife's complaints, but when she leaves him and, enjoying the upper hand, gets a legal order to prevent him from seeing Georgie, he goes a little crazy. This affable, intelligent man isn't driven mad in the funny, cuckoo sense but in a special, modern, obsessed way. The rage of fathers deprived of their children—something that few men experienced in the past—is no doubt a key madness of our age. The director, Roger Donaldson, has the kind of neo-neorealist technique that a viewer is unconscious of; the director disappears into the story. Even the easy, dry wit seems to belong to the material, along with the summery light. This film can pull you in deep, but some people don't like its almost documentary surface and the fact that the characters are believably real and not unusual—they feel it's too much like life, and that they see it going on all the time. Donaldson's handling of the little girl (Greer Robson) who plays Georgie is beyond praise. He wrote the script with Peter Hansard and Bruno Lawrence; the cinematography is by Graeme Cowley. (5/31/82) (Paris. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting June 18, tentative.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges' enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with the same secret look she had in "The Third Man." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. In Italian. (Film Forum; June 10-12.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—As the madam of a Mexican bordello, Marlene Dietrich (done up in her gypsy makeup from "Golden Earrings" of

1947), greets the grotesquely oversized, padded, false-nosed Orson Welles with a glorious understatement—"You're a mess, honey. You've been eating too much candy." When the final bullet punctures him and he is floating in the water like a dead whale, she eulogizes—"What can you say about anybody? He was some kind of a man . . ." That may be one of the worst lines ever written or a parody of bad writing—the funeral scene in "Death of a Salesman." Welles' first American production in a decade, this marvellously garish thriller has something, but not very much, to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. What it really has to do with is love of the film medium, and if Welles can't resist the candy of shadows and angles and baroque décor, he turns it into stronger fare than most directors' solemn meat and potatoes. It's a terrific entertainment. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Mercedes McCambridge, Janet Leigh, Dennis Weaver, Valentin De Vargas, Joanna Moore, Harry Shannon, and Ray Collins. Cinematography by Russell Metty; filmed at Universal Studios and partly on location at Venice, California. The script, credited to Welles, is supposed to be a free adaptation of Whit Masterson's novel, "Badge of Evil." When the picture opened in 1958, it was 93 minutes long and some scenes were said to have been added that were directed by Harry Keller. This version, released in 1976, runs 108 minutes and is said to represent Welles' original intentions. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 15.)

Valentino (1977)—By attaching the names of actual people to his sadomasochistic fantasies, the director Ken Russell gives the picture a nasty inside-joke appeal. The only redeeming element is Rudolf Nureyev in the title role; he doesn't evoke Valentino, but from time to time he has a captivating, very funny temperament of his own. Despite his inexperience in speaking lines, he is not a novice performer—and he knows how to laugh at himself. His eagerness to please is at war with Russell's spitefulness—Russell turns the great Alla Nazimova (Leslie Caron) into nothing more than a cheap, vengeful, blackmailing bitch, and he shows no feeling for Valentino's wife, Natacha Rambova (Michelle Phillips), who was a superb Art Nouveau designer. In this movie, everybody is out to defame Valentino's manhood and he is punched to a pulp while trying to defend himself against the charge of effeminacy. (He hemorrhages.) With Anthony Dowell as Nijinsky, and Carol Kane, Seymour Cassel, Felicity Kendal, and Huntz Hall. Shot in England and Spain, with little attempt (or small success) at matching the sleekness of the remembered Valentino—the beautifully dressed, almond-eyed Latin in his streamlined, California Spanish décor. Written by Russell and Mardik Martin. (8th St. Playhouse; June 17.)

Victor/Victoria—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. Edwards pulls laughs with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. James Garner is a night-club owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. She's a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness, but Edwards makes her into a nasty, screeching floozy. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse are bland and forgettable. Based on the 1933 German film comedy "Viktor und Viktoria;" this is at least the fifth version. (5/3/82) (68th St. Playhouse, and Guild. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through June 10. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through June 17. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Art; starting June 11.)

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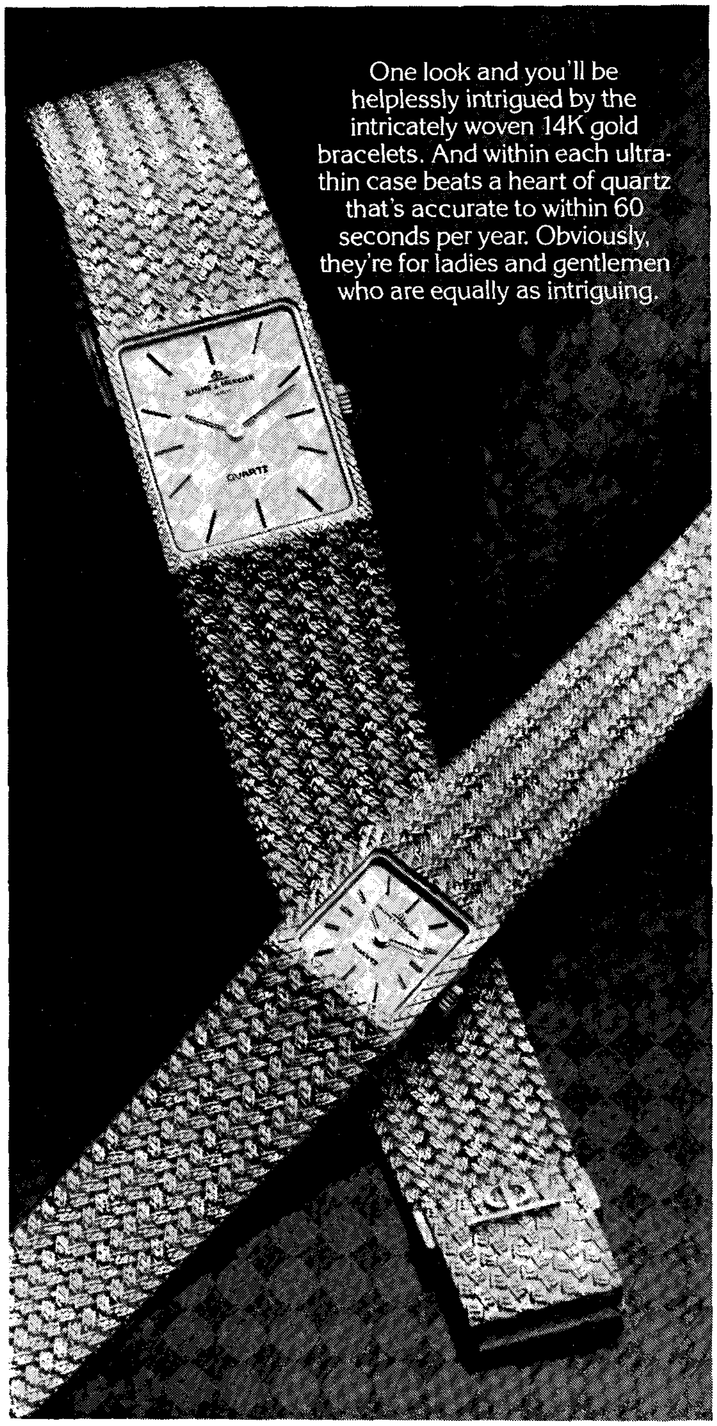
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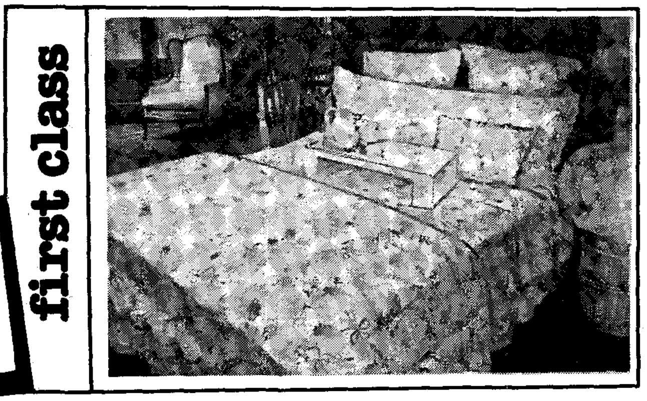
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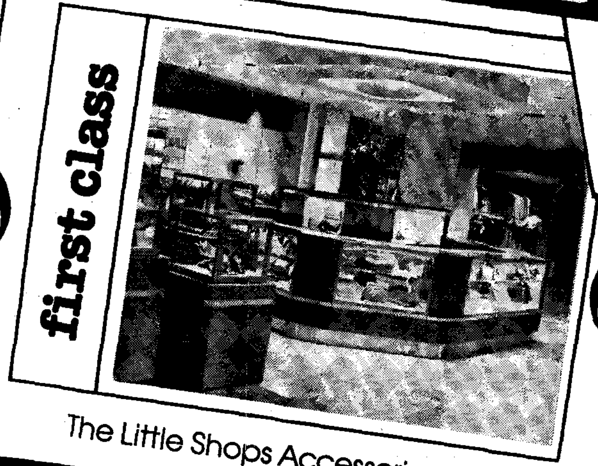
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A CONNECTICUT friend reports:

One misty Saturday morning not long ago, I decided to get out of the house, get moving, go somewhere. But where? While trying to get the car started, I looked at a map and suddenly saw a town bearing my own name—Smith, let's say. I had noticed Smith before but had never felt much curiosity about it. Today, however, Smith seemed an appropriate destination. It gave me a surge of affirmation; I felt substantial, solid. Not only was I alive; I was part of a great chain of granitelike Smiths—wilderness-clearers and town-builders, indomitable, enduring. The town was only forty miles away, according to the map. I got the car started and set off for Smith.

An hour and a half later, I was driving along a foggy river, its wooded banks set with bungalows from the nineteen-twenties or thirties. People were fishing from its banks. On the opposite shore, said the map, lay Smith. I crossed a narrow bridge. The first structure was a roadside restaurant—well, hot-dog stand. "NITE CRAWLERS," said a sign in front. After that, a half mile of woods. Then two buildings flanking the road: Smith General Store and, facing it, Smith Lumber Company. Clearly the start of something big. But then nothing for two or three miles, except an occasional development-type house (without any development) and, once in a while, a sign nailed to a tree: "ACREAGE FOR SALE." A few miles farther along, there was a sign saying "FUTURE HOME OF SMITH VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT," but no evidence of construction. I was beginning to get anxious: Where's Smith? Coming up a rise, however, I saw a white steeple and rooftops, and then the road led into a spacious village green, surrounded by saltboxes, Federal houses, and churches, and with an impressive Greek-revival building at one end. "TOWN HALL PARKING," said a sign with an arrow next to it. I stopped and got out and strolled toward the steps. I glanced up at the pediment. There were gold letters saying "TOWN HALL OF BEASLEY" (we'll call it). *Beasley?*

I got back into the car, drove down the street. Saw a man walking across a school parking lot, carrying an Adidas bag. "I'm lost," I said. "I was looking for Smith."

"It's back that way," he said, pointing in the direction I had come from.

"All I saw was a general store and a lumberyard," I said.

"That's Smith," said the man.

I thanked him—a bit stiffly, perhaps.

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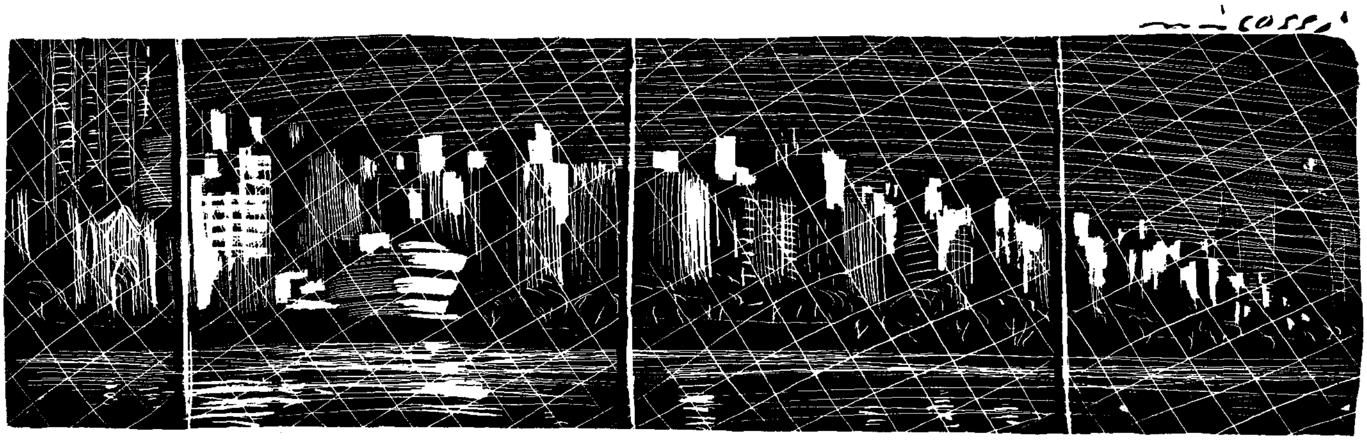
Reception

THE National Fisheries Institute held its thirty-seventh annual convention here recently, and on a Wednesday evening we looked in on the opening reception, in the Grand Ballroom of the New York Hilton, where about nineteen hundred men and women—members of the Institute and their guests—were sipping cocktails and filling plates from tables laden with fish. Most people, we noticed, wore name tags on which their first names were printed in capital letters about three-quarters of an inch high, with their full names and affiliations printed in much smaller letters. We walked past a "KAREN," a "BOB," a "STAN," and a "REGINA," and glanced at some tables stocked with freshly shucked oysters, mussels marinara, mussels vinaigrette, shrimps, clams, swordfish kabobs, crabmeat delights, Alaskan-king-crab claws, scallops wrapped in bacon, pickled herring in wine sauce, baked salmon, smoked sturgeon, and smoked-whitefish salad. Before long, we ran into a dark-haired



man in a dinner jacket whose name tag read "LEE—Lee J. Weddig, Executive Vice-President, N.F.I."

We asked Lee to tell us something about the National Fisheries Institute.

"The N.F.I. has about eleven hundred member firms," he said. "They do everything from catching fish and processing it to selling it. They import it, they export it, they distribute it. The fishing industry is this country's oldest industry, you know. Nowadays, the United States is the world's third-largest exporter of fish, after Canada and Denmark, and the world's second-largest importer of fish, after Japan. The Institute was founded in 1945, but this is the first time we've held our convention in New York City. All year long, these fellows do their business on the phone or by telex—they never get to meet each other. The N.F.I. convention brings them together once a year, so they can have this chance to see each other eyeball to eyeball."

Lee headed toward an ice sculpture that was shaped like a carp and filled with shrimps, and we strolled under a suspended stuffed dragon made of green fabric with red-black-and-gold fabric trim, near a table offering fish dishes prepared by chefs from Chinatown. We soon encountered a short, earnest-looking man in a navy-blue suit whose name tag read "ROY—Roy E. Martin, Director, Science and Technology, N.F.I."

We asked Roy what was happening in his field.

"The industry is moving a lot closer to what we call minced fish," he replied. "Now, when you cut the fillets from the side of a typical fish, normally you'd get about a thirty-per-cent yield. We take what is left over and put it through what we call a deboning machine, and you come out with twenty per cent additional yield, which is minced fish, or fish hamburger. Then, there's a whole new area opening up for us, potentially, with the use of irradiation as a preservation technique. Another new technical area is the development of controlled-and-modified-atmosphere packaging, where you can take the air out of a package and replace it with an inert gas like carbon dioxide or nitrogen, to increase shelf life. There's no limit, really, to what the imagination can do."

A man whose name tag read "PHIL" came up to greet Roy, and we headed past a large green model of a trawler, some hanging nets, a mural depicting Delancey Street, a Japanese sushi bar, and a pretzel cart. Near a table whose viands included marinated squid, we found a group of men in conversation:

WALLY: Our normal production is anywhere between eight hundred and a thousand.

MICHAEL: We're getting *their* bills, we're getting *our* bills, we're getting *everybody's* phone calls.

MARTIN: You just have to keep the momentum. We probably turn down as much business as we handle.

HOYT: I like New York. I stopped on the way over to listen to a jazz group out on the street.

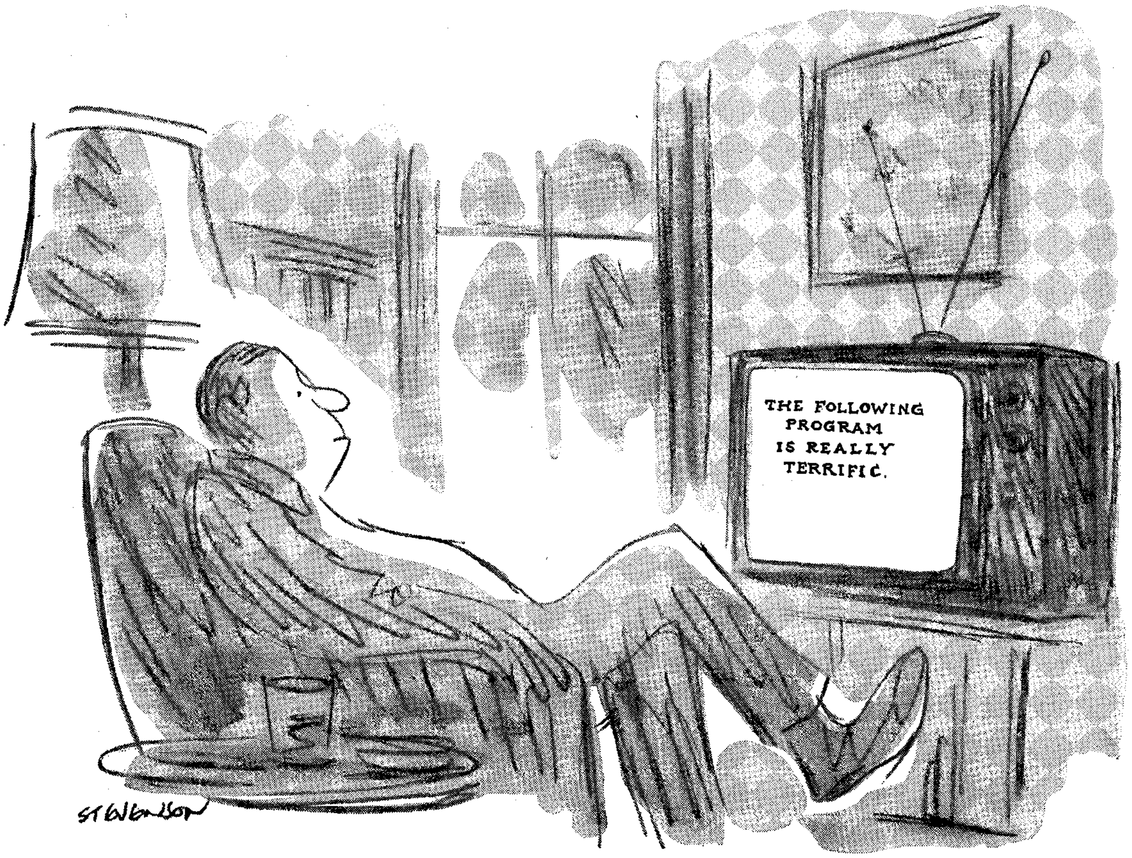
JON: I walked around a lot today. Trinity Church—that's kind of neat. The whole town is neat.

JACK: Are you kidding? We got in about three-forty-five, my wife and me. You know what I found out then? I left my *packaging* at home. I mean, are you kidding? My *packaging* materials. *Packaging*. You know what I mean?

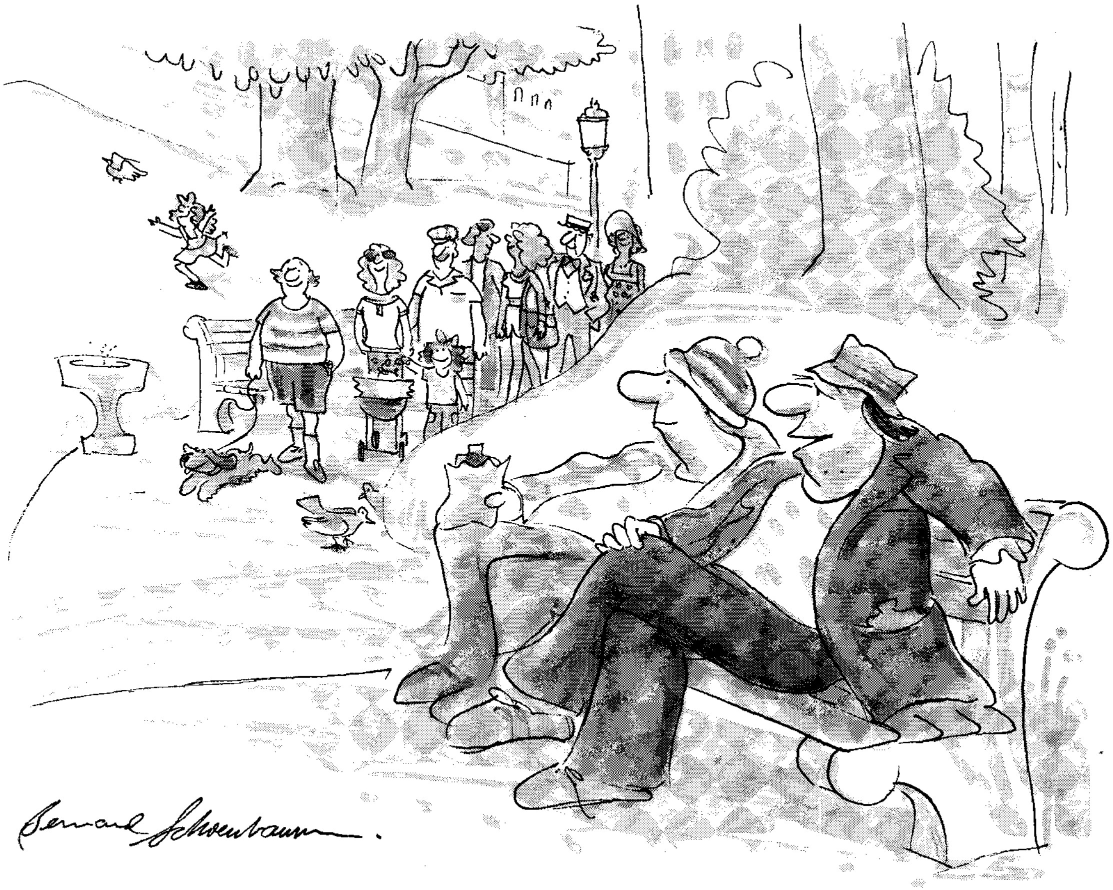
The Joyce

WHEN the Joyce, a dazzling four-hundred-and-seventy-four-seat dance theatre, opened last week with a gala program of short works by several of the companies that will be using it, and with a collective champagne toast at the end from the invited audience, we were there, raising a glass with the cheering crowd. The new house, which occupies the brick shell of the old Elgin Theatre, at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Nineteenth Street, is one of a very few medium-sized dance facilities that have ever been built in the city. Operating on a nonprofit basis with the assistance of six grants, it will provide a permanent home for the Feld Ballet, the group that bought the building and arranged the financing of the renovation. It will also supply a performing space for many struggling dance companies, lying, as it does, somewhere between the uncomfortable lofts that such companies have often had to settle for and the expensive, highly unionized uptown theatres that most of them can't afford.

We paid a visit to the Joyce a week before it opened, and found a small army of painters and carpenters putting


THE FOLLOWING PROGRAM IS REALLY TERRIFIC.
STEVENSON

the finishing touches on a foyer whose décor had obviously been influenced by the theatre's façade—Art Deco striped brick. The foyer, which has vertical bands of smoked mirror alternating with gray on its walls, strips of light bulbs embedded in the ceiling, and terrazzo floors in green, gray-green, and salmon, overlooks a large downstairs lobby, and the two levels are connected by a curving stairway that could have been lifted from one of the great liners—the original Queen Elizabeth, say. We descended the stairway and introduced ourself to Cora Cahan, the executive director of the Feld Ballet and one of the two prime movers (the other is Eliot Feld) in the rebuilding of the theatre. Miss Cahan, a slight, intense woman with enormous dark eyes and a long braid of black hair, clearly has the persistence of a marathon runner. She told us that the Joyce, which had cost about four million dollars all told, had been financed by a combination of individual, corporate, and foundation gifts and government and bank loans. "We bought the theatre in January of 1979 with two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars given to us by LuEsther Mertz," she said. "We decided to name the building the Joyce for her daughter. A year later, when it looked as if our initial budget of a million dollars couldn't be raised, the city's Office of Economic Development got us a four-hundred-thousand-dollar loan from HUD, because the city saw this as an urban-redevelopment project that would improve the neighborhood and save jobs. We matched that loan three to one with the help of a six-hundred-thousand-dollar loan from the Morgan Community Development Corporation, and *that* loan was guaranteed by *another* government agency—the Economic Development Administration of the Commerce Department. This theatre has been built by dancers for dancers, and we've worked closely with the architects to make sure that there will be a very energetic relationship between the stage and the people who are using it."



"Here come the summer people."

• •

Miss Cahan took us on a brief tour of the basement, where we saw management offices, dressing rooms, a warmup studio with mirrored walls and wooden barres, a greenroom for dancers to relax in after a performance, a call board, which held casting schedules and a cautionary notice about encroaching mice ("We've had an exterminator in, but make a noise when you go downstairs"), and some space that runs under the sidewalk and houses a large air-recycling unit. Then we followed her up to the back of the auditorium and inspected a large lighting-control and sound-control room ("the old projection booth"), which contained two Strand Century Light Palettes. "These are very sophisticated control consoles, which enable us to preset lighting cues from two hundred and ninety-three stage lights and to store these cues in a memory system," Miss Cahan told us. "Once the cues are set, they can be played back from a disc whenever the ballet is performed." From there, we walked down through the dim auditorium, a dusty rectangle of rosy brick walls and steeply raked tiers of seats. There were narrow loges halfway up on each side wall, and two massive light bridges were suspended from a cream-colored ceiling. Miss Cahan flipped back a plastic sheet and showed us a seat upholstered in wool that was striped rust, beige, blue, and brown. "The original red velours didn't pass a wet crocking test," she said. "That meant that it might come off on people's clothes. So we had to find six hundred yards of upholstery fabric virtually overnight. Jack Lenor Larsen came up with this and gave us a very good price. The curtain is deep burgundy, and the sides of the proscenium arch will be expanded metal backed by black velours."

We looked at the stage, where workmen on tall ladders were adjusting lights and covering tall plywood wings with black cloth, and we asked Miss Cahan what made it particularly suitable for dancers.

"The floor was built with a neoprene subcushion and three layers of crisscrossed wooden strings woven like a basket to get a spring-cushion effect," she said. "On top of this, there is plywood and a special nonskid linoleum, which makes dancers feel very secure."

A few minutes later, the workmen carried the ladders off, and a group of male and female dancers dressed in skintight white leotards with colorful elbow and knee pads walked out on the stage to begin a technical rehearsal of "Play Bach," a cheerful work by Mr. Feld, which is set to a couple of Bach partitas.

Mr. Feld and his technical director came in and settled down at a desk at the back of the auditorium to work out new lighting cues, and the dancers romped through a series of unorthodox movements: jetés that had them leapfrogging over one another, tumbles on the floor that ended with legs in the air pedalling imaginary bicycles, kicks and turns with knees and elbows bent at unexpected angles, ensembles of fast-moving footwork. Mr. Feld stopped them from time to time to change a cue ("Can I see the lavender diagonals at three? Where are the clear down lights? I'd like a blue wash more upstage") or to move a dancer into a better position ("Megan, move a little upstage, because you're falling between the lights").

When the rehearsal ended, we asked Mr. Feld, a dark-haired man with a thin, sensitive face, if the theatre was living up to his expectations.

"It's a wonderfully intimate space," he said, with enthusiasm. "There are other theatres that dance looks good in, but I think the size and shape of this house will give it a very special personality. We haven't danced in New York since 1978, because we didn't feel we could go into debt for an uptown theatre season. Instead, we've toured, postponing the immediate pleasure of dancing here in order to fulfill our long-range ambition to have a permanent theatre. This season, I have five ballets that haven't been seen in New York and ten that haven't been seen here lately. In four weeks, I will have a chance to look at samples of all the work I've done in the last fifteen years."

We asked Mr. Feld if his approach to choreography had changed much, and he said that he thought his present work was a little more personal. "I don't seem to be as attracted to nineteenth-century Romantic music as I once was," he said. "I'm more interested in natural movement than I used to be, and I'm less self-pitying."

"Are you becoming more abstract?" we asked.

Mr. Feld replied that he thought that the difference between abstraction and narration in ballet was an artificial one. "A narrative ballet is only as strong as its movement and its structure," he said. "The story is really secondary, because what holds the work together is construction and invention. And an abstract ballet is based on the same principles—invention and structure."

"What gave you the idea for 'Play Bach'?" we asked.

"I was introduced to the music by Peter Longiaru, our company pianist, who played several of the partitas for me when we were touring," Mr. Feld said. "Then I listened to the music on records for a year. Part of what the ballet is about is using musical structures that translate into choreography—canon and double canon, fugue, and fugue with two subjects. I'm not necessarily trying to do exactly what Bach did in counterpoint, but I'm playing a simultaneous game at the same tempo, using some of the methods he used to compose his pieces. I chose some movements you would not necessarily associate with ballet, but when you put them together into counterpoint the context makes you look at them from a different emotional angle. Ballet should surprise people—inform or re-inform them in a new way—and to do this you have to be constantly inventive. I want every one of my ballets to tell me something I didn't know before. Otherwise, they wouldn't be fun to do."

Melnikoff's

Melnikoff's is a general-type store at Eighty-fourth Street and York Avenue. This time of year, it caters to the summer-camp crowd. You don't really belong there on a spring afternoon unless your name is Jared, Jamie, Jennifer, Jeffrey, Jonathan, Lauren, Dana, Courtney, Brian, Benjamin, Eric, Stacy, or something like that—the sort of name that's likely to be sewn into two pair white gym shorts, two pair green gym shorts, twelve pair athletic socks, one poncho, one terry-cloth robe, three nylon swimsuits, one duffelbag, etc.—or unless you are one of those happy but sad adults who have decided to spend two thousand dollars to send Jared/Jamie/Jennifer away for eight weeks so that he/she can receive individualized attention and sensitive, experienced personal instruction while learning everything it is possible to know about art, dance, drama, music (jazz, rock, folk, chamber, opera), archery, riflery, water-skiing, tennis, night tennis, soccer, horseback riding, golf, painting, sculpting, graphics, white-water rafting, canoeing, backpacking, fishing, conservation of natural resources, go-carts, minibikes, rocketry, campcraft, ham radio, video, batiking, silversmithing, weaving, photography, lacrosse, and kayaking, with stress on citizenship and high personal values. If you happen to be such a happy but sad adult, go to Melnikoff's and take along about a thousand bucks.

"What's your name?"

"Ethan."

"Where are you going to camp?"

"Wildwood."

"I heard your mother mention that you go to school at Ethical Culture. So you're a philosopher as well as a camper, huh?"

"Dumb."

"Is it true that at the camp you're going to they make you eat your vegetables?"

"Yucch."

"Is it true that they serve *only* vegetables?"

"Yucch."

"How do you feel about insects?"

"Yucch."

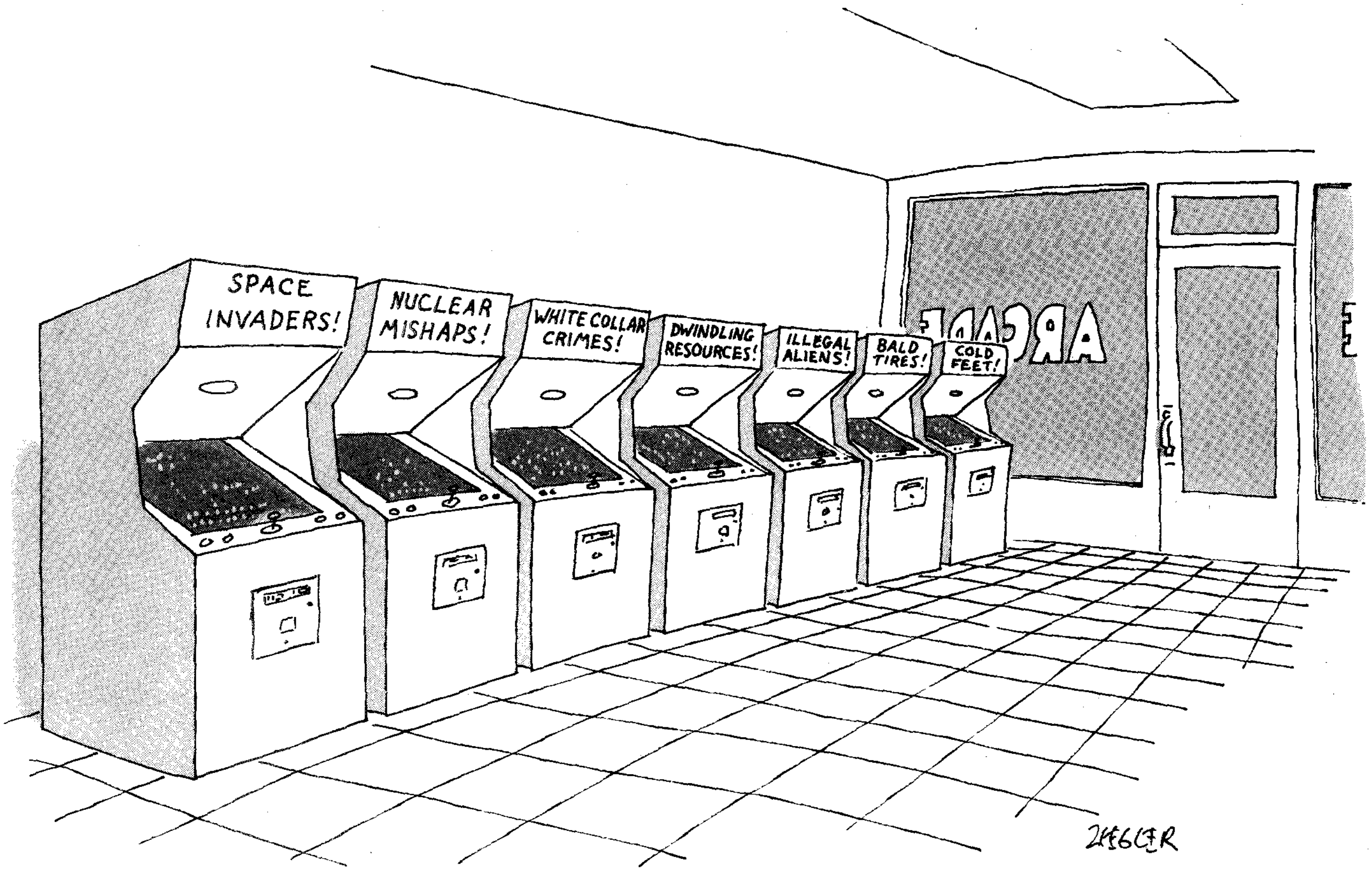
"Wildlife in general?"

"Yucch."

"Ethan, when this man asks you a question can't you give more than a one-word answer?"

"Yucch-yucch."

No one named Melnikoff really has anything to do with Melnikoff's. The owner now is a Felenstein—Marshall Felenstein. Marshall Felenstein also runs a chain of retail clothing stores in the Midwest, called Marwen Stores. His wife, Diane, runs her own P.R. firm. She has just returned from Cuba. The children in Cuba lead different lives. In summer, they have activities and they learn crafts, but they have no minibikes, no video, and no lighted tennis courts. In Cuba, there is no Camp Winadu, no Camp Winaukee, no Camp Lakota, no Camp Towanda,


SPACE INVADERS!
NUCLEAR MISHAPS!
WHITE COLLAR CRIMES!
DWINDLING RESOURCES!
ILLEGAL ALIENS!
BALD TIRES!
COLD FEET!
ARCADE
ZIEGLER

• •

no Camp Tegawitha. The children in Cuba are not nearly as fortunate as the children who shop at Melnikoff's.

"This size feels big."

"He's ready for a men's medium. He's just used to everything being so tight. He's going to a weight-watchers' camp next summer. The list says eight pair of socks. You want tube socks, Andrew? You want these with the colored stripes?"

"Look at those socks. You wouldn't wear those socks, Mom. Damn, you're cheap. I'm not wearing those socks. Everybody at camp's gonna think I'm gay if I wear those socks."

"That's enough of that! Try these shorts on."

"Maybe I got nice legs, but I ain't gonna wear shorts."

"Yeah, you have nice legs. Too bad they have to go with that big stomach."

"Shut up, Jill."

"Try this on. I don't have all day."

"What is this—a dressing contest? Don't *rush* me."

"Andrew, come on out now. I want to see how those fit."

"You're embarrassing me."

"I'm not embarrassing you. *You're* embarrassing *me*. Now, open the door."

"O.K. How does this look?"

"You gonna wear those with the waist all the way up around your chest, Andrew?"

"Yeah."

"You look like a dingdong."

"Shut up, Jill."

"*Stop it!*"

"Why?"

If you place your order before a certain date, Melnikoff's will sew in the name tapes free of charge. The name-tapers are Boris and Alex. Boris owns a tailor shop down the block from the store. Alex is his son. No question about it, free name-taping attracts a lot of customers. Marshall Felenstein supports free name-taping. Marshall Felenstein says, "Free name-taping's the hook. *That* plus personal service."

"I ordered these two extra shirts for my son, and they came late. Could you please sew name tapes in them?"

"Mr. Marcus, we already shipped your order and we mailed you extra name tapes."

"If I bring you the name tapes, could you just sew them in these shirts?"

"Mr. Marcus, it's only two shirts. Can't your wife just sew those in?"

"If she could sew them in, I'd still be married to her."

When you've put down your deposit for everything at Melnikoff's, the people there pack it in a cardboard box and put it downstairs in the storage room. If there are special-order items yet to come in, they wait for those, and when everything is ready they send the entire box to Boris and Alex for name-taping. When that job is done, it all comes back to Melnikoff's for final folding, packing, and shipping. You should plan ahead, but even if you don't, don't worry. They'll ship the stuff to you or ship it directly to the camp. They'll ship anything on your list of Necessary Articles and Optional Articles, but they will *not* ship the following items: live animals, expensive jewelry, stereo equipment, knives and axes, explosives. So don't even bother asking. They won't do it.

"I see you're here with your brother. Are you going to camp, too?"

"No."

"In a couple of years?"

"No."

"Have you already been to camp?"

"No."

"You're going to spend the summer in the park?"

"No."

"You're going somewhere, right?"

"Yes."

"Well, where else is there?"

"Italy."

DESIRE

BRYCE was sitting at the kitchen table in his father's house cutting out a picture of Times Square. It was a picture from a coloring book, but Bryce wasn't interested in coloring; he just wanted to cut out pictures so he could see what they looked like outside the book. This drawing was of people crossing the street between the Sheraton-Astor and F. W. Woolworth. There were also other buildings, but these were the ones the people seemed to be moving between. The picture was round; it was supposed to look as if it had been drawn on a bottle cap. Bryce had a hard time getting the scissors around the edge of the cap, because they were blunt-tipped. At home, at his mother's house in Vermont, he had real scissors and he was allowed to taste anything, including alcohol, and his half sister Maddy was a lot more fun than Bill Monteforte, who lived next door to his father here in Pennsylvania and who never had time to play. But Bryce had missed his father, and he had been the one who called to invite himself to this house for his spring vacation.

His father, B.B., was standing in the doorway now, complaining because Bryce was so quiet and so glum. "It took quite a few polite letters to your mother to get her to let loose of you for a week," B.B. said. "You get here and you go into a slump. It would be a real problem if you had to do anything important, like go up to bat with the bases loaded and two outs."

"Mom's new neighbor is the father of a guy that plays for the Redskins," Bryce said.

The scissors slipped. Since he'd ruined it, Bryce now cut on the diagonal, severing half the people in Times Square from the other half. He looked out the window and saw a squirrel stealing seed from the bird feeder. The gray birds were so tiny anyway, it didn't look as if they needed anything to eat.

"Are we going to that auction tonight, or what?" Bryce said.

"Maybe. It depends on whether Rona gets over her headache."

B.B. sprinkled little blue and white crystals of dishwasher soap into the machine and closed it. He pushed two buttons and listened carefully. "Remember, now," he said, "I don't want you getting excited at the auction if you see something you want. You put your hand up and that's a *bid*. You have to really, really want something, and then ask me before you put your hand up. You can't shoot your hand up. Imagine that you're a soldier down in the trenches and there's a war going on."

"I don't even care about the dumb auction," Bryce said.

"What if there was a Turkish prayer rug you wanted and it had the most beautiful muted colors you'd ever seen in your life?" B.B. sat down in the chair across from Bryce. The back of the chair was in the shape of an upside-down triangle. The seat was a right-side-up triangle. The triangles were covered with aqua plastic. B.B. shifted on the chair. Bryce could see that he wanted an answer.

"Or we'll play Let's Pretend," B.B. said. "Let's pretend a lion is coming at you and there's a tree with a cheetah in it and up ahead of you it's just low dry grass. Would you climb the tree or start running?"

"Neither," Bryce said.

"Come on. You've either got to run or *something*. There's known dangers and unknown dangers. What would you do?"

"People can't tell what they'd do in a situation like that," Bryce said.

"No?"

"What's a cheetah?" Bryce said. "Are you sure they get in trees?"

B.B. frowned. He had a drink in his hand. He pushed the ice cube to the bottom and they both watched it bob up. Bryce leaned over and reached into the drink and gave it a push, too.

"No licking that finger," B.B. said.

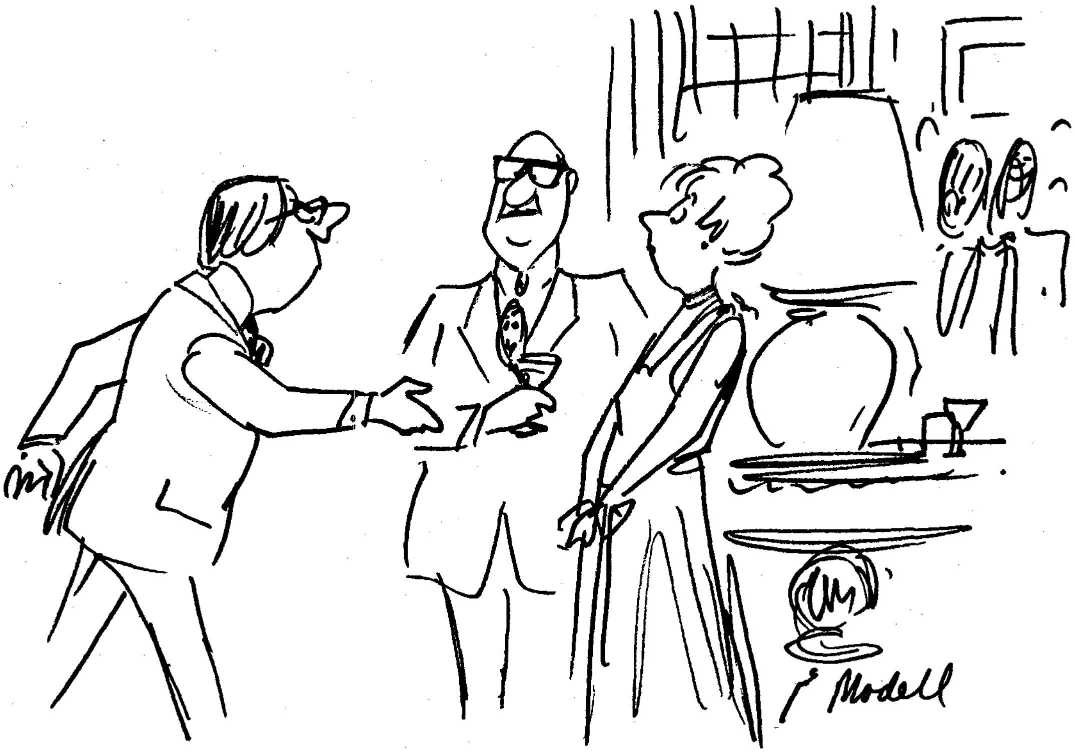
Bryce wiped a wet streak across the red down vest he wore in the house.

"Is that my boy? 'Don't lick your finger,' he takes the finger and wipes it on his clothes. Now he can try to remember what he learned in school from the Book of Knowledge about cheetahs."

"What Book of Knowledge?"

His father got up and kissed the top of his head. The radio went on upstairs, and then water began to run in the tub up there.

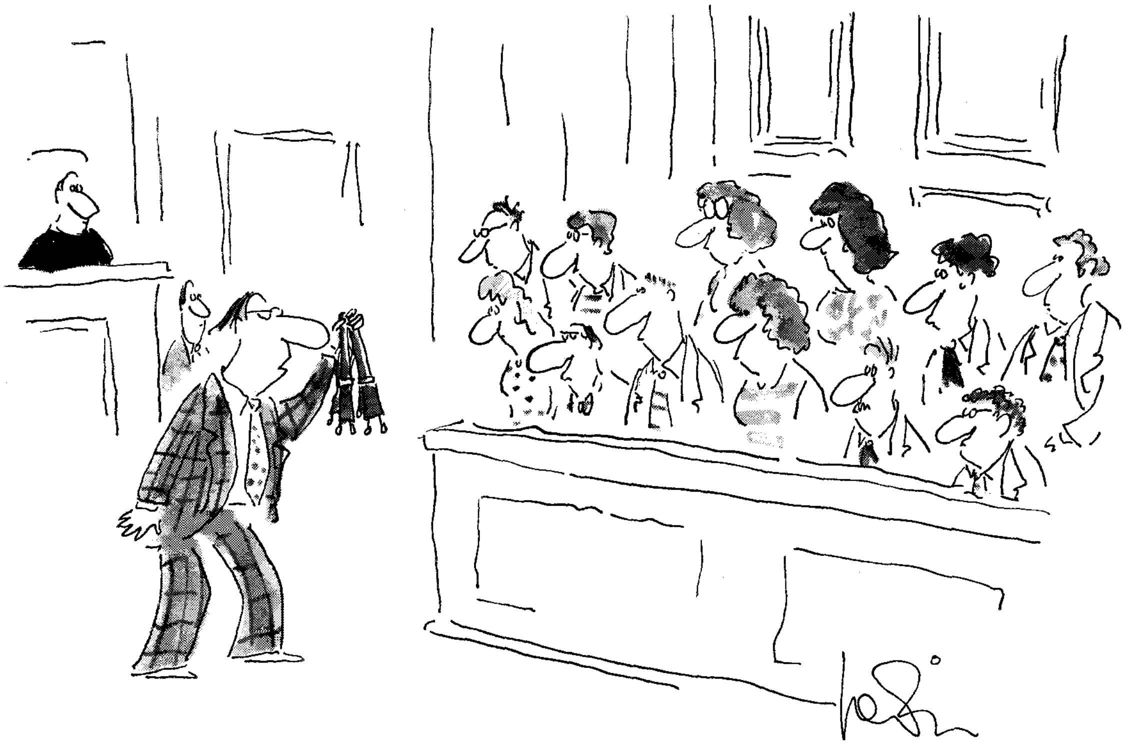
"She must be getting ready for action," B.B.



"I'm George Prescott. I don't believe I have you in my data base yet."

said. "Why does she have to take a bath the minute I turn on the dishwasher? The dishwasher's been acting crazy." B.B. sighed. "Keep those hands on the table," he said. "It's good practice for the auction."

Bryce moved the two half circles of Times Square so that they overlapped. He folded his hands over them and watched the squirrel scare a bird away from the feeder. The sky was the color of ash, with little bursts of white where the sun had been.



"Kindly observe this exhibit marked 'A.' It is a pair of red suspenders. And now I ask you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, to ask yourselves: Just why does a fireman wear red suspenders?"

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"I'M the same as dead," Rona said.

"You're not the same as dead," B.B. said. "You've put five pounds back on. You lost twenty pounds in that hospital, and you didn't weigh enough to start with. You wouldn't eat anything they brought you. You took an intravenous needle out of your arm. I can tell you, you were nuts, and I didn't have much fun talking to that doctor who looked like Tonto who operated on you and thought you needed a shrink. It's water over the dam. Get in the bath."

Rona was holding on to the sink. She started to laugh. She had on tiny green-and-white striped underpants. Her long white nightgown was hung around her neck, the way athletes drape towels around themselves in locker rooms.

"What's funny?" he said.

"You said, 'It's water over the—' Oh, you know what you said. I'm running water in the tub, and—"

"Yeah," B.B. said, closing the toilet seat and sitting down. He picked up a Batman comic and flipped through it. It was wet from moisture. He hated the feel of it.

The radio was on the top of the toilet tank, and now the Andrews Sisters were singing "Hold Tight." Their voices were as smooth as toffee. He wanted to pull them apart, to hear distinct voices through the perfect harmony.

He watched her get into the bath. There was a worm of a scar, dull red, to the right of her jutting hipbone, where they had removed her appendix. One doctor had thought it was an ectopic pregnancy. Another was sure it was a ruptured ovary. A third doctor—her surgeon—insisted it was her appendix, and they got it just in time. The tip had ruptured.

Rona slid low in the bathtub. "If you can't trust your body not to go wrong, what can you trust?" she said.

"Everybody gets sick," he said. "It's not your body trying to do you in. The mind's only one place: in your head. Look, didn't Lyndon Johnson have an appendectomy? Remember how upset people were that he pulled up his shirt to show the scar?"

"They were upset because he pulled his dog's ears," she said.

She had a bath toy he had bought for her. It was a fish with a happy smile. You wound it with a key and then it raced around the tub spouting water through its mouth.

He could hear Bryce talking quietly downstairs. Another call to Maddy, no doubt. When the boy was in Vermont, he was on the phone all the time, telling B.B. how much he missed him; when he was here in Pennsylvania, he missed his family in Vermont. The phone bill was going to be astronomical. Bryce kept calling Maddy, and Rona's mother kept calling from New York; Rona never wanted to take the calls because she always ended up in an argument if she wasn't prepared with something to talk about, so she made B.B. say she was asleep, or in the tub, or that a soufflé was in the last stages. Then she'd call her mother back, when she'd gathered her thoughts.

"Would you like to go to that auction tonight?" he said to Rona.

"An auction? What for?"

"I don't know. There's nothing on TV, and the kid's never been to an auction."

"The kid's never smoked grass," she said, soaping her arm.

"Neither do you anymore. Why would you bring that up?"

"You can look at his rosy cheeks and doe eyes and know he never has."

"Right," he said, throwing the comic book back on the tile. "*Right.* My kid's not a pothead. *I was talking about going to an auction.* Would you also like to tell me that elephants don't fly?"

She laughed and slipped lower in the tub, until the water reached her chin. With her hair pinned to the top of her head and the foam of bubbles covering her neck, she looked like a lady in Edwardian times. The fish was in a frenzy, cutting through the suds. She moved a shoulder to accommodate it, shifted her knees, tipped her head back. "There were flying elephants in those books that used to be all over the house when he visited," she said. "I'm so glad he's eight now. All those *crazy* books."

"You were stoned all the time," he said. "Everything looked funny to you." Though he hadn't gotten stoned with her, sometimes things had seemed peculiar to him, too. There was the night his friends Shelby and Charles had given a dramatic reading of a book of Bryce's called "Bertram and the Ticklish Rhinoceros." Rona's mother had sent her a loofah for Christmas that year. It was before you saw loofahs all over the place. Vaguely, he could remember six people crammed into the bathroom, cheering drunkenly as the floating loofah expanded in water.

"What do you say about the auction?" he said. "Can you keep your hands still? That's what I told him was essential—hands in lap."

"Come here," she said. "I'll show you what I can do with my hands."

THE auction was in a barn heated with two wood stoves—one in front, one in back. There were also a few electric heaters up and down the aisles. When B.B. and Rona and Bryce came in the back door of the barn, a man in a black-and-red lumberman's jacket closed it behind them, blowing cigar smoke in their faces. A woman and a man and two teen-age boys were arguing about a big cardboard box. Apparently one of the boys had put it too close to the small heater. The other boy was defending him, and the man, whose face was bright red, looked as if he was about to strike the woman. Someone else kicked the box away while they argued. B.B. looked in. There were six or eight puppies inside, mostly black, squirming.

"Dad, are they in the auction?" Bryce said.

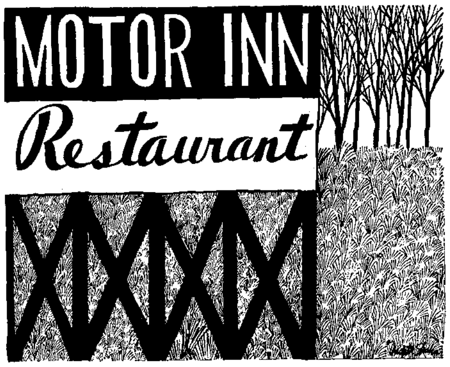
"I can't stand the smoke," Rona said. "I'll wait for you in the car."

"Don't be stupid. You'll freeze," B.B. said. He reached out and touched the tips of her hair. She had on a red angora hat, pulled over her forehead, which made her look extremely pretty but also about ten years old. A child's hat and no makeup. The tips of her hair were still wet from the bathwater. Touching her hair, he was sorry that he had walked out of the bathroom when she said that about her hands.

They got three seats together near the back.

"Dad, I can't see," Bryce said.

"The damn Andrews Sisters," B.B. said. "I can't get their spooky voices out of my head."



Bryce got up. B.B. saw, for the first time, that the metal folding chair his son had been sitting on had "PAM LOVES DAVID FOREVER AND FOR ALL TIME" written on it with Magic Marker. He took off his scarf and folded it over the writing. He looked over his shoulder, sure that Bryce would be at the stand where they sold hot dogs and soft drinks. He wasn't; he was still inspecting the puppies. One of the boys said something to his son, and he answered. B.B. got up immediately and went over to join them. Bryce was reaching into his pocket.

"What are you doing?" B.B. said.

"Picking up a puppy," Bryce said. He said it as he lifted the animal. The dog turned and rooted its snout in

MUSICAL CHAIRS

You start with the dancing girls.
Move on from there.

Bouquets, incense, endless games
Of musical chairs in the clouds.

After some years, your tread loses
Its spring, your hand its sweep,

The words that leapt in persuasion
Barely float on the narrowing stream.

It is at this point the great diarists err:
Turning to religion, or drugs.

Turning, with brackish concurrence,
To a jaded sea, the salt and sleet

That whirls out memories.
And the vapors of regret,

And sorrow in the charting of tides,
And the open wound marbled and elegized.

Like all deep-sea monuments,
Designed to misguide the young,

To sustain the supremacy
Of that old port of call.

Where the gamesters play for hearts
With a shaved deck.

Where the music accelerates
And the chairs disappear.

You start with the dancing girls.
They never let you go.

—NICHOLAS CHRISTOPHER

• •

PERSONNEL
IN
OUT

Bryce's armpit, its eyes closed. With his free hand, Bryce handed the boy some money.

"What you *doing?*" B.B. said.

"Dime a feel," the boy said. Then, in a different tone, he said, "Week or so, they start eating food."

"I never heard of anything like that," B.B. said. The loofah popped up in his mind, expanded. Their drunken incredulity. The time, as a boy, he had watched a neighbor drown a litter of kittens in a washtub. He must have been younger than Bryce when that happened. And the burial: B.B. and the neighbor's son, and another boy, who was an exchange student, had attended the funeral for the drowned kittens. The man's wife came out of the house, with the mother cat in one arm, and reached into her pocket and took out little American flags on toothpicks and handed them to each of the boys and then went back into the house. Her husband had dug a hole and was shovelling dirt back in. First, he had put the kittens in a shoebox coffin, which he placed carefully in the hole he had dug near an abelia bush. Then he shovelled the dirt back in. B.B. couldn't remember the name of the man's son now, or the Oriental exchange student's name. The flags were what they used to give you in your sundae at the ice-cream parlor next to the bank.

"You can hold him through the auction for a quarter," the boy said to Bryce.

"You have to give the dog back," B.B. said to his son.

Bryce looked as if he was about to cry. If he insisted on having one of the dogs, B.B. had no idea what he would do. It was what Robin, his ex-wife, deserved, but she'd probably take the dog to the pound.

"Put it down," B.B. whispered, as quietly as he could. The room was so noisy now that he doubted whether the teen-age boy could hear him. He thought he had a good chance of Bryce's leaving the puppy if there was no third party involved.

To his surprise, Bryce handed over the puppy, and the teen-ager lowered it into the box. A little girl about three or four had come to the rim of the box and was looking down.

"I bet you don't have a dime, do you, cutie?" the boy said to the girl.

B.B. reached into his pocket and took out a dollar bill, folded it, and put it on the cement floor in front of where the boy crouched. He took Bryce's hand, and they walked to their seats without looking back.

"It's just a bunch of junk," Rona said. "Can we leave if it doesn't get interesting?"

THEY bought a lamp at the auction. It had a nice base, and as soon as they found another lampshade it would be just right for the bedside table. Now it had a cardboard shade on it, imprinted with a cracked, fading bouquet.

"What's the matter with you?" Rona said. They were back in their bedroom.

"Actually," B.B. said, holding on to the window ledge, "I feel very out of control."

"What does that mean?"

She put "From Julia Child's Kitchen" on the night table, picked up her comb, and grabbed a clump of her hair. She combed through the snaggled ends, slowly.

"Do you think he has a good time here?" he said.

"Sure. He asked to come, didn't he? You could look at his face and see that he enjoyed the auction."

"Maybe he just does what he's told."

"What's the matter with you?" she said. "Come over here."

"He can be a damned fine poet when he feels like it."

He sat on the bed. He had stripped down to his undershorts, and there were goose bumps all over his body. A bird was making a noise outside, screaming as if it was being killed. It stopped abruptly. The goose bumps slowly went away. Whenever he turned up the thermostat, he always knew he was going to be sorry along about 5 A.M., when it got too hot in the room but he was too tired to get up and go turn it down. She said that was why they got headaches. He reached across her now for the Excedrin. He put the bottle back on top of the cookbook and gagged down two tablets.

"What's he doing?" he said to her. "I don't hear him."

"If you made him go to bed, the way other fathers do, you'd know he was in bed. Then you'd just have to wonder if he was reading under the covers with a flashlight or—"

"Don't say it," he said.

"I wasn't going to say that."

"What were you going to say?"

"I was going to say that he might have taken more Godivas out of the box my mother sent me. I've eaten two. He's eaten a whole row."

"He left a mint and a cream in that row. I ate them," B.B. said.

He got up and pulled on a thermal shirt. He looked out the window and saw tree branches blowing. *The Old Farmer's Almanac* predicted snow at the end of the week. He hoped it didn't snow then; it would make it difficult taking Bryce back to Vermont. There were two miles of unplowed road leading to Robin's house.

He went downstairs. The oval table Bryce sat at was where the dining room curved out. Window seats were built around it. When they rented the house, it was the one piece of furniture left in it that neither of them disliked, so they had kept it. Bryce was sitting in an oak chair, and his forehead was on his arm. In front of him was the coloring book and a box of crayons and a glass vase with different-colored felt-tip pens stuck in it, falling this way and that, the way a bunch of flowers would. There was a pile of white paper. The scissors. B.B. assumed, until he was within a few feet of him, that Bryce was asleep. Then Bryce lifted his head.

"What are you doing?" B.B. said.

"I took the dishes out of the dishwasher and it worked," Bryce said. "I put them on the counter."

"That was very nice of you. It looks like my craziness about the dishwasher has impressed every member of my family."

"What was it that happened before?" Bryce said.

Bryce had circles under his eyes. B.B. had read once that that was a sign of kidney disease. If you bruised easily, leukemia. Or, of course, you could just take a wrong step and break a leg. The dishwasher had backed up, and all the filthy water had come pouring out in the morning when B.B. opened the door—dirtier water than the food-smeared dishes would account for.

"It was a mess," B.B. said vaguely. "Is that a picture?"

It was part picture, part letter, B.B. realized when Bryce clamped his hands over his printing in the middle.

"You don't have to show me."

"How come?" Bryce said.

"I don't read other people's mail."

"You did in Burlington," Bryce said.

"Bryce—that was when your mother cut out on us. That was a letter for her sister. She'd set it up with her to come stay with us, but her sister's as much a space cadet as Robin. Your mother was gone two days. The police were looking for her. What was I supposed to do when I found the letter?"

Robin's letter to her sister said that she did not love B.B. Also, that she did not love Bryce, because he looked like his father. The way she expressed it was "Let spitting images spit together." She had gone off with the cook at the natural-food restaurant. The note to her sister—whom she had apparently called as well—was written on the back of one of the restaurant's flyers, announcing the menu for the week the cook ran away. Tears streaming down his cheeks, he had stood in the spare bedroom—what ever had made him go in there?—and read the names of desserts: "Tofu-Peach Whip!" "Granola Raspberry Pie!" "Macadamia Bars!"

"It's make-believe anyway," his son said, and wadded up the piece of paper. B.B. saw a big sunflower turn in on itself. A fir tree go under.

"Oh," he said, reaching out impulsively. He smoothed out the paper, making it as flat as he could. The ripply tree sprang up almost straight. Crinkled birds flew through the sky. B.B. read:

> When I'm B.B.'s age I can be with you allways.
> We can live in a house like the Vt. house only not in Vt. no sno. We can get married and have a dog.

"Who is this to?" B.B. said, frowning at the piece of paper.

"Maddy," Bryce said.

B.B. was conscious, for the first time, how cold the floorboards were underneath his feet. The air was cold, too. Last winter he had weather-stripped the windows, and this winter he hadn't. Now he put a forefinger against a pane of glass in the dining-room window. It could have been an ice cube, his finger numbed so quickly.

"Maddy is your stepsister," B.B. said. "You're never going to be able to marry Maddy."

His son stared at him.

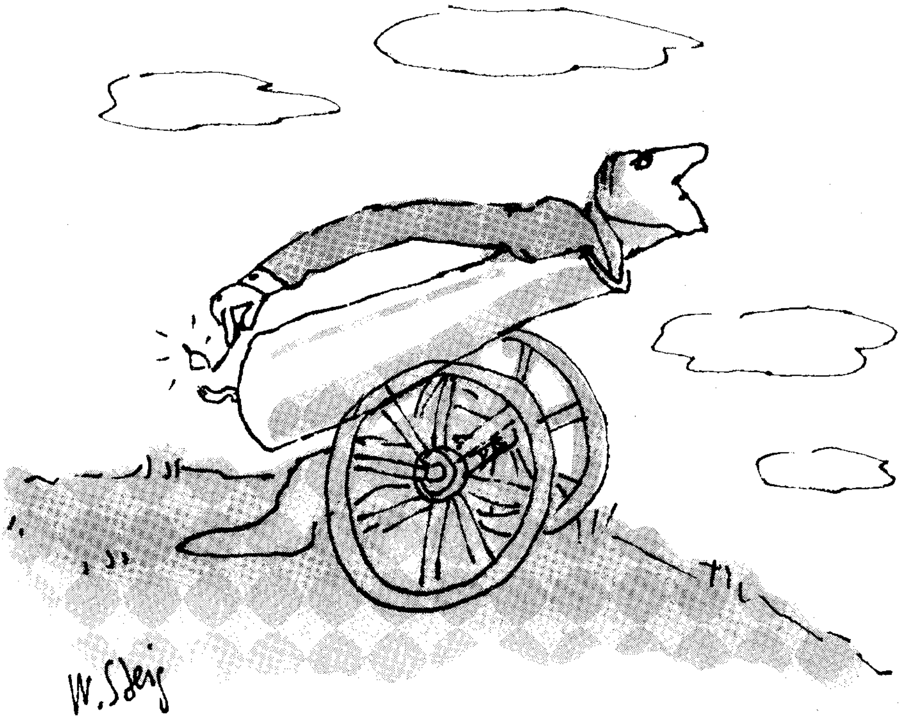
"You understand?" B.B. said.

Bryce pushed his chair back. "Maddy's not ever going to have her hair cut again," he said. He was crying. "She's going to be Madeline and I'm going to live with only her and have a hundred dogs."

B.B. reached out to dry his son's tears, or at least to touch them, but Bryce sprang up. She was wrong: Robin was so wrong. Bryce was the image of her, not him—the image of Robin saying, "Leave me alone."

B.B. went upstairs. Rather, he went to the stairs and started to climb, thinking of Rona lying in bed in the bedroom, and somewhere not halfway to the top adrenaline surged through his body. Things began to go out of focus, then to pulsate. He reached for the railing just in time to steady himself. In a few seconds the first awful feeling passed, and he continued to climb, pretending, as he had all his life, that this rush was the same as desire.

—Ann Beattie



Ambition

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NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Times*]
POLITICIANS ASK
GUIDELINES ON FRAUD

NO. 11 MARTELLO TOWER

"LOOK at the sea. What does it care about offences?"

This question, from James Joyce's "Ulysses," was spoken by Buck Mulligan to young Stephen Dedalus, whom he had accused of refusing to kneel at his mother's deathbed. Stephen had taken offense. They were standing on top of the Martello tower at Sandycove, overlooking Dublin Bay, and before the conversation became earnest, Buck Mulligan had "skipped off the gunrest and looked gravely at his watcher."

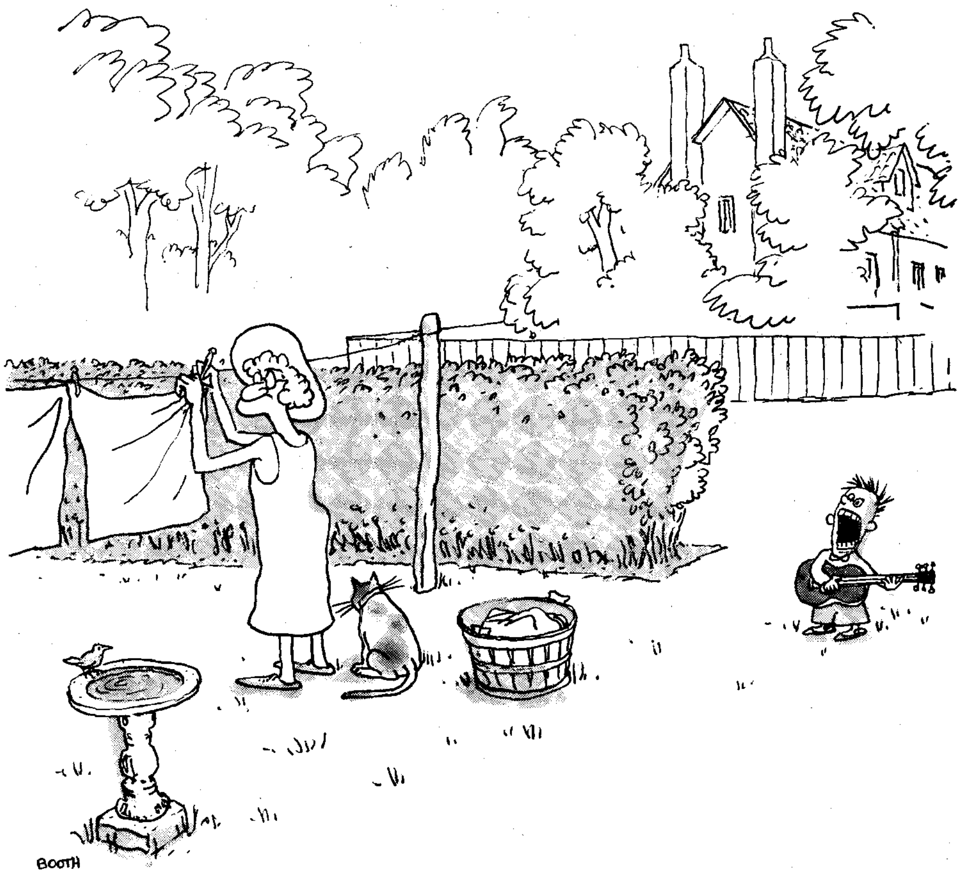
I cannot help recalling how I was nearly removed forever, in a standing position, from this same gunrest—a stone ledge—into the pounding sea, by the celebrated, notorious Irish author Brendan Behan.

As a student at Trinity College, Dublin, I lived in the vacations with my parents in a small house down the road, and the tower was my first view on pulling the curtains in the morning. I had assumed, until five minutes ago, and I am fifty-seven years old, that Martello was some mysterious Italian engineer-architect, possibly a native of Trieste, who had created a number of these towers on the south coast of England and the east coast of Ireland to protect us from Napoleon. The last five words are correct, but I now discover that the British had great difficulty in capturing with cannonades one of the towers at Cape Mortella, off Corsica, belonging to the French, in the year 1794, and decided to copy them. (It does seem suitably Joycean that the word "Mortella" should have undergone this—to me, if not to scholars—peculiar change.)

Owing to the proximity of the tower, people began to arrive at our house from foreign lands. My parents were leading citizens and this was not surprising. The woman editor of an American magazine appeared one evening. It was Bloomsday, June 16th. She was lionesque, but wearing a leopard-skin coat, and had Marlene Dietrich legs, which made her look top-heavy. She was very tired. She stood in front of the fireplace and said, "My God, how that guy could *walk!*" She had been following in the footsteps of Mr. Leopold Bloom since dawn. Unfortunately, she also stood on my mother's cat, who was named Pudding, because he never stirred from the hearthrug, and the weary lady released a scream. One of her nylon stockings was rent and there was blood pouring down her leg. It was not her best day.

A young Englishman, of about the same age as myself, appeared from Oxford University. I cannot remember his name. I will call him Gregory. My father was away at work. Gregory shared a late lunch with my mother and me, and was extremely intense about Joyce and brought home to us both the curious fact that our family had never bothered to enter the tower, although it had been a museum for some time, largely through the offices of Michael Scott, Ireland's renowned architect, who lived even closer to it than we did.

The three of us set forth, and Gregory's face was white with excitement. There was a notice saying open till four or five, I cannot remember which, but we were well in advance. We ducked through the open doorway, and there, amidst all the whitewash, was Mrs. Dolly Robinson, seated behind a desk. My mother, an artist of many talents, had known Dolly in the distant past and had once designed a costume for her husband, Lennox Robinson, for a performance by the Dublin Drama League. (I possess the drawing: Pirandello, "Henry IV." Under it, in my mother's scrapbook, unexplained, is a calling card: "Mr. James Joyce." He has crossed out the "Mr.") Lennox was elegant, and thin as a stick. Dolly was small, very plump, bright-eyed, and rubicund. She was clearly Custodian, at least for the day. My mother, surprised, said—understandably, but it has since taken on a new connotation—"Hallo, Dolly." The reply was "I'm sorry, we're closed." Whereupon Mrs. Robinson stood up and collected a shoulder bag off the wall, and an overcoat, and was ready to leave. Gregory was scrutinizing some handwritten manuscripts in a glass cabinet, and I myself had just caught a glimpse of Joyce's white death mask looking up at the white ceiling from another glass cabinet. My mother said, "But this young man has come from Oxford." Mrs. Robinson replied, "I don't care if he's come from Timbuktu, I've got a bus to catch." We left mutely, and on the way my mother tried to explain to Gregory the practical uncertainties of the Irish race, but he had become both dejected and deaf.



". . . the maid was in the garden hanging out the clothes, along came a blackbird and snipped off her nose!"

To return to the American lady: there is proof that she had walked on a fictitious day. While it is true that Blazes Boylan lost his money on the favorite in the Ascot Gold Cup on June 16, 1904, Mulligan and Dedalus cannot have been on the tower on the day, because Mulligan (Oliver St. John Gogarty) did not receive his tenancy until the middle of August. The document is exhaustive. It is called "Tender for Renting No. 11 Martello Tower, Sandycove," and it comes from, at a "clear yearly rent" of eight pounds, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the War Department. A map is signed by a Lieutenant-Colonel Haynes. (The third tenant in "Ulysses" is an Englishman named Haines.) An "Inventory of Fixtures" lists a latrine with "1 lock and key to door" and "1 seat"—an example of its precision.

ENTROPY ASSOCIATES
(Formerly Ace Demolition)

Bernard Shaw wrote that he left Ireland because he could no longer endure "the slack-jawed blackguardism of the Irish race." Brendan Behan, whom, after all these years, I can no longer regard as a blackguard, did speak with a slack jaw. It is how a strong Dublin accent emerges, giving a false impression of indifference toward absolutely everything. In Cork, jaws move at speed. They speak of "dis and dat." Shaw obviously had Dublin in mind. You cannot say "dis and dat" with a slack jaw. You have to strike the palate sharply with the tongue.

Shaw was yet another exile. I am one, too. This was how I met Mr. Behan. Having obtained a degree at Trinity College, Dublin (T.C.D.), I walked, with parental aid, into the prospective job of assistant London editor for the *Irish Times*. To prove myself, I sat for six weeks in the Dublin office while the chief reporter, Mr. Montgomery—later Monty—wondered how to cope with me. One day a bill was projected with regard to family allowances, and Monty said, "Go and find a family with at least sixteen children." I walked across O'Connell Bridge, over the Liffey, and amongst red council houses, and shouted up, "Has anyone here got sixteen children?" Three mothers appeared, shouting back from adjacent balconies. I picked the middle one, who was claiming eighteen. I found a phone box, and a photographer arrived. The vast family posed, causing a rare aroma. It was front-page news, the photograph included. I had made it.

So in London I first met—or, rather, approached—Brendan Behan at the opening night of "Endgame," by Samuel Beckett, who had also been to Trinity College, Dublin (self-exiled to Paris). It was performed in French at the Royal Court Theatre, but the French was not too difficult—e.g., in English:

> Clov: Why do you keep me?
> Hamm: There's no one else.
> Clov: There's nowhere else. (*Pause*)
> Hamm: You're leaving me all the same.
> Clov: I'm trying.
> Hamm: You don't love me.
> Clov: No.
> Hamm: You loved me once.
> Clov: Once!

The pub next door to the theatre had a convenient arrangement whereby a bell rang at the end of the interval. Mr. Behan was seated among cronies at a table. I approached and said, "Mr. Behan, I'm on the *Irish Times*. Could you possibly give me a comment?" He replied, without thinking or even lowering his glass, "Noël Coward could have written this if he'd gone to T.C.D."

As a young reporter, I was much impressed by this impromptu, and I sent it to Dublin, where it was greeted with glee. In Mr. Behan's immediate eye I was T.C.D. and also what he was accustomed to call a Horse Protestant. I was wearing a suit and tie, although I had never ridden a horse, and my accent gave me away as belonging to the wrong class. All the same, when the bell rang he followed me, and outside the theatre said, "I gather your boss is off on his hols. I haven't a typewriter and I've got this book to do. Would you ever lend me his key?" This was when I made my mistake. Slightly alarmed, but also interested, I said, "All right." I had the second key in my pocket. I gave it to him.

Next morning I awoke in Hampstead with an alarming recollection. I set out for Fleet Street by taxi, saying, "As quick as you can." In the absence of the boss I not only was responsible for a daily column, the London Letter, for three weeks but I was in charge of the editorial office. This consisted of two desks, face to face, and two large and ancient typewriters called Olympia. Across a narrow landing there was an even smaller room, which was occupied in turn, in the evening and at night, by two stalwart elderly English gentlemen, Mr. Saunders and Mr. Allwright, who sent over, by baffling, rickety machinery, the London Letter and much other agency material to Dublin.

To my surprise and alarm, Mr. Behan was already busy typing with one finger at the opposing desk. "There!" he said, thrusting about five pages at me. "What d'you think 'a that?" (I felt flattered.) It was headed "Borstal Boy." It was decidedly interesting, and I said so, but I added, "The only thing is that every adjective is the same word." (It began with an "f.") He said, "Ah, that's all right. I didn't go to T.C.D. I put that in first and then I look in the dictionary and stick in whatever fits. I'll be away now. Things to do. I'm on the Mail Boat to Dublin tomorrow evening. I'll leave this here. Take care of it."

He imposed on me a very long day in that brown-linoleum room. I missed my equally young boss. He was moving to another flat after his holiday, and all his books were tied up with string and lying on the floor. They were a strong reminder of my responsibility, and I wondered again if I had done the right thing.

Mr. Saunders arrived in the evening. I gave him the London Letter to send by his machinery. He said, "Everything all right, Michael?" Something prompted me not to mention our guest.

THE mention of Mr. Saunders, and the fond recollection of Mr. Allwright, too, leads me to leave Mr. Behan for the moment and give an indication of what these two gentlemen had to deal with in terms of Irishness. One evening Mr. Saunders received a message from Dublin. "Monty to M.C.: Lennox Robinson died this morning. Must have comment from Sean O'Casey."

This was not easy. I did not know how to find the great playwright, and I did know that Lennox Robinson, Dolly's husband, had been in control of the Abbey Theatre, and that after furious disputation and much taking of offense O'Casey had exiled himself to England. After some moments' numbness I had a brainwave and looked him up in *Who's Who*, and there was the phone number: Torquay 87766.

A young man's voice, piping but curiously cracked, said, "He's not in. I'm his son. Who is it speaking?"

I said, "My name is Campbell. I'm on the *Irish Times*. It's very important."

There was a long silence, and then the same voice came back, an octave deeper, saying, "I *am* O'Casey. What do you want?"

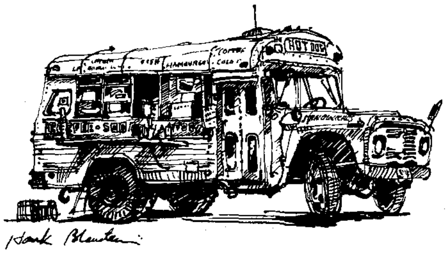
I said, "I'm afraid it's very sad news, Mr. O'Casey. Mr. Lennox Robinson died last night."

He said, "Rubbish."

I was worried. I said, "I'm afraid it's true."

He said, "Rubbish. He died years ago."

I said, "I'm terribly sorry, but I'm afraid it's true. He only died last night."



He said, "Listen to *me*, young man. Write this down!"

I took out my pen and began scribbling at speed.

"It's very old news. He died years ago, when Yeats went. It was he who should have taken on the authority and the activities of Yeats. He had all the talent. He was a very fine playwright, and a very good actor, too. He had an appreciation of painting. In Ireland, outside of Hilton Edwards, he was the only worthy producer of plays. He knew everything there was to know about the theatre. He had a great knowledge of literature. He had a wonderful family of talents. But he lacked one thing. He hadn't the iron or the steel. He had no courage, and of course that was a great pity and a great loss. The present man at the theatre is Blythe. He has the iron and the steel. He has very little else. A very copious knowledge of very bad Irish.

FROM A CLINIC WAITING ROOM

I write from the denser enclave of the stricken,
eight stories up, a prairie *gratte-ciel.*
Above the valley floor, the bell tower
of a displaced Italian hill town listens, likewise
attentive to the mysteries of one Body.
If the two salute, it must be as monks do,
without gesture, eyes lowered
by the force of gravity. Between them,
down among the car parks, tree shapes
stripped twig-bare appear to bruise
with tenderness, illusory as sea anemones.
There is no wind. For days
the geese that winter in the bottomland
have been the one thing always on the move,
in swags of streaming fronds, chiaroscuro
sea blooms, their wavering V-signs
following the turnings of one body.
Where are they going?
                                        Down in the blood bank
the centrifuge, its branched transparent siphons
stripping the sap of Yggdrasil
from the slit arm of the donor, skims
the spinning corpuscles, cream-white
from hectic red. Below the pouched pack
dangled like a gout of mistletoe, the tubing
drips, drips from valve to valve to enter,
in a gradual procession, the cloistered
precincts of another body.
                                        Sunset, its tinctured
layerings vivid as delirium, astonishing
as merely to be living, stains the cold
of half a hemisphere. The old
moon's dark corpus, its mysteries
likewise halfway illusory, tonight sleeps slumped
on the phosphorescent threshold of the new.

—AMY CLAMPITT

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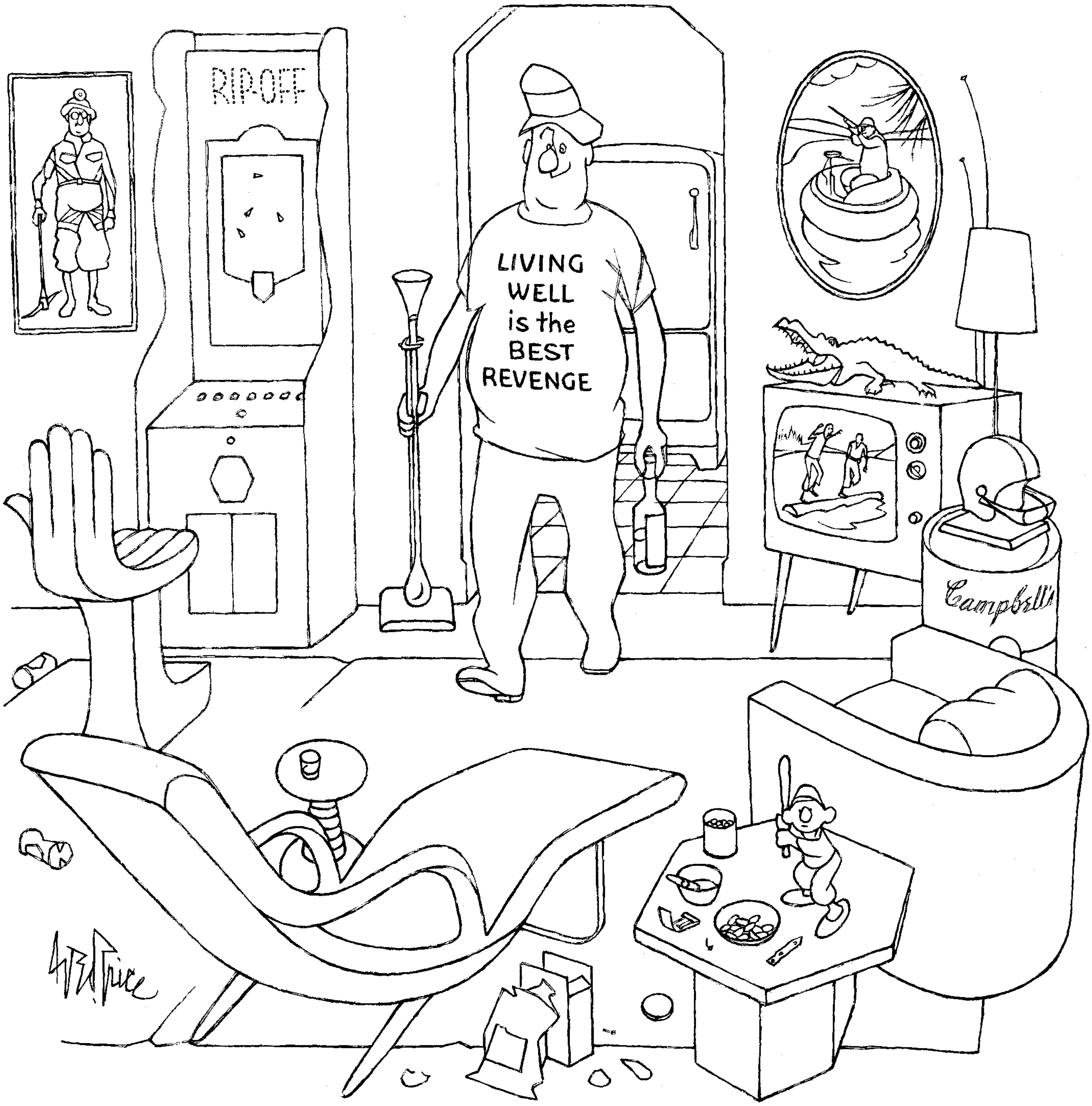
RIP-OFF
LIVING WELL is the BEST REVENGE
Campbell's

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You see, if Mr. Robinson had been alive he would never have endured the slow death of the Abbey Theatre. The Abbey Theatre at one time was—and this is a fact—a combination of morgue and theatre. When Yeats died, the battle began between the morgue and the theatre. I acted several times on the old Abbey stage and I know what I'm talking about. Well, the battle went on and it wasn't very long till the theatre disappeared. The morgue remains. And I'm afraid Mr. Robinson was to blame for that. It's a great loss to Ireland. I regretted his death years ago."

I gave this to Mr. Saunders to clatter over to Dublin, prefaced by "M.C. to Monty: O'Casey said the following." I also asked Mr. Saunders to give it back to me, thinking that as an obituary "tribute" it must be unique, and also with a suspicion that it might not be printed. It was not. For the first and only time, Monty did not reply.

BUT to return to Mr. Behan.

I went home to Hampstead earlier than usual that evening, repeating my phone number to Mr. Saunders in case anything more should occur. It did. It woke me up. It was not Mr. Saunders but Mr. Allwright, who only differed from being a clear-cut Englishman in that he believed in mysticism and attended séances at which he spoke to his aunt. He said, "I'm sorry about this, Michael, but there's a man under the desk."

I said, half asleep, "A *what!*"

"A man. He's under the space in the middle. He's unconscious. Will I call the police?"

I thought, "Oh, God," and said, "No! Mr. Allwright, that is one of Ireland's most famous writers."

He said, "Oh," with fear in his voice, as if there could be nothing worse.

"I'm in Hampstead, in my pajamas. Could you not wake him? Can you kick him? I mean, not too hard, but . . ."

"Hold on."

"Right." I waited.

"Sorry, Michael, it's no good."

"Mr. Allwright, you have a kettle for your tea. Could you fill it with *cold* water and pour it over him. I mean his head."

"Right. Wait a minute."

It seemed like an hour.

"I've done it and it's no good. And I've got the last train to catch. The wife will never—"

"All right, all right. You go ahead. I'll come down myself." I began to get dressed quickly, in a state of dread, when the phone rang.

"Is that you, Michael? Con here. It's O.K. I'm here. Allwright has gone home." Mr. Con O'Leary was what O'Casey would have called "a darlin' man." He was in a similar position on a rival Irish newspaper, except that he and I were not rivals and we swapped everything. But he was elderly and small, however wiry. "The thing is, we had a few jars early on in Mooney's and he's not himself. But don't you stir. I'll sit out the night here."

"You can't do that. Besides, what if he comes to? He may smash the windows!" I said, omitting Con, and then thinking, "What if he dies on the premises? I'll be ruined in Ireland forever."

"Ah, not at all. Mind you, I don't like the look of him. His face is kind of . . . purple."

"Purple?"

"His breathing's not too good. But don't you bother yourself."

"I'll have to."

I phoned the nearest hospital and said that there was a man exceedingly ill in my office in Fleet Street and would they send an ambulance at once. The very mention of Fleet Street evoked the response "Can you specify the type of illness?"

"Yes . . . um . . . it would seem to be a heart condition. It's critical."

I was then told, which I had never heard before, that after midnight you can only obtain an ambulance by calling the police. Cautiously, I phoned Con, who came awake with a snort and cried out, "For God's sake, don't do any such thing!"

It seemed that Mr. Behan was supposed to have flown back from Paris to Dublin but had stopped off in England to collect simultaneous advances from two publishing houses, and, far more important, he was barred, in Con's belief—which in fact was mistaken, the ban having been lifted by then—from entry on account of having been a Borstal boy, in Con's words, "a hundred years ago." (The I.R.A.)

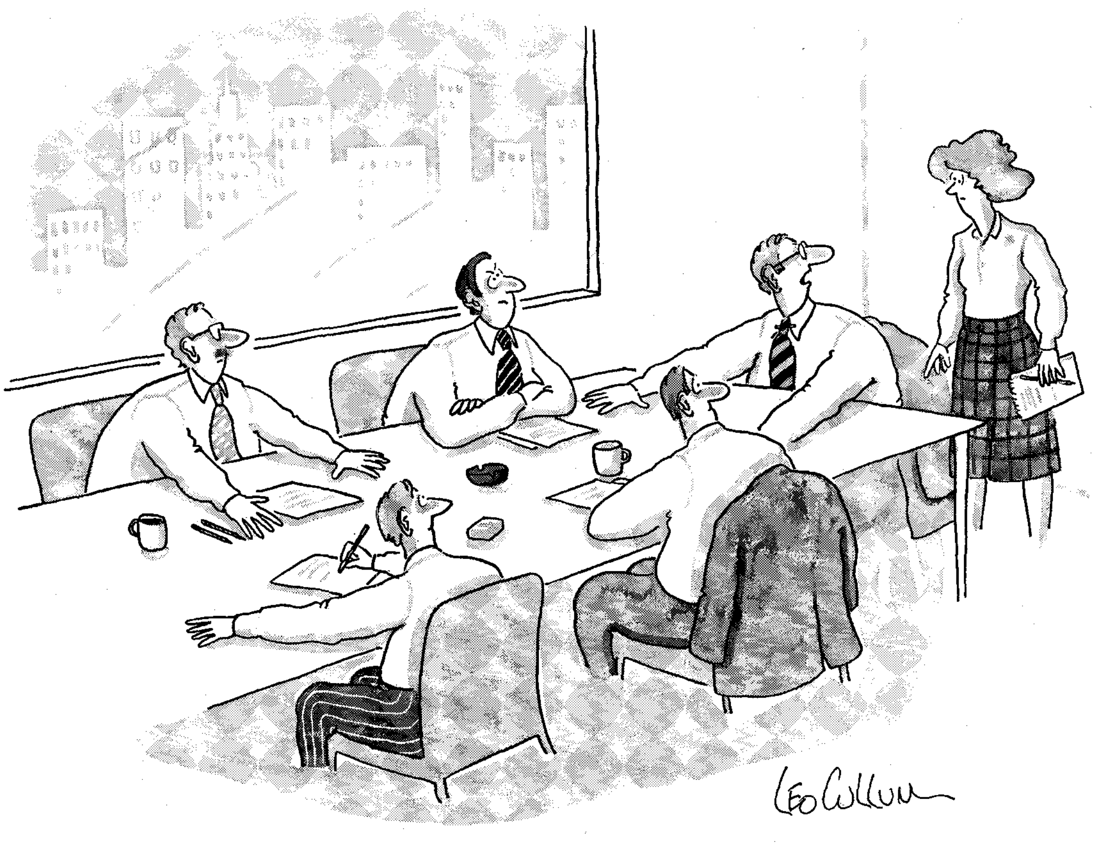
"You just go to bed," Con said. I did. I was finished.

I returned to the scene early in the morning and, amid the prevailing squalor, met a cleaning woman who I didn't even know existed. With contained rage she said that she had walked into this man with books under either arm whom she had tackled with " 'Ere, where do you think you're going with those?" and he had brushed past her with the words "Mind your own ------- business." Then she pointed at the floor and said she would tell her husband and was never coming back.

The floor was covered with pages of typescript, and these were covered with vomit. The pages numbered thirty-five. I sat, wondering what to do, and then, emerging from shock, became aware that my boss's forty books, string-bound, were no longer there, and then, with horror, that his Olympia typewriter was not there either. Close to panic but with a crazy feeling of fellow-authorship, I washed the pages with the water from Mr. Allwright's kettle, lit the gas fire and dried them, and even put them into an envelope addressed "C/O *The Irish Times*," Dublin. Then I began to seethe.

My sense of humor had gone, along with the other properties. The day seemed as endless as Mr. Bloom's walk. I wrote some kind of London Letter, and when Mr. Saunders arrived at four in the afternoon I pounced on him with a message carefully phrased for libel reasons: "M.C. to Monty: Notorious Irish writer arriving on Mail Boat this evening with office typewriter and forty books. Suggest police."

I waited, wondering if I was going to be sacked, and Mr. Saunders,



"Miss Roth, send someone in here to roll up our sleeves."

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who fortunately never read anything in its human context, came in with the reply. "Monty to M.C.: Suggest police excessive. But am dispatching two of our more burly reporters to meet boat."

Evening fell, and night, and Mr. Saunders came with the message. "Monty to M.C.: Two burly reporters met boat and notorious Irish writer who was devoid of all luggage. Suggest investigating nearest pawnbroker." Whereupon, like an idiot, I walked up and down Fleet Street, in the night, in rain. In Dublin these places are identified by three brass balls. In London, certainly in that area, they are much more discreet.

That seemed to be that—except that I had to bring in my own portable typewriter and apologize to my returned boss, who said that it didn't matter, the books were all by Dennis Wheatley anyhow.

UNTIL the Martello tower, when Michael Scott and his colleagues at the tower museum gave what should have been the most marvellous party; and indeed it was, for me, to begin with. I was back in Dublin for my holiday. The guest of honor was Miss Sylvia Beach, who had launched "Ulysses" from her bookshop, Shakespeare and Company, Paris, in 1922. She was a small, ageless American lady and bright as the day, and I managed to shake her hand amidst the throng. The tower was alive with the sound of Dublin literati, helped by champagne. They were standing in what the "Inventory" had set down as "living room" with "1 blower" and "1 trapdoor in floor." I could not see either of these or even imagine a "blower." It was claustrophobic. I climbed the staircase to the top.

Marvellous. A cloudless blue day, and Dublin Bay excelling all bays. It was breezy and there was a full tide, and the waves below, which were not "snotgreen" but light blue, were resounding and dramatic. There were many people here, too, engaged in apparently polite conversation over their champagne glasses. The scene was really magical.

"Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead." What I heard was "*Where is he? Let me at him!*" Mr. Brendan Behan had burst out from the small doorway and was, I suddenly realized, speaking of me, and without a slack jaw. His eyes had fixed me. No one else appeared to hear or notice. He was wearing a dirty open shirt and an Aran Island sweater stained brown. He was not carrying a glass and seemed to be sober, with clenched fists. "There you are, Judas," he said, slowly approaching. I took a pace back, and found my feet against the gunrest, and unwisely stood up on it. This made me taller than he but open to the sea. I put my champagne glass down on the rim of the tower and took one appalled glance at the waves below. "I heard all about the books and the typewriter," he said in a voice that was all the more alarming in that it was now muted and he had not used any adjective. For an extraordinary moment I wondered whether this was an admission or a denial, but one can think of anything when facing one's Maker. Except that I could not think at all when he suddenly shouted, turning red, "*And* calling for the police!"

My hands were clutched tightly onto the rim of the tower. My legs seemed to be floating away from the gunrest.

And suddenly it was over. Someone in authority—it may have been Michael Scott—took him by the arm and spoke some quiet words. To my great surprise Brendan looked at me and smiled. He had a remarkably beguiling face, which at its best declared a native intelligence that made one wonder what on earth one had been doing for four years at T.C.D.

"Ah, I'll let you off this time," he said. "Where's the booze?"

"Below," his guide replied.

And he turned away.

My heart was still racing. Without thinking, I turned and looked down, daring another glance at the sea. In spite of its pounding, it seemed remarkably cheerful and, of course, indifferent.

"Look at the sea. What does it care about offences?"

—MICHAEL CAMPBELL

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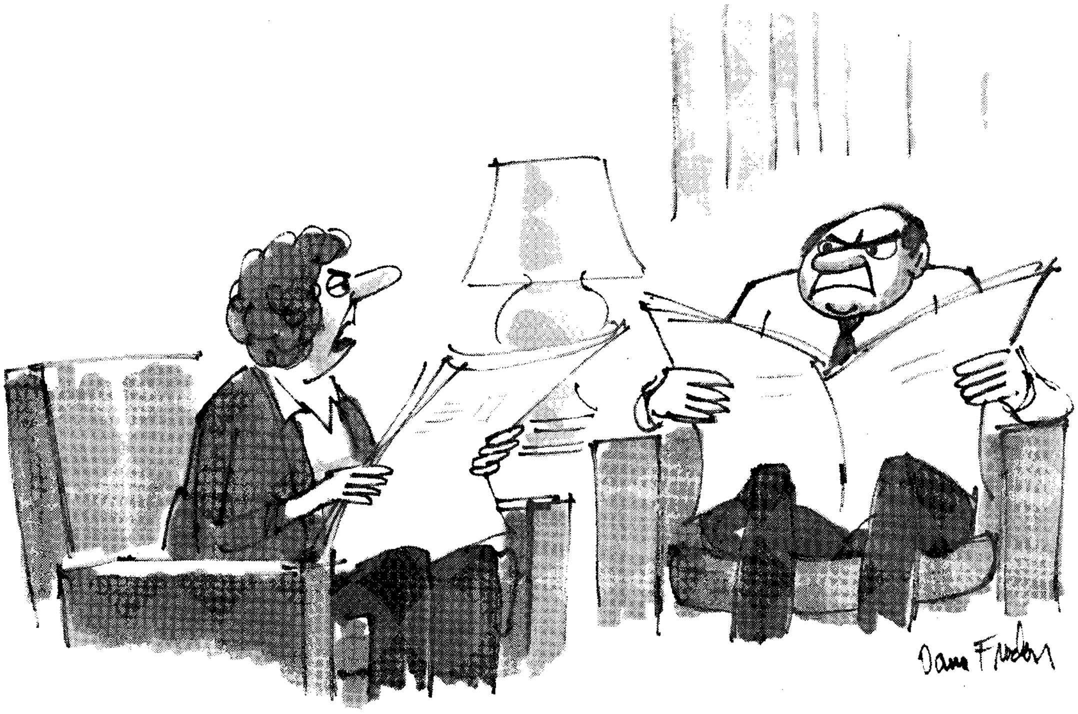

"When did you and I achieve parity?"

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

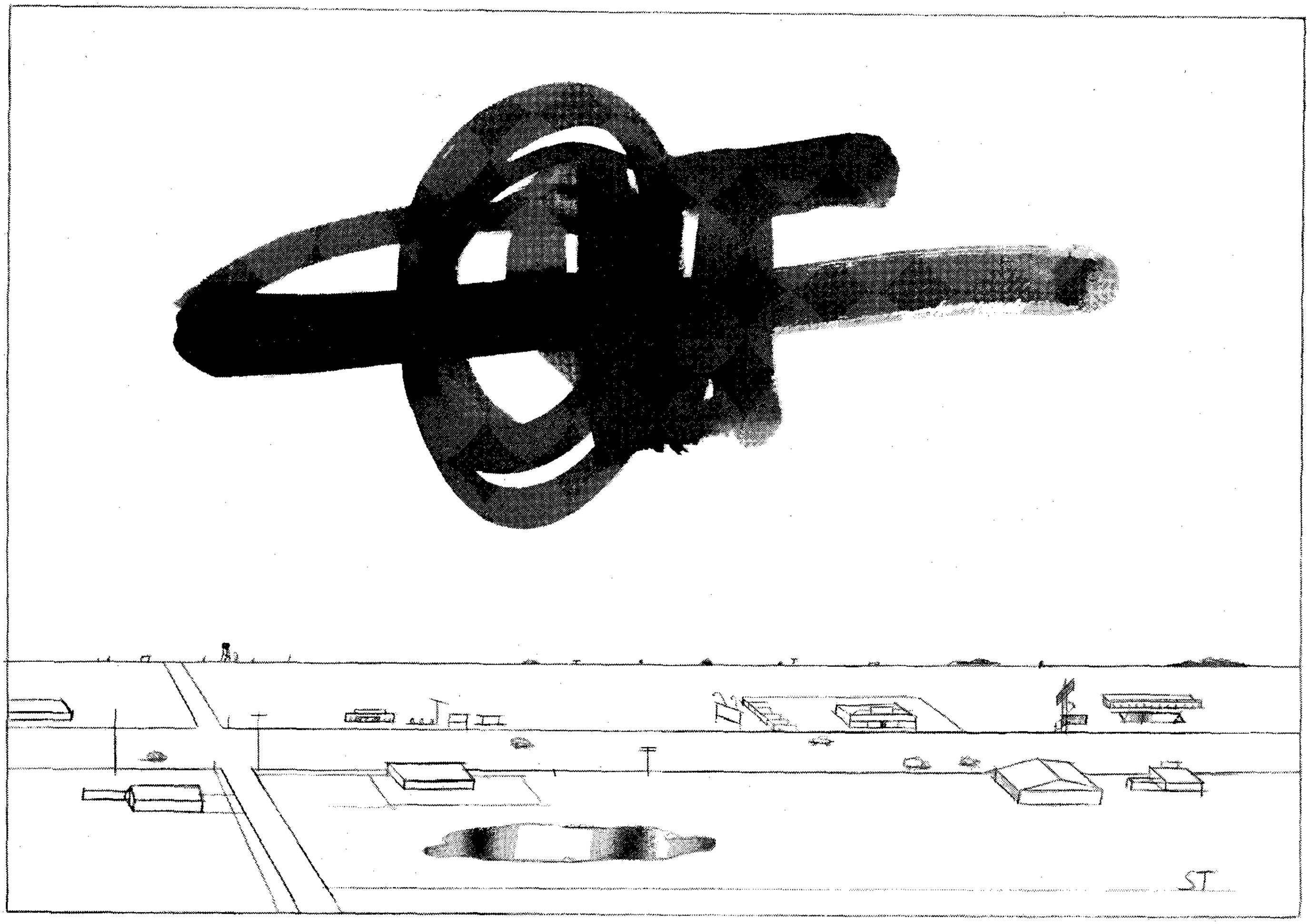
[*From Barron's*]

It's clear, then, that the American family is changing, and that investors who learn to chart the trends will have a better chance of spotting growth opportunities ahead of the herd. For example, the number of households grew more than twice as fast as the population during the past 10 years, which means there are fewer people per thousand than a decade ago.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A SPORTY GAME

I—BETTING THE COMPANY

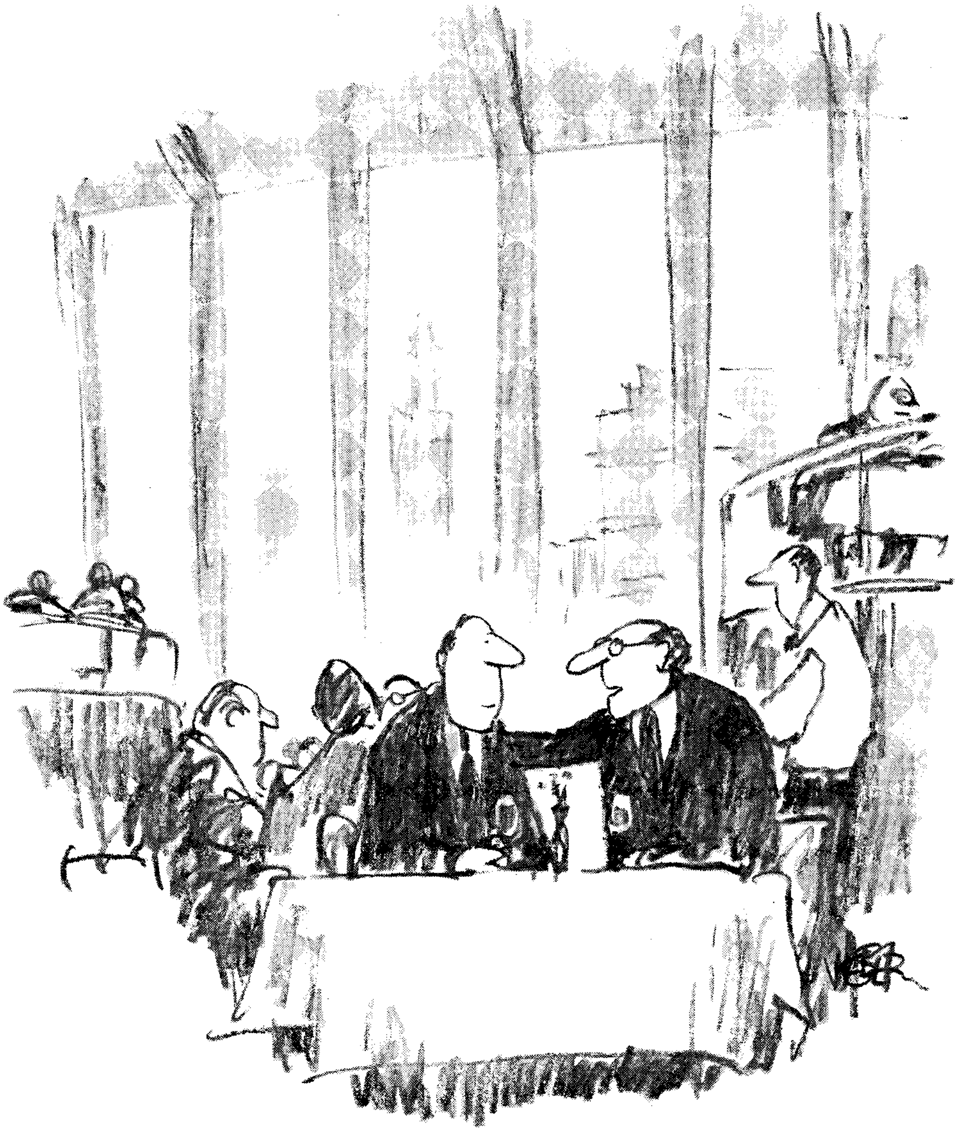


THE business of making and selling jet airliners, whether profitably or, as is more often the case, unprofitably, is oppressively difficult and, by anyone's standards, intensely competitive. There are a few industries—automobile manufacturing, for one—that consume as much capital; certain others rely as heavily on highly skilled manpower. Probably no other is involved with as many advanced technologies. But two things really set the commercial-airplane business apart: the size of the risks and the costs that must be accepted. These create obstacles to profitability that discourage all but the bold and the committed. A strong current of zeal runs through this industry, which is conducted in a freewheeling, bareknuckle competitive style. If the fee for entering the competition is injuriously high (a new airplane program will devour two billion dollars long before deliveries begin), the process itself is exciting, and the rewards, when attainable, are also high: they include power and influence on a world scale.

The turbulent environment in which airliners are made and sold is reminiscent of the nineteenth century and some of its entrepreneurial spirits. In deciding to build a new airliner, a manufacturer is literally betting the company, because the size of the investment may exceed the company's entire net worth. The remarkable scale on which senior executives in this industry operate induces them to adopt a curiously understated, rather casual manner of speaking. Betting the company, for example, is being "sporty," and the business itself is referred to as a "sporty game." Certainly, it is one in which failure comes swiftly—seemingly overnight. A few key airlines can make or break a new airplane program: if there is a choice of two new airplanes, all these airlines may select one, thereby dooming the other; or they may diverge and, in buying both airplanes, split what is at best a limited market, with the result that the competing suppliers are forced to accept prices that don't come close to covering their costs. By contrast, the automobile industry's mass market has sustained a wide variety of suppliers and innumerable models over many years, excusing cars that haven't suited the motorists' larger interests and the gaffes of their makers. The unfortunate Edsel stands out as a dramatic exception to the forbearance of America's car market. That debacle is judged to have cost the Ford Motor Company about three hundred and fifty million dollars. But the company hardly flinched, and continued to market the rest of its line profitably. The Edsel represents the sort of misfortune that occurs naturally and regularly in the airliner business, except that in this business the effects are unavoidably grave, and sometimes catastrophic. Sometimes a manufacturer that bets on a new airplane and loses will leave the commercial-airliner business, along with the failed product. The Glenn Martin Company, General Dynamics, and, most recently, Lockheed are among those here and in Europe that have done so. And for every type of airliner actually produced and sold to the airlines scores of other airplanes die in the design stage. Starting in 1952 with Britain's de Havilland Comet, an airplane prone to metal fatigue and thus to disaster (two of the Comets fell apart in the air), there have been twenty-two commercial jet-powered airliners, of which only two are so far believed to have made any money. These are the Boeing Company's first two entries: the long-range 707 and the medium-range 727, which is the industry's biggest seller. Boeing's largest airplane, the 747, may one day be judged to have reached the break-even point, but the company's smallest, the 737, although it may eventually approach the 727 in sales, is unlikely ever to break even. The McDonnell Douglas Corporation's DC-8 would probably have been profitable except for some questionable decisions by management—especially the decision to kill it in favor of the DC-10. The company's small, two-engine DC-9, which preceded its chief rival, Boeing's 737, is unlikely to make any money, and the troubled DC-10 is a certain money loser. Lockheed's L-1011 (TriStar)—an airplane that is more widely admired within the industry than most others, including its rival, the DC-10—had lost two and a half billion dollars by the time it was cancelled, last December.

In varying degrees, these estimates are impressionistic; they reflect a consensus within and around the industry. The truth is that nobody knows where the break-even point of a commercial-airplane program lies; nor can anyone put a price on an airplane that accurately reflects the cost of making it. Exact figures are obscured by a monumental set of variables and imponderables. Malcolm Stamper, the Boeing Company's president, says that "locating the break-even point is like finding a will-o'-the-wisp." He adds, "Setting the price of an airplane is not as difficult as measuring the break-even point. The airplane has to be competitive. Thus, it prices itself—as a function not of actual costs but of the competition and of what it does for the customer (the airline) in passenger-seat-mile costs and ton-mile costs." And Richard W. Welch, the president of Boeing's Commercial Airplane Company, the major division of the Boeing Company, answers a question about where the break-even point should lie with another question. "What are we talking about?" he says. "It's very hard to define." About a related matter, Welch is more certain. "The risks are greater in this business than in any other compared to the returns," he declares.

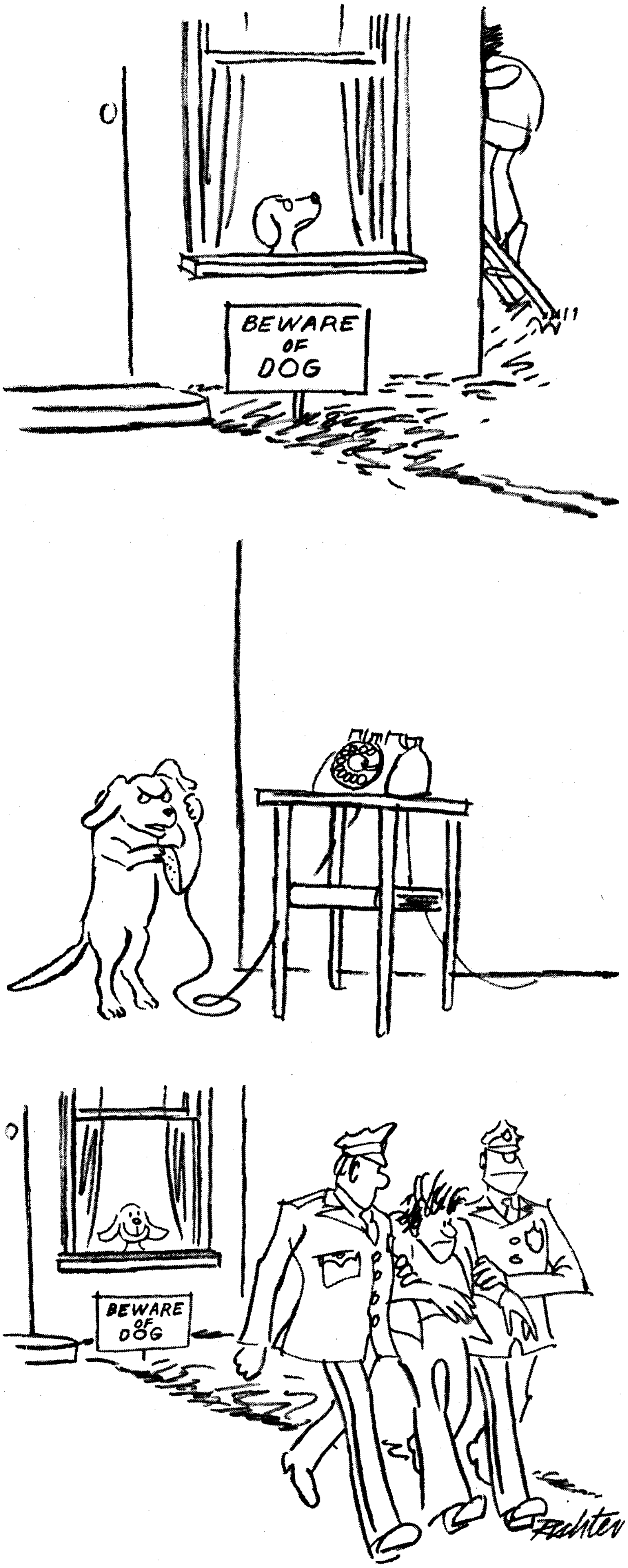
UNTIL fairly recently, the companies that were the most successful in making and selling jet airplanes were American companies, and particularly the Douglas Aircraft Company—which is now a division of the McDonnell Douglas Corporation—and Boeing, which is the industry's current colossus. Over the past fifteen years or so, however, a number of developments, including a remarkable series of major miscalculations and mistakes by the American companies, have created a situation in which the Americans are pitted less against each other than against a Western European consortium, Airbus Industrie, which comprises British, French, and West German interests, and produces a twin-engine, double-aisle airplane known as the Airbus. This transatlantic competition seems to challenge America's traditional dominance in a major industry built around the technologies on which much of a nation's or a region's economic strength and growth are judged to depend. Probably no other industrial



"The thing I like about you, Jim, is you're up front but not overly so."

product embodies as much refinement in the combined techniques of metallurgy, electronics, and computers as a jet aircraft.

Apart from data processing, the only so-called high-technology industry in which America is holding its own in the world market is the aircraft industry—specifically, the commercial-aircraft industry. The celebrated technology gap between the United States and the rest of the industrialized world has vanished, and now there is reason to doubt whether it ever really existed. Patent awards related to industrial technology are increasing sharply in Europe and Japan—far more sharply than in the United States. American corporations have become less innovative and less productive than many of their foreign competitors, which outperform them in a variety of industries, including automobiles, steel, machine tools, plastics, and consumer electronics. European and Japanese export industries not only are fully competitive technologically with America's, to say the least, but also can rely on financial support from their nations' commercial banks, which are highly responsive to the export policies of the nations' governments. American banks make their own policies, and many American exporters are having serious difficulties in the capital markets. Access to capital, however, is not among the problems of American aircraft suppliers, in part because they still hold the major share of the world market—a state of affairs that also helps to explain the country's special dependence on this industry. Sales of jet transports and engines in foreign markets are relied on to relieve pressure on America's economy arising from deficits in its international account; indeed, such sales abroad have for many years earned more foreign exchange than any other manufactured American export.



There is a strong possibility, however, that the present performance of Airbus Industrie, if sustained, will help drive one of the two remaining American competitors—McDonnell Douglas—from the commercial market. The American companies have reacted with the indignation that is to be expected from established institutions when they are confronted by *arrivistes* and usurpers. The outcry has echoed loudly in numerous congressional offices and in the corridors of federal agencies that deal with the commercial-airplane industry. Essentially, the Americans are worried because Airbus Industrie has direct government backing—an advantage that, if it is fully exploited, may in the end be decisive. The Airbus consortium consists of a combination of government-owned and privately owned companies. Its funding comes chiefly from governments—particularly the governments of France, West Germany, and Britain—and key decisions, such as whether to build a new airplane or whether to sell air-

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planes at a sizable loss in order to win a competition, are made by governments. In the presumed determination of European governments to sustain Airbus Industrie and promote its fortunes in the world market, worried Americans see a unique national asset—the commercial-airplane industry—being whittled down, just as some of America's other prize industrial assets have been weakened by foreign competition.

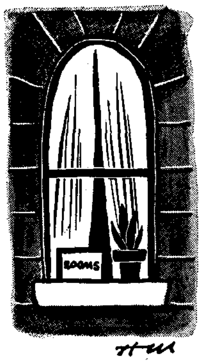
"And they both lived happily ever after—she in New York, he in L.A."

In its extreme form, the concern is that Airbus Industrie threatens even Boeing, in its role as major supplier of airliners to the world market, which is growing most rapidly not in Europe or the United States but in Asia, the Middle East, and Latin America—regions where no one supplier has a reliable competitive advantage. The market for new airplanes in the nineteen-eighties should exceed a hundred and ten billion dollars. The American anxiety over this apparent bonanza extends beyond Europe's potential. People also worry about which side, if either, the Japanese will choose as a partner when they decide, as they surely will, to broaden their modest but growing airplane-building capacity; both Americans and Europeans who have observed this capacity use words like "awesome" and "fantastic" to describe it.

The transatlantic competition in commercial aircraft has created several tendencies, some of them undesirable, some probably desirable, and some in conflict with each other. Each side's industry, for example, is working strenuously to protect its domestic market from the other's wares—a tendency that may cause a destructive waste of valuable, limited resources and lead to a kind of formalized self-sufficiency, or autarchy, that could disturb relations between America and its principal allies. And each side is using every expedient it can devise to obtain the largest possible share of the Third World market. But, for wholly practical reasons, each side is blurring both these tendencies by acquiring components of the other's industry as partners and subcontractors; the idea is that an airplane that is multinational in its parts and its fabrication offers the seller political advantages in the world market. All the major suppliers and their governments see a need to dilute the national character of their products. They also know that one company cannot any longer take on the full burden of making a commercial airplane—or an engine, for that matter. Any supplier who launches a new airplane program or a new engine program must involve innumerable other companies, large and small, which are spread around the major industrialized nations of the West and extend to Japan as well. A fierce competition for risk-sharing partners and subcontractors is under way. Governments are drawn in. Presidents and Prime Ministers become involved. The political stakes in the airliner business are rising along with the costs and the risks.

Because the risks are so great, the industry has been inclined—though necessarily less so of late—to take them for granted. Joseph Sutter, one of the world's preëminent designers of large airplanes, says, "In this business, you have to put the company on the line every three or four years." Sutter works for the Boeing Commercial Airplane Company, in Seattle, which now accounts for about three-fourths of the annual earnings of its parent, the Boeing Company. His title is executive vice-president, and for years he has supervised not only the design and the development of new airplanes but also their fabrication. This amounts to having direct responsibility for turning out not just one or two new types of plane at a time but a so-called family of commercial airplanes. Boeing's chief competitive advantage lies in its unique ability to offer a large and growing assortment of airplanes—wide bodies and narrow bodies, some with two engines, others with three or four. More and more, the airlines of the world require variety in their fleets—airplanes of varying size and range, for use on routes of varying length and passenger density. Moreover, in the airplane business, as elsewhere, nothing succeeds like success. Boeing makes more than half the jet-powered airliners sold on the world market, which includes virtually all countries outside the Soviet bloc. "We are good partly because we build so many airplanes," Sutter says. "We learn from our mistakes, and each of our airplanes absorbs everything we have learned from earlier models and from our other airplanes."

Sutter could also have cited Boeing's astonishing productivity. There are several explanations for Boeing's ability to assemble airliners faster than any competitor in the world, and though there is probably some truth in each of them, the most entertaining is John Borger's. Borger, a legendary figure, was for many years vice-president for engineering at Pan American World Airways. A native New Yorker, he spent his whole career at Pan Am, from the time he graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in 1934, until recently, when he retired, and he was heavily involved in the creation of more than a dozen airliners. Borger has a reliable memory. He recalls that when Pan Am became the first, or "launch," customer for the 707, which was America's first jet airliner, Juan Trippe, Pan Am's chairman and chief executive, made a bet with William Allen, Boeing's president. There is a lot of betting between airlines and their suppliers. This bet was that Boeing could not deliver Pan Am's 707s ahead of schedule, and that for each month any of them was actually delivered early Trippe would pay a bonus of twenty-five thousand dollars. Borger says that Allen won the bet; according to some Boeing people, however, forcing the production rate probably cost his company three hundred thousand dollars per airplane. Borger says many people are sure that Boeing's productivity, which constantly improves, is traceable at least in part to the pressure that was first applied by the Trippe-Allen bet. Trippe, with whom I talked shortly before his death, at the age of eighty-one, in April of 1981, had forgotten the bet. Allen remembers it. He is now eighty-one and is honorary chairman of Boeing, having retired in 1972, after forty-seven years with the company; he still maintains an office at the corporate headquarters, south of Seattle, and is a revered figure there. Stamper, Boeing's president, says, "We're all picking apples from Bill Allen's tree." Although Allen doesn't recall the exact details of his bet with Trippe, he says that it was "the biggest I ever made." And, he adds, "it did help productivity." He doesn't agree that the bet cost Boeing money. He says that at the time "we needed every nickel we could get."



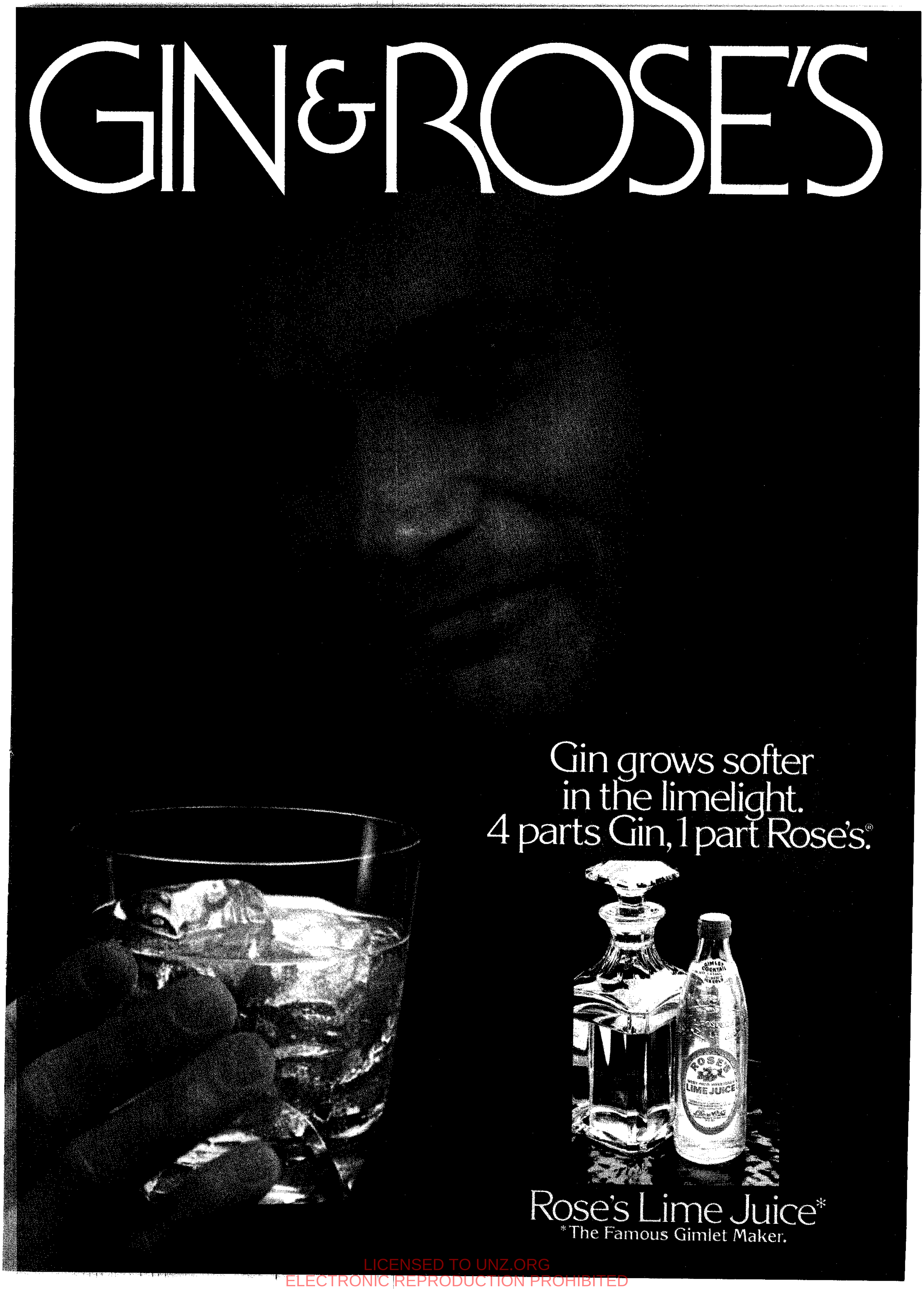
Today, Boeing, which once withdrew entirely from the commercial field in favor of making bombers and other weapons systems for the Pentagon, is in a better position than its competitors to cope with the rigors of the commercial field. Yet it remains as vulnerable as any competitor to the hazards. It is not enough to build and market competent jet airliners—even a family of them. At some point, some of the airplanes must return a profit. And at a time when immensely powerful engines and a stream of refinements have made it possible to offer air travellers increasingly reliable airplanes, the business of making and selling them has become more onerous than ever. The heaviest of the American suppliers' burdens is the weakness of their domestic market—the airline industry of the United States. Its problems are closely akin to those of suppliers, which is hardly surprising, since the two industries are interdependent and have to find answers jointly to many of the same hard questions.

DURING the past thirty years or so, the airlines of the United States have become one of the major growth industries, but they have nevertheless been an especially vulnerable industry. Probably no other industry has endured so many ups and downs—so much cyclical shock, as it is called. This volatility is reflected in their earnings and the price of their stock. In the early nineteen-sixties, the average price of airline stocks was a little over five dollars a share; by 1966, it had risen to forty-seven dollars; by 1970, it had fallen to thirteen dollars. The major airlines earned over a billion dollars in 1978 and two hundred million in 1979; in 1980, the first year on record during which passenger traffic actually declined, they lost two hundred and twenty-five million dollars. In bankers' language, most airlines are "highly leveraged"—a phrase meaning that the debt-to-equity ratio is high. For this reason and others, airlines are not popular with banks and other lending institutions—a troublesome situation, because the airlines, like their suppliers, are large borrowers. Managing an airline is one of the more inexact sciences. During much of the history of the industry, its pioneers, many of them former pilots, lingered on as dominant figures; a few of these, such as Pan Am's Juan Trippe, were always equal to the prodigious roles they created for themselves, but at least as many others did not adjust to the rapid growth of the industry and the increasing variety of its problems. Consequently, although the aura of silk scarves and leather puttees disappeared from the corporate front offices years ago, the management of many airlines is still viewed skeptically by lenders and investment banks.

The airlines, by and large, are stubbornly unrealistic. They didn't understand what lay behind the tremendous growth in air travel in the nineteen-sixties, their golden era. Much of that growth came at the expense of railroads and steamships, and as long as the shift from trains and ships to airplanes was still under way air travel didn't fall off when the economy went into a slump. By the end of the sixties, however, that shift was largely complete, and this meant that thereafter the fortunes of the airlines would rise and fall with the economy. The recession of the early nineteen-seventies, by slowing the growth in passenger traffic, reacquainted the airlines with this harsher aspect of their business.

A few airlines—Delta is a paramount example—are demonstrably well run, and have usually made money in both good times and bad. But most of the carriers are struggling. Buying the airplanes and the engines is normally an airline's hardest problem, intellectually as well as financially; it is the most fateful decision that the management and the directors can make. The airline must live with the equipment for fifteen or twenty or more years. Harry E. Colwell, who recently retired as the vice-president for aerospace of the Chase Manhattan Bank, says of the problems facing the airline chief executives, "How can you know, if you are running an airline, what your operations will be like in a few years' time? Which routes will you be flying? How productively? Against what kind of competition? You are buying ahead, and, in fact, are so far out in the future that you can't really be sure you know what you are doing." The problem confronts the suppliers with equal force. Each of their chief executives, if he wishes to stay in the game, must choose the right moment to bet the company by launching the airplane, or airplanes, that, according to his calculations, will best meet the immediate and long-term needs of the airlines. Kenneth G. Wilkinson, who once ran British European Airways and has more recently been vice-chairman of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., and deputy chairman of British Airways (from which he retired not long ago), and who is among the most widely admired figures in European aviation, says that, in selecting equipment, "however brilliant you are, you never get it exactly right, but you can't afford to get it too far wrong."

Cars have grown smaller and com-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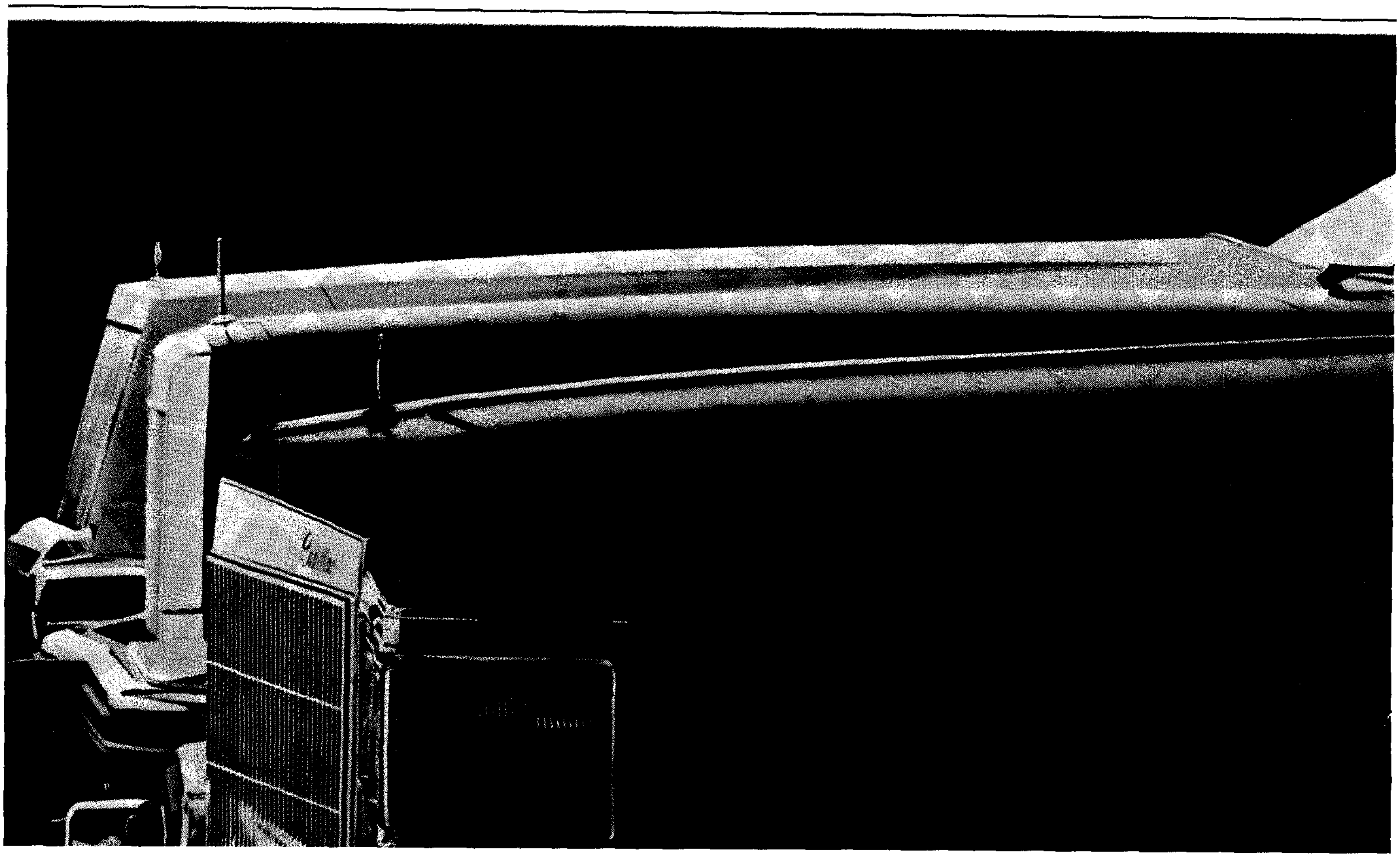

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"Very charming, but you promised this year we'd ride a raft down the Colorado River."

mercial airplanes larger, in both cases because of relentless pressure for improved economy. The airlines resemble, and even think of themselves as, conveyor belts that are constantly moving buckets (the airplanes) containing sand (the passengers and their baggage). In theory, increasing the size of the buckets will lower operating costs: as the number of people an airplane can carry rises, the cost of transporting each of them (the so-called passenger-seat-mile cost) goes down—provided, that is, that enough seats are actually filled. The percentage of seats occupied on a given flight is known in the airline industry as the load factor, and is, naturally, a basic measure of profit and loss.

The customary way to expand an airplane's revenue-earning capacity is to build a stretched version; stretching the long, oval hull of a modern transport aircraft to create space for more seats is a relatively simple matter aerodynamically. However, an airplane can be stretched only so far. Hence, there are times in the airlines' striving for greater "productivity" when the idea of replacing existing airplanes with new and larger and sometimes faster ones acquires important partisans. In the mid-nineteen-sixties, the airplane manufacturers and their customers became jointly fascinated by the possibilities of wide-bodied, double-aisle airplanes; jumbo vehicles of this kind seemed not only feasible but also capable of doubling the productivity of even the stretched versions of existing transport aircraft, thereby making possible deep reductions in direct operating costs. Yet building a wholly new airplane is far more costly than stretching one that already exists, and the jump from single-aisle to double-aisle airplanes—from big to jumbo—would make the cost even higher. Still more sobering, wide-bodied commercial airplanes would require much larger and more powerful engines, of a kind that were not yet available, and these would further increase the price. (At that, the wide-bodied airplanes were considerably less novel than the supersonic transports that most of the major airlines in the United States and elsewhere were also then planning to buy.)

Airline chief executives and their bankers could justify the cost and the risks if they assumed that a period of substantial, uninterrupted growth lay ahead. Anyone who questioned that dubious assumption clearly had no business contemplating airplanes larger than the stretched version of Boeing's 727, for craft of medium size and medium range, and the stretched version of Douglas's DC-8, for larger aircraft of longer range. Still, nearly everyone was unreservedly optimistic, or professed to be. The seers in the industry and in government agencies were all forecasting a steady annual growth of about fifteen per cent in air traffic. Growth on that scale would offer airline managers the promise of load factors high enough to assure profitability and eventually vindicate a gamble on wide-bodied airplanes. Most of the world's major airlines did order them, but passenger traffic in many countries—the United States in particular—has not achieved anything resembling the growth that was projected in the sixties.

In effect, both the carriers and their major suppliers got it wrong by exaggerating. Too many different wide-bodied airplanes were launched for a market that was smaller than either its constituent parts—the major airlines—or the suppliers realized. The carriers encouraged the suppliers to create the huge new airplanes and then simply bought too many of them. Suppliers and carriers alike ignored the harsh lessons of experience, and became hostages to a future that their forecasts had painted in pure hyperbole. Mainly as a result of the new programs, two of the three major suppliers—Boeing and Lockheed—were dragged to the edge of financial collapse. The third, McDonnell Douglas, at first had fewer and less severe problems with the new era, but the DC-10 gradually became a problem that remains painful and injurious to the company's reputation and its earnings.

Exaggeration weakened the resistance of the airlines to the cyclical shocks that were not supposed to occur. The worst of these—the dramatic rise in fuel prices that began after the

Yom Kippur War, in October of 1973—threw both the airlines and the suppliers far off stride. In 1973, the airlines paid eleven cents a gallon for their fuel, and this figure amounted to about twenty per cent of their direct operating costs. By 1981, the cost of kerojet, the kerosene-based fuel burned in jet-aircraft engines, was more than a dollar a gallon, and amounted to nearly forty per cent of the direct operating costs. There is little the airlines can do to lighten this heavy burden except to share it with passengers by raising fares—a practice that is well under way. On many flights that combine high frequency with a high load factor, such as the Eastern Air Lines shuttle service that links New York to Boston and Washington, fares have been regularly increased to offset increases in fuel prices.

Nothing in the airline industry is simple. The device of more directly linking fares to rising costs has collided with the airlines' parallel practice of slashing fares in order to try to cope with the industry's two other major problems—excess capacity and excess competition, both of which are self-inflicted and are rich in precedent. Talleyrand's uncourtly appraisal of the Bourbons—"Nothing learned, nothing forgotten"—applies to the airlines; they seem to follow a self-renewing cycle that exposes them to periodic shocks. In good times, they buy larger and perhaps faster airplanes. This new equipment permits—indeed, dictates—expanded service, the predictable effect of which is increased competition, with more airlines vying for passengers on more routes. (Or, in not so good times, one carrier will often try to seize a competitive advantage by buying a new airplane; the others, however painfully squeezed, then usually buy the same equipment.) Before long, the larger airplanes and the expanded competition have created a capacity that exceeds the needs of the market—the people who travel by air. At that point, pressure develops to increase some fares but lower others. Increased fares on some routes are supposed to offset declining load factors as well as costlier fuel and the industry's high labor costs, while lower fares on other routes are intended to sharpen a carrier's competitive edge and generate more traffic. Whether those ends are achieved or not, the reductions do have the perverse effect of raising break-even load factors and thereby weakening, if not altogether nullifying, the benefits of the fare increases. So it is that passengers on high-frequency flights lasting less than two hours may be paying as much for their tickets as passengers flying the less frequent transcontinental routes—New York to Los Angeles, say—for which the competition is far more intense.

Between the spring of 1979 and the spring of 1980, the number of airlines competing for the New York-to-Los Angeles market rose from three to eight. A senior official of Pan American, one of the new arrivals in this market, has observed, "When everyone shifts to the same profitable route, they all have the pleasure of losing money together." He was thinking not just of the excessive competition but also of the senseless fare wars that it sets off. The carriers know that these are invariably self-destructive, but they can't restrain themselves. Like spent boxers, they answer the bell if they can. Jack S. Parker, who not long ago retired as the vice-chairman of the General Electric Company, and who worked closely with the airlines for many years while he was directing General Electric's aircraft-engine business group, says, "I just don't know of an industry that is more dedicated to self-liquidation than the airline industry, the way it handles its fare problems. The minute the airlines get an increase in their fares, they've got some new schemes to try to increase traffic at lower fares."

Most of the trunk carriers have a stubborn preference for the long-distance express over the local flight. The express is a much simpler operation: typically, a wide-bodied airplane carrying several hundred passengers climbs swiftly to a cruising altitude, where it can be flown most economically, and remains at that altitude for several hours, until it nears its destination. The shorter, higher-frequency flights repetitiously involve an airplane in the high-cost activities of climbing to and descending from cruising altitudes; also, increased congestion in the air lanes and at the airports strikes at the profitability of these flights by causing delays in arrivals and departures.

In commerce as in life generally, however, the harder path is often the more reliable way to success. The air-transport business is unavoidably devoted largely to short-haul, high-frequency flights—to the hub-and-spoke route structures, as they are called. Almost three-fourths of all scheduled flights worldwide are of less than two hours' duration and span less than a thousand miles. The average flight within the United States is about seven hundred miles. The workhorses of the world's airlines are the middle-sized and smaller jet transports—mainly, Boeing's 727s and 737s and McDonnell Douglas's DC-9s. Because of their size, the larger of the wide-bodied airplanes—Boeing's 747, with four engines, and McDonnell Douglas's DC-10 and Lockheed's L-1011 (TriStar), with three—cannot be operated profitably on the shorter routes. As for passenger preference, most people who regularly travel the shorter routes care much less about the interior dimensions of the airplane than about the convenience of having an assortment of departure times from which to choose.

THE current cycle of misery is even worse than its predecessors, partly because of a weakening economy, partly because fuel prices have risen so steeply, but also partly because most of the government hobbles on the airlines are being removed. Nothing illustrates more clearly the volatile, impetuous—some would say mad—nature of the airline business than its behavior since deregulation. In 1978, Congress shifted the responsibility for deciding which carriers can fly what routes and at what cost to the passenger away from the Civil Aeronautics Board, which will have disappeared altogether by the end of 1984, to the airlines themselves. The legislation, known as the Airlines Deregulation Act, was approved overwhelmingly by Congress despite considerable opposition from the airlines; in it, the conventional view of mass air transport as a public utility requiring government supervision was renounced in favor of "open skies" and free-market economics. The reasoning was that in a more competitive environment the airlines would outperform their regulators in lowering fares and improving service.

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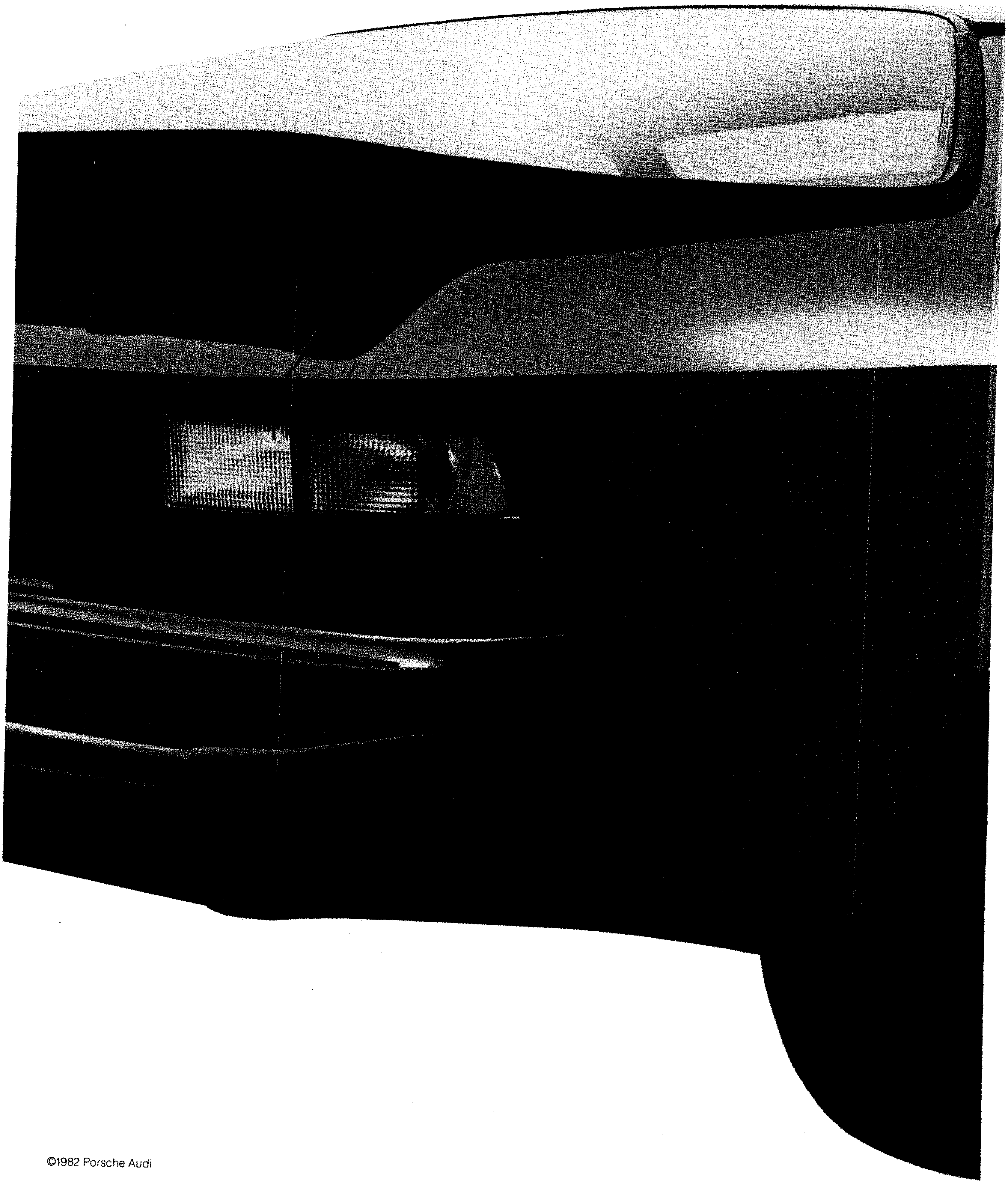

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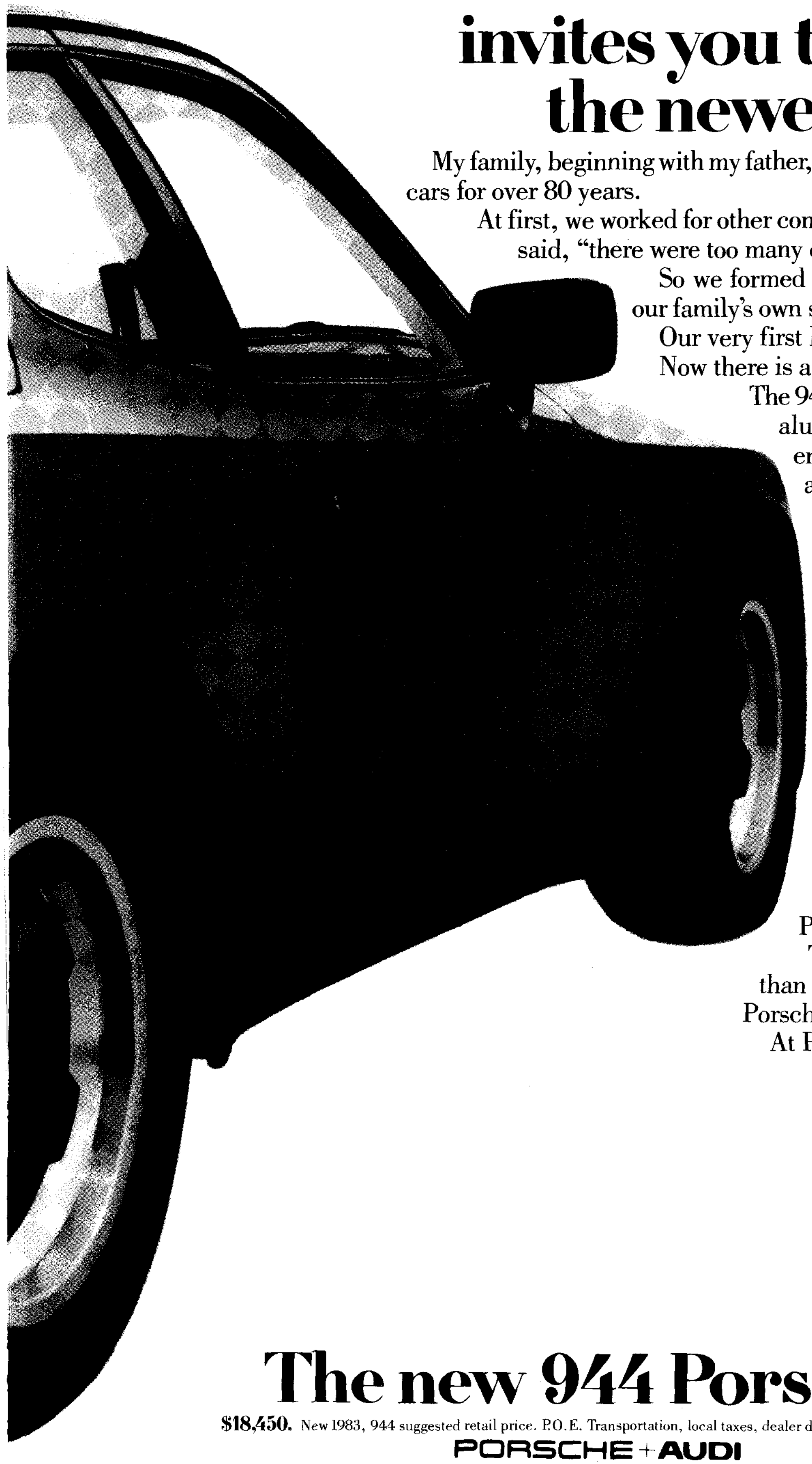

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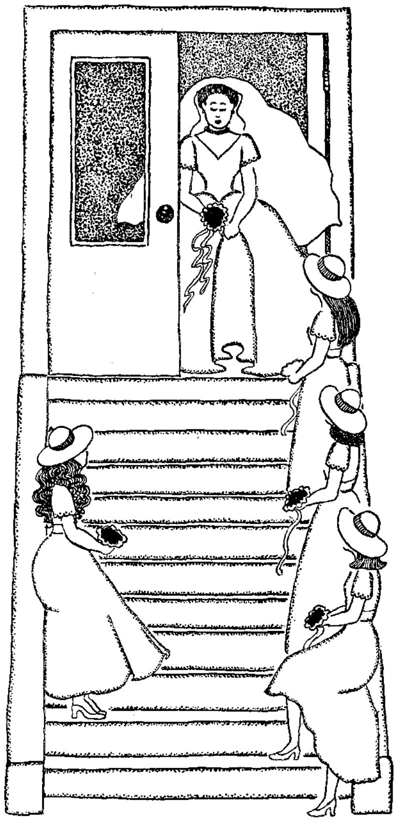
not comfortable with liberation. They always complained a good deal about the constraints of regulation, but they were accustomed to them. Regulation offered an unstable industry some protection against its own immoderate tendencies and built-in weaknesses. (Before deregulation, certainly, the number of airlines competing in the New York–Los Angeles market would not have been allowed to jump from three to eight.) The largest of the trunk lines, United Airlines, always favored deregulation, whereas the most consistently successful one, Delta Air Lines, always opposed it; Delta's management worried that deregulation would create disorder in airline service and anarchy in the fare structure, thereby generating a public outcry that would, in turn, lead to a restoration of government control, more restrictive than before. The opinions of most of the other major airlines have swung back and forth; they opposed the legislation, but when Congress passed it many greeted their new freedom warmly, probably because it coincided with a brief period of growth in passenger traffic. Then, as the effects of competition were felt, most airlines began to worry. Robert L. Crandall, the president of American Airlines, calls deregulation "unsound public policy that has already led to higher air fares and a less satisfactory airline system for the passengers and shippers who depend on it."

During the deregulation debate, interested parties found themselves trying to decide whether an airline more nearly resembles a public utility or a corner grocery store. Western Air Lines was one of several that initially came down on the public-utility side of the issue and opposed deregulation. Later, it switched sides and became an advocate. Dominic P. Renda, a carefully spoken man, who ran Western until recently, when he retired, says, "During the legislative process, we realized that we were paying too heavy a price in being opposed to it. Our route awards—domestic and international—dried up. So we changed sides." Trans World Airlines changed sides, too, and for the same reason. After initially opposing deregulation and insisting that the airlines were a public utility, T.W.A.'s president, C. E. Meyer, Jr., said in a speech, "I am now a firm believer in the virtues of deregulation—converted by experience, if not actually 'born again.' " In a conversation with me, however, Meyer seemed less a convert than a skeptic; his conversion, like Renda's, seemed to have been more a tactical move than a change of heart.

The honors for the most dramatic turnabout in attitude toward deregulation belong to Eastern Air Lines, which, after opposing the idea with great intensity, now endorses it just as vigorously. Frank Borman, the former astronaut, who runs Eastern, says, "In 1975 and '76, we were virtually bankrupt. Our bankers would not roll over a seventy-five-million-dollar obligation due then. We had to freeze wages. Our franchise was our most important resource, and we didn't want to place it at risk by getting into the caldron that deregulation would produce. Now we want to be in control of our own destiny." Borman's current attitude no doubt also reflects some improvement in his company's fortunes. After being one of the most troubled airlines for a long time—"a lousy airline with a great route structure" was the industry's prevailing view—Eastern not only turned around but for a while was having relatively more success and fewer serious difficulties than any of the other airlines except Delta and Northwest Airlines. However, Eastern was by far the boldest of the invaders of the New York-to-Los Angeles routes; Borman hoped to seize twenty-five per cent of the market from American, T.W.A., and United. That experience has thus far been unsuccessful and, of course, extremely costly.

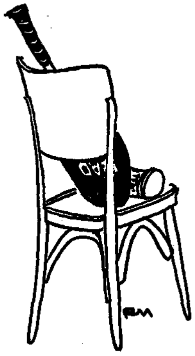


Julie Reece Deaver

United Airlines has never wavered in its support for deregulation; its chairman and chief executive officer, Richard Ferris, who is an exuberant man of many strongly held and rather controversial views, says that unless the airlines are free they will go the way of the railroads—obliged to serve routes that are not profitable. He thinks that any airline, like any corner grocery store, must live or die in the marketplace. The freedom to choose the routes that the airlines will fly should enable them to make money, in Ferris's view. "Look at the earnings of the industry," he says. "They are pitiful. Look at our debt position. Pitiful." When I asked him about his newly liberated industry's tendency toward self-destructive behavior, he said, "Watch the blood on the floor. It will get so deep that the carriers will become rational." The first fatality was Braniff International, which until 1979 had been among the most prosperous of the big airlines. Braniff played under the new rules more lustily than any other big airline, expanding its operations to an astonishing degree, and in doing so destroyed itself. Braniff shut down in May. There are sharp differences of opinion on deregulation within the senior management of some airlines. One executive who is attracted to the principle says, nonetheless, that the airlines will be either reregulated by 1985 or nationalized by the year 2000. It may be too soon to know what, or perhaps even how, to think about deregulation. Its Darwinian logic may eventually work to the advantage of both the industry and the public by strengthening some airlines and pushing the less fit toward mergers or oblivion. Or, as a growing number of people connected with the industry believe, deregulation may breed chaos and, sooner or later, some form of reregulation. One thing is clear: since deregulation, many cities have abruptly lost some part of their air service as various carriers have found themselves free to abandon shorter, less profitable routes in favor of others. United Airlines, for example, has eliminated nearly all flights of less than two hundred miles, and a number of cities have disappeared from its route map. It is also clear that the lower fares that deregulation should provide exist mainly on the long-range routes that connect the East and West

Coasts, the Northeast and Florida, a few Western cities, and the United States and Europe.

Deregulation appears to pit one federal tendency against another. Removing government controls from the airlines—and, in time, from transportation in general—is widely seen in Washington as healthy, and so it may prove to be. Under the anti-trust laws, however, a group of airlines could be guilty of felonious conspiracy if they decided among themselves not to invade certain of each other's routes that could not profitably sustain expanded service. The regulated environment, whether for good or ill, did provide an instrument, the C.A.B., for allocating routes on some rational basis (although politics, too, often influenced route awards). Moreover, the Federal Aviation Act, which all but forbids the combining of assets if competition is thereby substantially reduced, serves as a strong deterrent to mergers of some airlines, though deregulation should theoretically encourage them.



The one problem that obviously and impartially confronts the airlines, their suppliers, and the travelling public is the need for new equipment. With characteristic bluntness, T.W.A.'s Meyer says, "We have not renewed our fleets as we should have. And the consumer will pay for it." Meyer's comment may be interpreted to mean that the airlines—some more than others, and T.W.A. more than most—need to replace airplanes that burn too much fuel per seat with new ones: planes that are as "fuel efficient," in the jargon phrase, as the suppliers can make them, and are the proper size for the routes on which they are flown. Yet a number of airlines, and especially those most in need of new equipment, cannot pay for it—at least, not on terms that offer the supplier a fair return on his costs, or, in some cases, any return at all. A study done by the Air Transport Association of America, the airline industry's trade association, shows that the acquisition of new airplanes is lagging far behind minimum requirements; in fact, although the industry is currently losing money, it will apparently need new airliners costing eighty billion dollars (in 1979 dollars) in the nineteen-eighties. (There are some much higher estimates.) Few of the domestic airlines have been earning enough money even to pay their debt-service charges; the industry, in short, is living on capital. Air travellers are directly affected, because the longer it takes the carriers to modernize their fleets, the longer they will charge fares that reflect the high cost of operating obsolete airplanes.

Bankers cherish certainties and deplore uncertainties. Deregulation has created uncertainties, and many airlines, deprived of their federally guaranteed franchises, are finding it more difficult to borrow money. Their bankers are worried—probably none more so than Frederick W. Bradley, Jr., a senior vice-president of Citibank. He worries about "keeping the airlines afloat," he says, explaining, "They must have new equipment in order to operate profitably. But they won't be able to purchase equipment as long as these very high fuel prices, plus excess capacity and excess competition, depress earnings. It is a circular problem." Bradley is not a detached observer; he is an insider with a lot at stake. Citibank is the largest lender to both the airlines and the aircraft industry; it is the agent bank of Pan American and Boeing, and it is a lead bank, or major lender, for many comparable companies. Bradley, who is in charge of financing airplane sales and airplane development, is the most influential and experienced of the banking figures involved with the aerospace industry. "If Fred says it won't fly, it won't fly" is a typical industry comment reflecting the importance of Bradley's opinion. He is immediately concerned that some of the airlines' chief sources of capital will dry up. The institutional lenders—particularly the insurance companies—are a primary source of capital. However, they stopped lending to the airlines during the last really bad period—the early and middle nineteen-seventies—and Bradley, along with others in the financial community, fears that they will do so again. "Since bank money is usually limited to a ten-year term at most, the industry must have access to the institutional market, which can go out to fifteen and twenty years on loans," he says. "With the continuing escalation of the cost of aircraft, the payback period to the airline is getting longer, and it is most important that the financing more closely match the useful economic life of the aircraft." Unfortunately, the big insurance companies have already lent considerable sums to the airlines, and have little interest now in lending more, partly because they currently have less money available for lending. In periods of high inflation and correspondingly high interest rates, individual policy-holders can and do borrow against their policies at interest rates of around eight per cent—a practice that reduces the funds available to insurance companies for lending and increases the competition for these funds. The probability is that the insurance companies have abandoned the airlines for good.

Bradley doesn't like deregulation; he feels that the chief advocates of the legislation were interested mainly in lowering fares and ignored the potentially harmful effects of deregulation on airlines' earnings. "The prospect of uneconomic competition that tends to pull down yields and profits for all is worrisome to a lender," he says. People used to take for granted the need to regulate the airlines. Now what is taken for granted—through most of government and academe, at least—is that air transport, like other businesses, ought to be exposed to marketplace economics. Omnibus deregulation is in fashion. With regard to the airlines, however, the fashion may change.

ANY *airline chief executive believes* that his principal need, apart from high load factors, is at least two airplane suppliers competing for his business. Two suppliers can be manipulated in a way that drives the cost of new equipment down to a point at which a purchase may be affordable. The suppliers are used to this sort of thing. The number of airplanes that a supplier is prepared to sell at a loss in order to stay in the over-all competition is one of the harsher questions he must confront. Another is when to launch a new airplane and what size to make it. Suppliers look for what they call "a hole in the market," and if a supplier is encouraged by a few big airlines to build a new airplane the hole can usually be foreseen; either it happens that no other supplier is developing an airplane of a certain size with the latest in aerodynamics or the only existing airplane of that size appears somewhat inefficient or passé, and therefore vulnerable to a more modish competitor. Vulnerability of that kind, however, has often proved to be more apparent than real. In recent years, James Smith McDonnell, who ruled the McDonnell Douglas Corporation until he died, in August of 1980, at the age of eighty-one, was pressed by associates and others—mainly airline chief executives—to build a new airplane. His company had a candidate in the design stage. (It was known at first as A.T.M.R., for "advanced technology medium range," and later as the DC-XX.) It was to have a hundred and seventy to a hundred and eighty seats; the hole in the market was said to be at that size. But McDonnell—or Mr. Mac, as he was known throughout government and the industry—was disillusioned by his experience with the DC-10, the first and last commercial air transport that he launched. He was far more comfortable building military airplanes—a business in which his company has thrived. To those who urged him to go forward with the new airplane, McDonnell often replied, "There may be a hole in the market, but why should I fall into it?"

The excitement in this business lies in the sweep of the uncertainties. Matters as basic as the cost of the product—the airplane—and its break-even point are obscure because so much else is uncertain or unclear. The fragility of the airline industry does, of course, create uncertainties about the size and the reliability of the market for a new airplane or a new variant of an existing airplane. Then, there is a wide range of unknowns, for which an arbitrarily fixed amount of money must be set aside in the development budget. Some of these are so-called known unknowns; others are thought of as unknown unknowns and are called "unk-unks." The assumption is that normal improvements in an airplane program or an engine program will create problems of a familiar kind that add to the costs; these are the known unknowns. The term "unk-unks" is used to cover less predictable contingencies; the assumption is that any new airplane or engine intended to advance the state of the art will harbor surprises in the form of problems that are wholly unforeseen, and perhaps even novel, and these must be taken account of in the budget. Sometimes, as in the case of the metal fatigue that ended de Havilland's Comet program, an unk-unk is not discovered until crashes have occurred. The more conservative and cautious companies, naturally, allot funds for unknowns more generously than others do. Companies that tempt fate by failing to plan seri-

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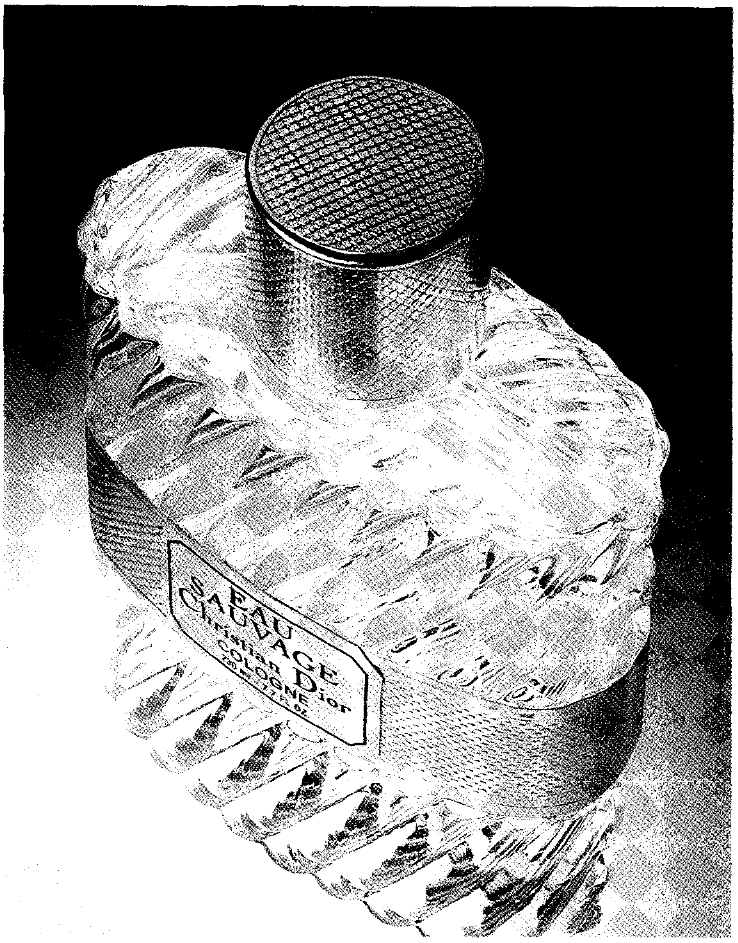

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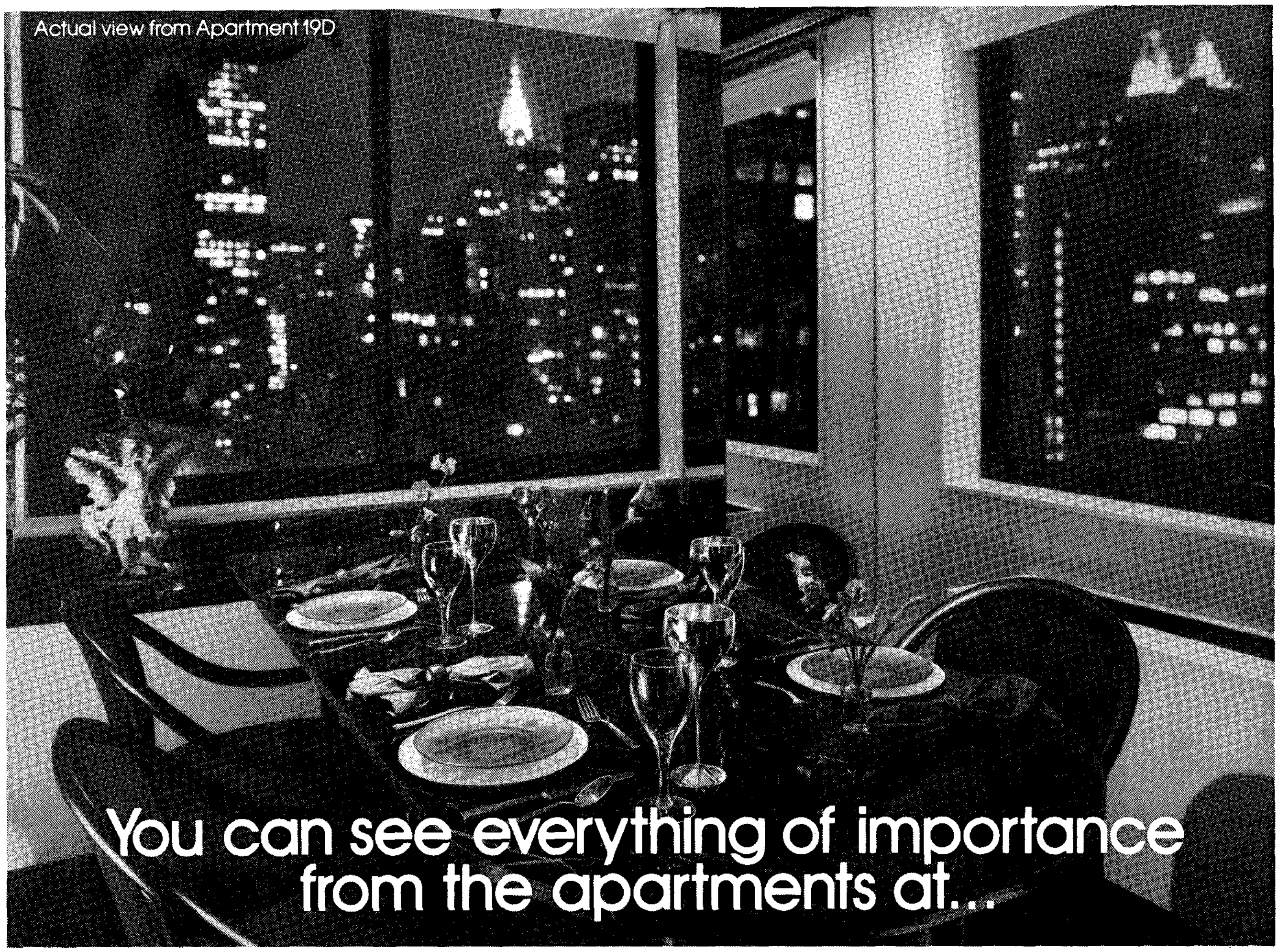
ously for the unknowns are likely to pay dearly for their audacity.

Although the actual cost of making commercial jet transports may discourage orthodox calculations, manufacturers know that the cost of the first airplanes in a production series will vastly exceed what any airline could afford to pay for them. Thus, the price, although, as Malcolm Stamper says, it is eventually determined by the competition, is initially based on the estimated cost of producing the three-hundredth, or perhaps the four-hundredth, airplane of the type, even though the airline market may not oblige the manufacturer by ordering that many. The explanation for this curious practice lies in the first principle of the aircraft industry. It is known as "the learning curve;" the idea, a simple and straightforward one, is that labor costs decline steadily with the number of units produced, because workers learn as they work. During the Second World War, the aircraft industry found that it could forecast production costs and labor time by relating them to the certain benefits of repetition. There emerged the rule that with every doubling of the number of airplanes produced a twenty-per-cent reduction of direct labor is achieved. The curve that develops usually dips steeply at first and then becomes more gradual, because a jump in production from, say, two to four units occurs far more swiftly than a jump from twenty to forty units or from forty to eighty. The learning-curve principle is now used elsewhere —particularly in other high-technology industries, such as electronic computers and airplane engines. It is peculiarly appropriate to the airframe industry, however, because the number of units produced is comparatively small and the number of repetitious jobs requiring highly skilled labor is high. As the cost of the enormously expensive units gradually comes down, the labor force is able to do more, because individuals have learned to do their jobs better and faster. A Boeing vice-president named Ernest Fenn, who is general manager of the 757, a new narrow-bodied airplane, says, "It's more than a question of learning to do a specific task more efficiently, because the more things people can be given to do, the more they will do."

If orders for a new commercial airplane fall short of the rather arbitrary number of units on which the purchase price is based, the program will be judged a costly failure. Moreover,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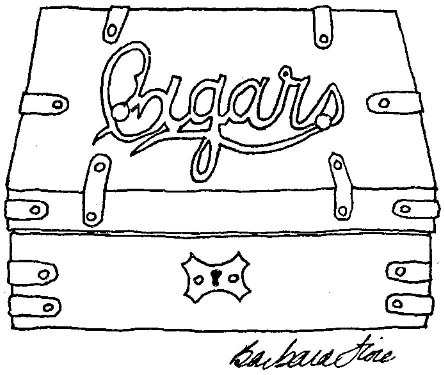
even if the airline market does absorb that many, and even many more, units, there is still no assurance that the airplane will be profitable and heavy losses will be avoided. Boeing's leadership thinks a lot about the 767, the company's first wholly new airplane since the 747; it is the world's single largest private venture (just as the 747 was in its day). The general manager of the 767 program is Dean Thornton, a highly regarded Boeing vice-president, who says that "most of Boeing's net worth is riding on this chip." The 767 program's costs are widely estimated at two billion dollars, but Thornton says that more money than that is involved. "It is more than two and less than ten," he comments circumspectly with regard to a figure of great interest to Boeing's customers and competitors.

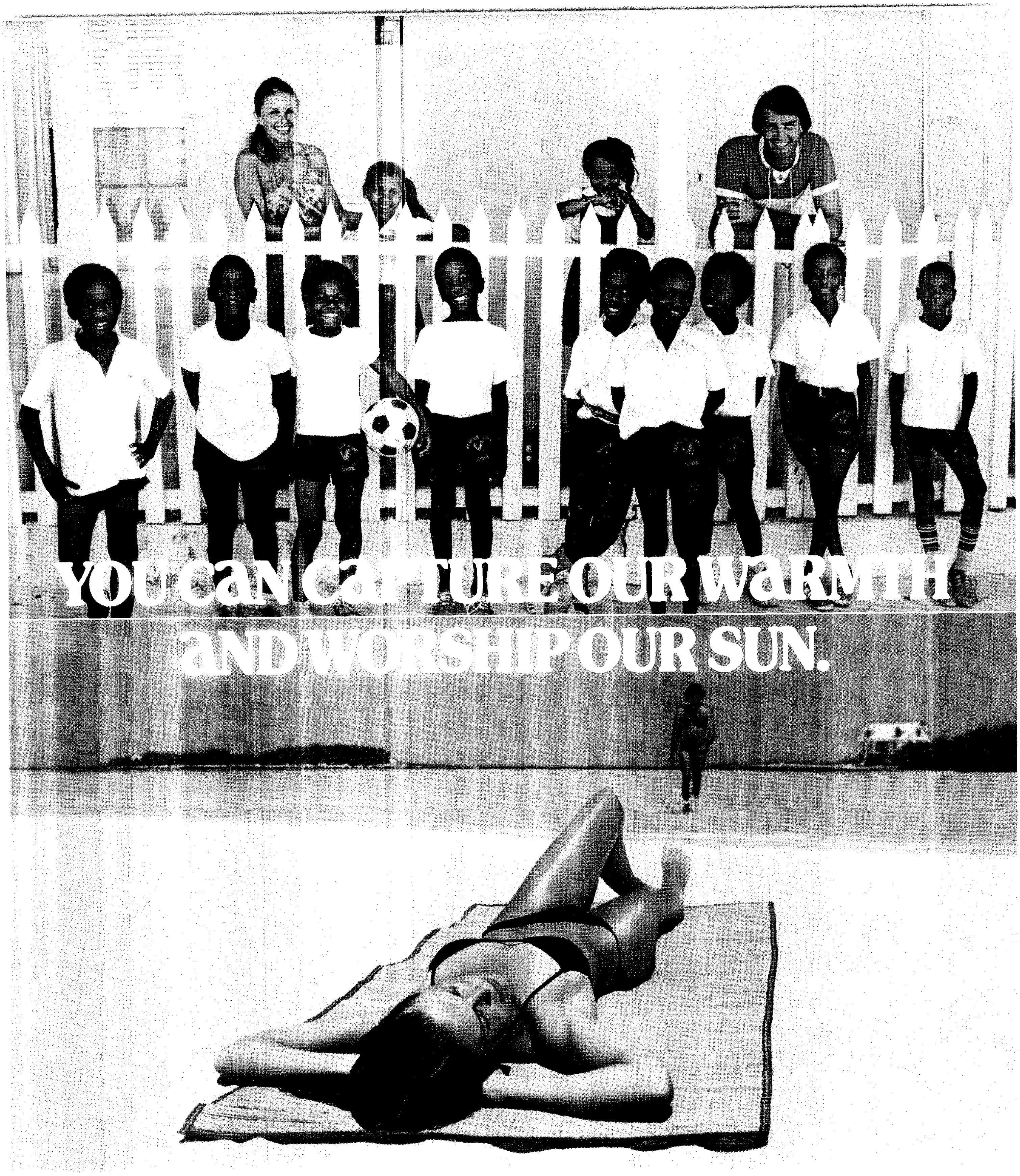
Exactly where between two and ten billion dollars Boeing's actual investment in this airplane will come to rest defies close calculation. The two billion dollars that is currently used to describe the cost of a new air transport is only a crude estimate of first costs—called the "nonrecurring" costs. These include the cost of buying new plants or expanding old ones; the cost of advanced metalworking tools and machinery; the cost of engineering (Boeing has used three thousand engineers in the 767 program); and the assorted high costs of running the program, obtaining federal certification of the craft's airworthiness (a continuing and laborious process), and trying to sell the still unborn airplane to the world's airlines. "You may spend three hundred to four hundred million dollars on the facility, and even more on the tooling," Thornton says. "And the certification is very expensive." Stamper says, "Just defining your nonrecurring costs is hard, because you may add a building or new tools and not know which program to charge them to. Or you may decide later on to improve the wing, or design a new and better one—a truly enormous additional cost—or make a freighter version of the airplane. A new customer may want something different; no two airplanes are alike, and the more versions you make, the higher the costs. Another customer may even want variations in the airplanes already earmarked for him. Furthermore, by the time he has bought the third or fourth airplane—sometimes even the second—there are improvements, some of which may have to be folded into the planes already delivered."

According to Thornton, the cash flow on a new airplane peaks shortly after the first batch of airplanes has been produced—about four or five years after the start of the program. "By then, the heavy costs of certification have been absorbed, and it is the time when you have the biggest tie-up of resources," he says. "You have maybe twenty airplanes, and may have delivered none of them. Also, these are the most costly units, because you have not yet come down the curve." Even if things go well from there and the sales of the airplane move the company down the learning curve at a brisk rate, the break-even point, if it is attainable at all, will lie far ahead—typically, twelve or fourteen years from the decision to launch the program. This second stage, seven to nine years, can be at least as difficult as the initial period. A steady production rate must be maintained, on the assumption that the market really will absorb from three hundred to five hundred airplanes over a given number of years. And the company must avoid the inevitable pressures to produce more variants of the airplane than it can manage or afford. If sales lag, or if snags in the form of unk-unks or production foul-ups are encountered, or if the market demands major variants of the airplane, the break-even point will recede considerably into the future. The market itself can be perilous. The supplier must sell a lot of airplanes at the outset to a few big customers to avoid the far higher "customer introductory costs" of selling these initial units to a cluster of small airlines. In short, any significant deviation in the program can push the break-even point to perhaps twenty years, or, even more likely, put it out of reach.

The worst and least avoidable of the various pitfalls, however, is the price. The intensity of competition can depress it to a point at which costs are not covered, and as a result the supplier may no longer be able to resist pressure to make available a major variant that he really cannot afford to produce. John McDonnell, the president of McDonnell Douglas, says, "You are driven by each deal to make the sacrificial price. You can rationalize each additional cut in the price, because with each additional airplane sold you are that much further down the learning curve. Whichever manufacturer in a direct competition is the most desperate will get the next order." And Chase Manhattan's Harry Colwell says, "In this business, the manufacturer feels that he has to win each competition. It becomes so important as to be obsessive—a kind of phobia. The company's survival seems to be at risk even when it probably isn't really at risk in the case of a single order. But it's easy to reach the stage of thinking that way." In other words, the pressure on a company to move down the learning curve on any airplane program is relentless.



The pressure, along with the obsessive quality, would be much less if the suppliers could avoid the temptation to compete head-on. Given the carriers' rising need for a wide variety of airplanes, it is wholly illogical for two suppliers to launch multibillion-dollar airplanes of the same size and with the same payload, range, and other performance characteristics. The market is just not large enough to accommodate competing versions of essentially the same airplane. "It doesn't make sense to split the market down the middle," John McDonnell says. "We learned that from the DC-10 and L-1011 competition. You must have either a dominant market position with your airplane or enough product differentiation—superior performance characteristics—to be certain of good results." McDonnell, aged forty-four, is the younger son of James McDonnell, who was succeeded as chairman and chief executive of McDonnell Douglas by his nephew Sanford (Sandy) McDonnell, aged fifty-nine; however, the aircraft industry expects John McDonnell to provide the actual leadership of the company. John McDonnell resembles a college professor more than he does the commanding figure in the aerospace world that he has become. He is bearded, affable, articulate, and seemingly low-key. He had no responsibility for his company's fateful decision, in 1968, to compete with Lockheed for the predictably limited market for a three-engine wide-bodied airplane. (This plane was known at first as the Airbus—a term that now applies solely to the A300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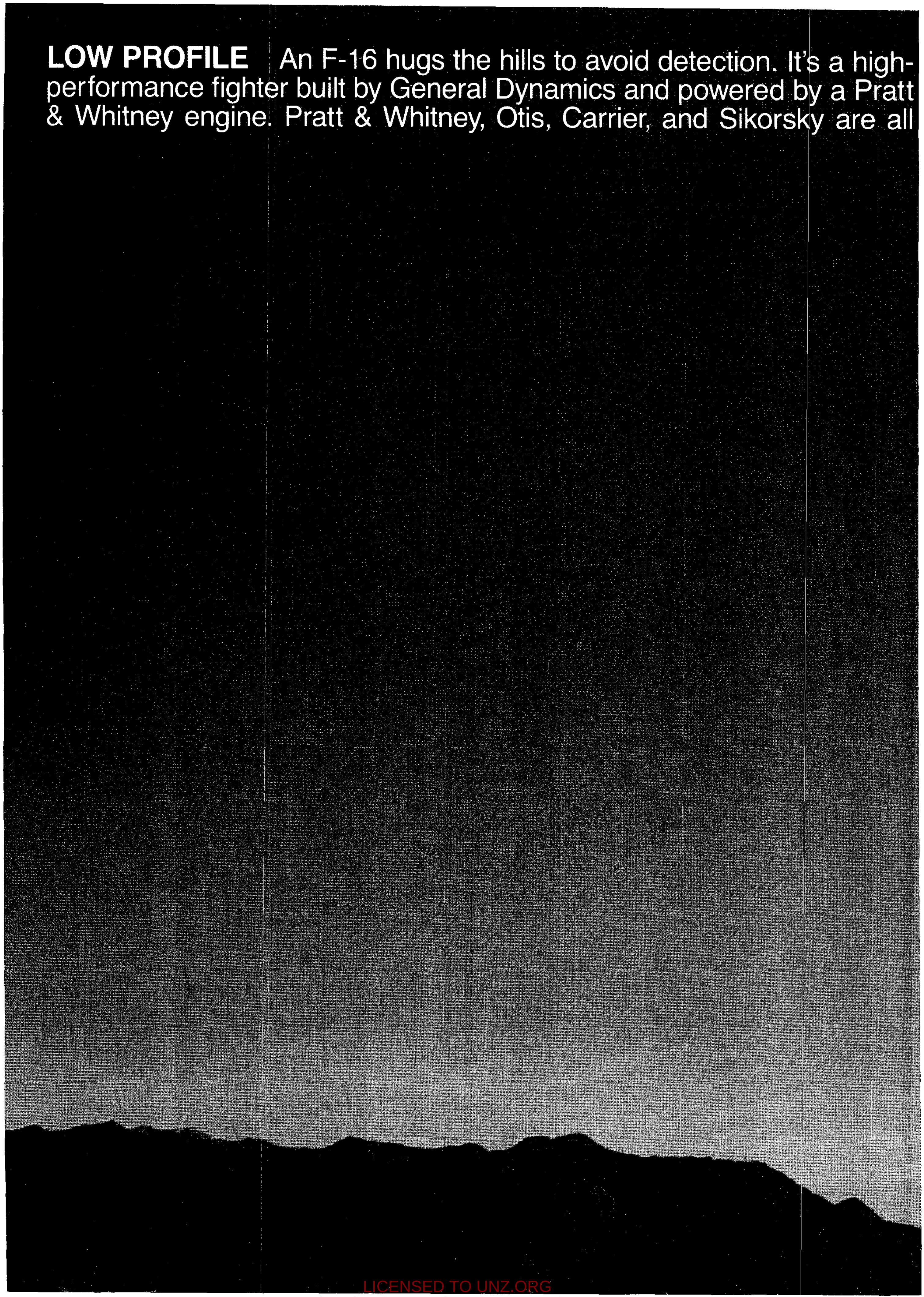

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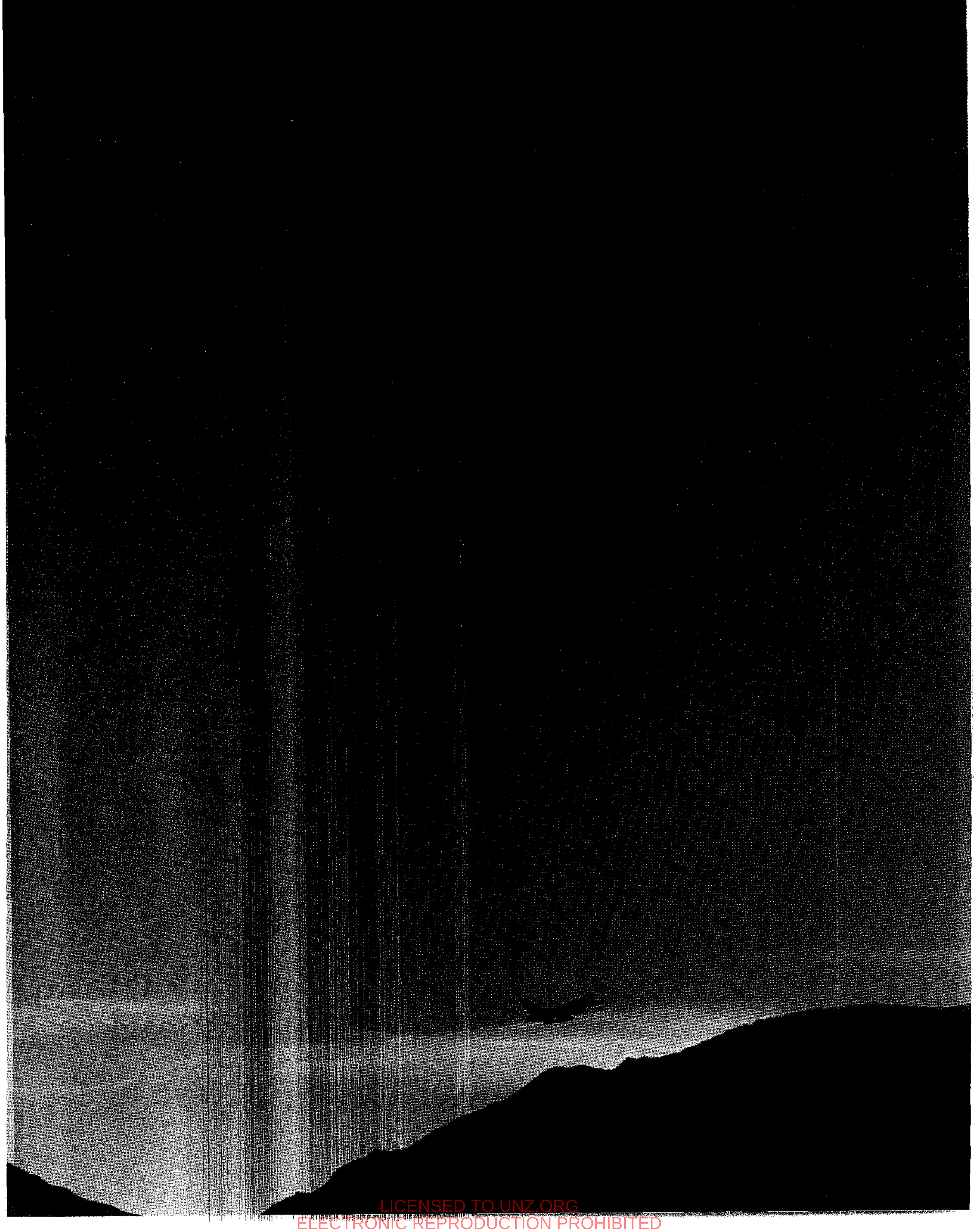

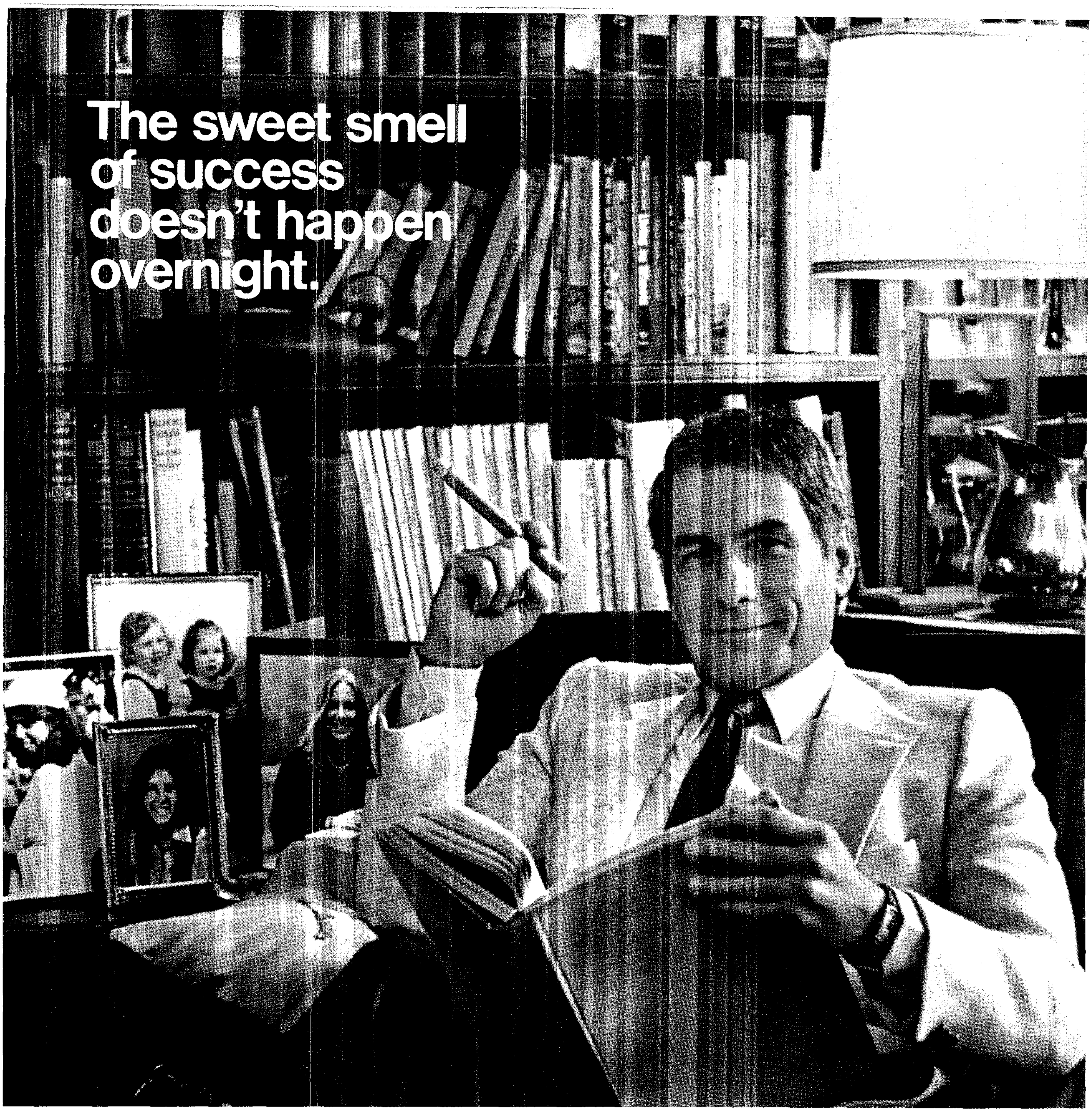
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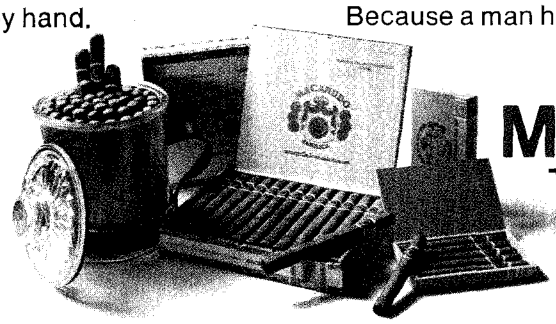

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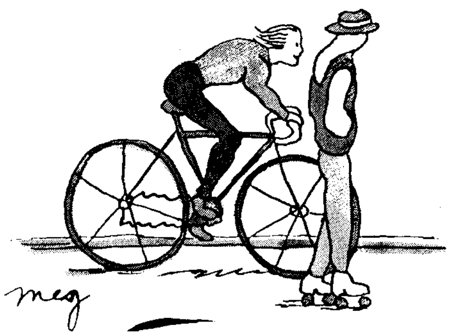
The Ultimate Cigar

and A310 airplanes of Airbus Industrie.) That decision, like the company's other key decisions, was taken by his imposing father, who drew support from a few close subordinates—particularly David Lewis, whom he had chosen as chairman and chief executive officer of the Douglas Aircraft Company after acquiring it, in 1967. (Lewis now runs General Dynamics.) The decision set off a competition between Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas—between the L-1011 and the DC-10—which the industry regards as the most savage it has known. It was a destructive competition, and neither company is likely ever to recover fully from its effects (one of which was to force Lockheed out of the business). Among the questions that emerged was whether this sort of competition might compromise the integrity and reliability of an airplane.

No two industries are exactly alike. Certainly the commercial-aircraft business has no near equivalent. There is a tendency, though, to equate it with the military-aircraft business, probably for two reasons. First, some of the aerospace companies—Lockheed, McDonnell Douglas, and Boeing—are in both businesses. Second, until the jet age most commercial transports were spun off from military airplanes built for and paid for by the Air Force—a practice that minimized the research-and-development costs of the commercial derivatives. The same was true of the aircraft-engine business. Today, however, the commercial-aircraft and engine businesses are freestanding, and the large sums they are investing in their products are starting to benefit military programs, in a kind of reverse flow.

In reality, the two industries are very different. The commercial business has a longer and more difficult path to profitability; while the first costs of commercial airplanes are recovered only after the passage of many years, if ever, governments assume all or most of the first costs of military aircraft. The commercial side is also far more complicated, as James McDonnell discovered. With a military airplane, his company and others like it expect to come down the learning curve swiftly. The probability of selling several hundred planes to the government creates an aura of confidence, and this permits bold steps of a kind that produce economies. And there is only one customer for a military airplane (unless foreign air forces have also ordered it). In a commercial program, of course, the supplier doesn't know how many airplanes he may or may not sell, nor does he know how many different customer airlines will be levying their quite different requirements. The supplier of military airplanes, with only one customer to satisfy, harvests the considerable benefits of standardization. In short, a successful military supplier, such as McDonnell Douglas, invests with reasonably clear prospects. A commercial-airplane builder guesses at the size of his market over a period of ten to fifteen years, partly on the basis of how he sees the economy and world politics evolving, and partly on the basis of the activities of his competitors. At various points along the way, he will be required to gamble yet again on his product—deciding, for example, whether to invest in a variant of an airplane, or even whether to keep open the production line—with no greater certainty of what lies ahead.

The advantages are not wholly on the military side, however. John McDonnell notes the large risk in the military-airplane business of not obtaining a major contract at a time when "your company is phasing out one program and anxious to begin another," and explains, "If you miss the moment, if you lose out on the only game in town"—the only new military-airplane program—"you could be out of business." Boeing decided in the mid-nineteen-sixties that the United States government was not a reliable customer for its airplanes, because of the somewhat arbitrary, if not eccentric, manner in which the winners of contracts for major military-airplane programs were being chosen. (The best among competing designs often lost the award.) It was then that Boeing shifted its priorities to the commercial-airplane business—indeed, gambled on it to a degree that has never been matched by any company. Along the way, Boeing acquired a corporate preference for the commercial business which is traceable largely to its remarkable success but also to some of the less obvious rewards of supplying more than half of the world's airliners. For example, the intensity and the nature of the competition in this market are themselves stimulants. Senior aerodynamicists, such as Joseph Sutter, prefer to design airplanes for the airlines rather than for the Pentagon. A retired colleague of Sutter's named Maynard Pennell, who preceded him as Boeing's vice-president for product development and was one of the most widely admired and respected aerodynamicists, says, "Building a commercial airplane is where the excitement is. It is fun working with airline people—at least, compared with the military, where there are a thousand people who can say no and nobody who can say yes." He recalls that someone at Lockheed once told him that although about eighty per cent of the company's business was military, Lockheed's management was devoting about eighty-five per cent of its time to its commercial business.



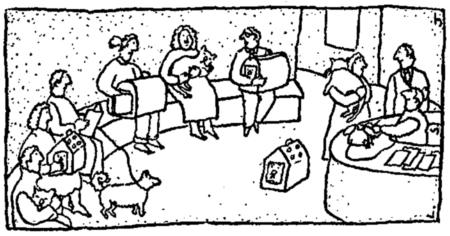
The standards that control the manufacture of military and commercial aircraft are exacting, but they are different. The first priority in a military program is performance; in a commercial program it is reliability. Military aircraft are flown far less: they are used intermittently, and accumulate far fewer hours in flight than commercial transports do. The airlines need machines that can be used day in and day out, for twelve hours a day, if necessary, and do not require maintenance of a kind that keeps them out of the air and drives costs up. A commercial airplane is likely to be in service for fifteen years and flown three thousand or more hours a year. Most military aircraft are designed for six thousand hours of life in the air but rarely accumulate more than four thousand.

The automobile industry is another that some people tend to compare with the commercial-aircraft business, apparently because both are involved with transportation; both operate with high visibility in a huge world market; and both confront widening competition from overseas. But in reality the two industries are profoundly dissimilar. The aircraft industry is a high-technology, knowledge-intensive business, aggressive and relatively quick to absorb movement in the state of the art (though less quick than it claims to be). The automobile industry is more conservative and routinizes standard technology. Changes in American cars have, until recently, generally been more cosmetic than significant. In the aircraft industry, changes are basic, if only because any commercial airplane is a bewildering mixture of exquisitely balanced trade-offs.

The managerial people in the auto industry tend to be more of a type and more interchangeable than those in the aircraft industry, in which companies have the contrasting individual styles often seen in enterprises whose products are custom-built. Creating airliners is rather like making harps or violins, in that the products of the various makers differ from one another in subtle ways. Automaking is highly sensitive to costs, and requires specialized machines of a kind that can, say, lower the cost of a door handle by five cents. Labor in the auto industry, at least compared with that in the aircraft industry, is cheap and inexperienced, with a great many people performing a variety of so-called "idiot functions." There is not much of a learning curve in the auto industry; one model is not very different from another. The products of a commercial-airplane manufacturer, however, are so different from one another that the learning-curve experience and its benefits usually cannot be transferred from an existing airplane to a new one. The labor force starts from scratch with each new program, unless the new airplane is derivative in some major aspect, as is the case with three of Boeing's four narrow-bodied jet transports: the 727, the 737, and now the 757 are all built around the fuselage that originated with the highly successful 707. Because Boeing came down the learning curve on this fuselage a great many years ago, the cost of producing the other narrow-bodied aircraft is low enough to give them an advantage over rival airplanes, almost none of which have an elder sibling to draw on. Curiously, each industry in its advertising makes claims to attributes that more nearly belong to the other. The carmakers often stress performance advantages that are described as resulting from superior technology and craftsmanship. The airplane builders, and the airlines as well, place a lot of emphasis on the comfort of the machines and the sense of well-being that comes from travelling in them.

The two industries have very different international styles. The major American carmakers—General Motors and Ford—operate in a truly multinational environment; they locate their sources of production where it suits them, and take their profits where the pattern of taxes and currency fluctuations directs them. The aircraft suppliers, although they are more dependent on the world market, operate as strictly domestic companies. The current trend among the big auto companies is to "source" the world; that is, to reduce unit costs by, for example, putting all engine production in one place, transmissions in another, and stampings in yet another. Such practices give these companies a sense of how to operate profitably in various regions and in the rigorous environment of transnational finance and payments. All the American commercial-aircraft suppliers—Boeing, Lockheed, and McDonnell Douglas—have been trying for more than a decade to widen their access to the non-American market by forging productive links with foreign competitors, but the results have been mixed: a few modest successes and some notable failures. The failures have arisen mainly from misreading political situations or from a reluctance on the part of the Americans to build a new airplane with foreign companies on terms that offer the other partner an acceptably large share of the design responsibility and the other interesting work. The British, for instance, have complained that Boeing wants them to be nothing more than "benders of metal and drillers of holes."

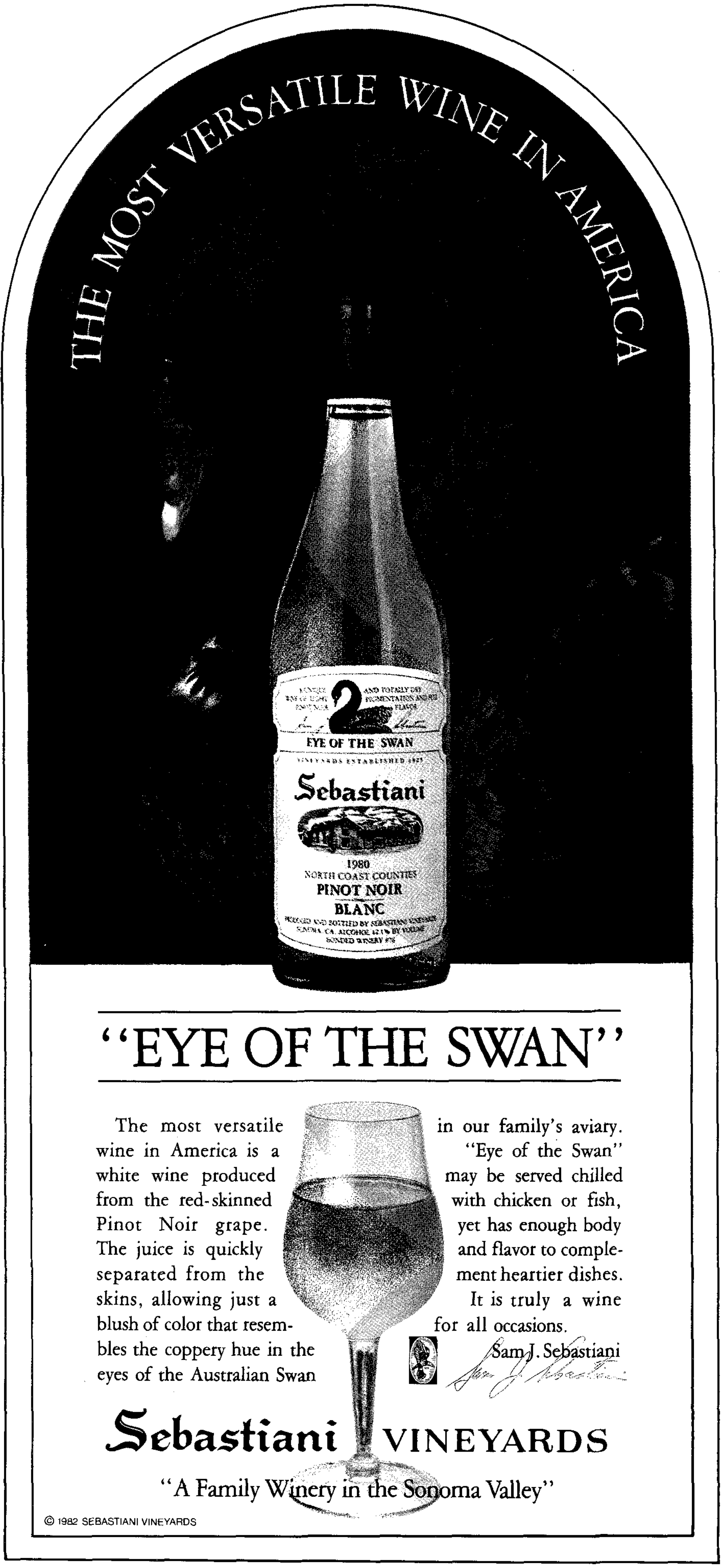
The auto and commercial-airplane industries are alike only in that both are being shaken out in a relentless international struggle for survival. Such seasoned carmakers as Chrysler and Ford do not appear to be capable of surviving as independent entities over the long run; Ford, the stronger of the two, is currently losing more money at home than it is earning abroad. General Motors can and will spend whatever is required to compete and survive. As for the suppliers of airliners, Boeing currently dominates a small field. Its domestic competitors in the commercial business, McDonnell Douglas and, earlier, Lockheed, have been enfeebled by their own miscalculations and by their rival's inclination to bet the company periodically in order to develop a family of modern airplanes. With its new entries—the 757 and the 767—and with a modernized and more fuel-efficient version of the smaller 737 and eight distinct versions of the huge 747, Boeing has taken over most of the domestic market and a fair-sized portion of the foreign market. And Boeing's 757, slightly smaller and narrower than the 767, discouraged McDonnell Douglas from building the DC-XX, even though three of the major airlines—Delta, United, and American—had encouraged the company to do so, in part because they wanted competition for its own sake and in part because they were not particularly attracted to the 757. As the DC-XX was conceived, it was a double-aisle airplane, and so would have been more comfortable than the longer, single-aisle 757; although the intended seating capacity was about the same, the DC-XX was supposed to have lower operating costs than the 757, because of certain performance advantages and, over all, a more modern design. However, the DC-XX, while it was aimed at the same market as the 757, would have cost the airlines considerably more to buy and would not have been available as soon. Of the three airlines most interested in it, only Delta could have made the necessary financial commitment at the critical decision point—late 1980. United and American weren't ready—not financially, at least—and all the airlines wondered whether at that stage McDonnell Douglas could surmount the problems of creating a new airplane that would live up to the company's strong claims for it and that would be cheaper to operate than the 757.



Delta, having exhorted McDonnell Douglas to launch the DC-XX, eventually concluded that it wouldn't happen, and, in November of 1980, ordered sixty Boeing 757s, at a cost well in excess of three billion dollars; it was the largest transaction in the history of the commercial-airline business. The episode left McDonnell Douglas deploying just one airplane with known commercial potential—a modernized DC-9, called the DC-9 Super 80. It is an efficient and very quiet airplane but one that is dated in many aspects and so is not likely to compete well against the Boeing family. The demise of the DC-XX probably means that by the mid-nineteen-eighties, and possibly sooner, there will not be a commercial airliner produced in the United States that was not made by Boeing. Darwinian logic may or may not prune the airline industry; it is pruning the industry's domestic aircraft suppliers. Boeing, after dominating the American market for many years, is monopolizing it.

UNTIL 1978, Europe's Airbus appeared to be a typical European airliner—well designed, well built, and a commercial flop. Only thirty-eight of the airplanes had been sold—to just four airlines—since deliveries began, in 1974. In Toulouse, where the Airbuses are assembled for delivery, nine "white tails" (the term for unsold aircraft, whose tails are painted white and still without airline insignia) sat along a fence on the factory runway. It was unthinkable then that a European consortium might be about to claim second place in the world market for commercial airliners. Collaborative European airplane projects—the Concorde, for example—had fared even less well than single-company ventures. Experience had shown that a multinational assortment of companies, with their very different styles, had immense difficulties just in reaching decisions, whether of a technical or a marketing nature. Airbus Industrie, however, hit upon a management technique that worked, and, more important, it had the right airplane at the right time. Soaring fuel costs and stiffening competition among the airlines had created a demand for an exceptionally fuel-efficient airplane with substantial seating capacity. It appeared that only a two-engine, wide-bodied airplane could satisfy these two requirements. And only Airbus Industrie had such an airplane—the Airbus, or A300B, as it is officially designated. By the spring of 1978, the white tails were gone and orders had begun accumulating. By the end of 1979, Airbus sales had climbed well above three hundred—a figure that no other European jet airliner had reached. In America, concern about sales of the Airbus developed quickly, and has more than kept pace with the rapid commercial success of the aircraft.

People in the airplane business say that competition—or some competition, at least—is as essential to their industry as it is to any other. Manufacturers concede that it drives them to build into new airplanes and variants of existing models the latest available refinements to improve performance and reliability. The airlines, with re-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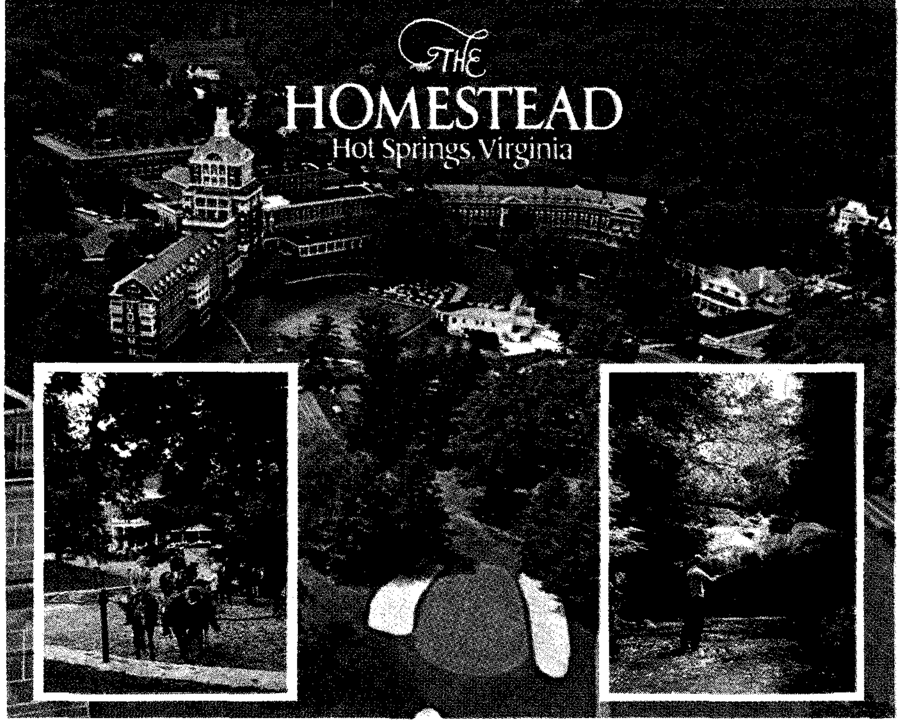

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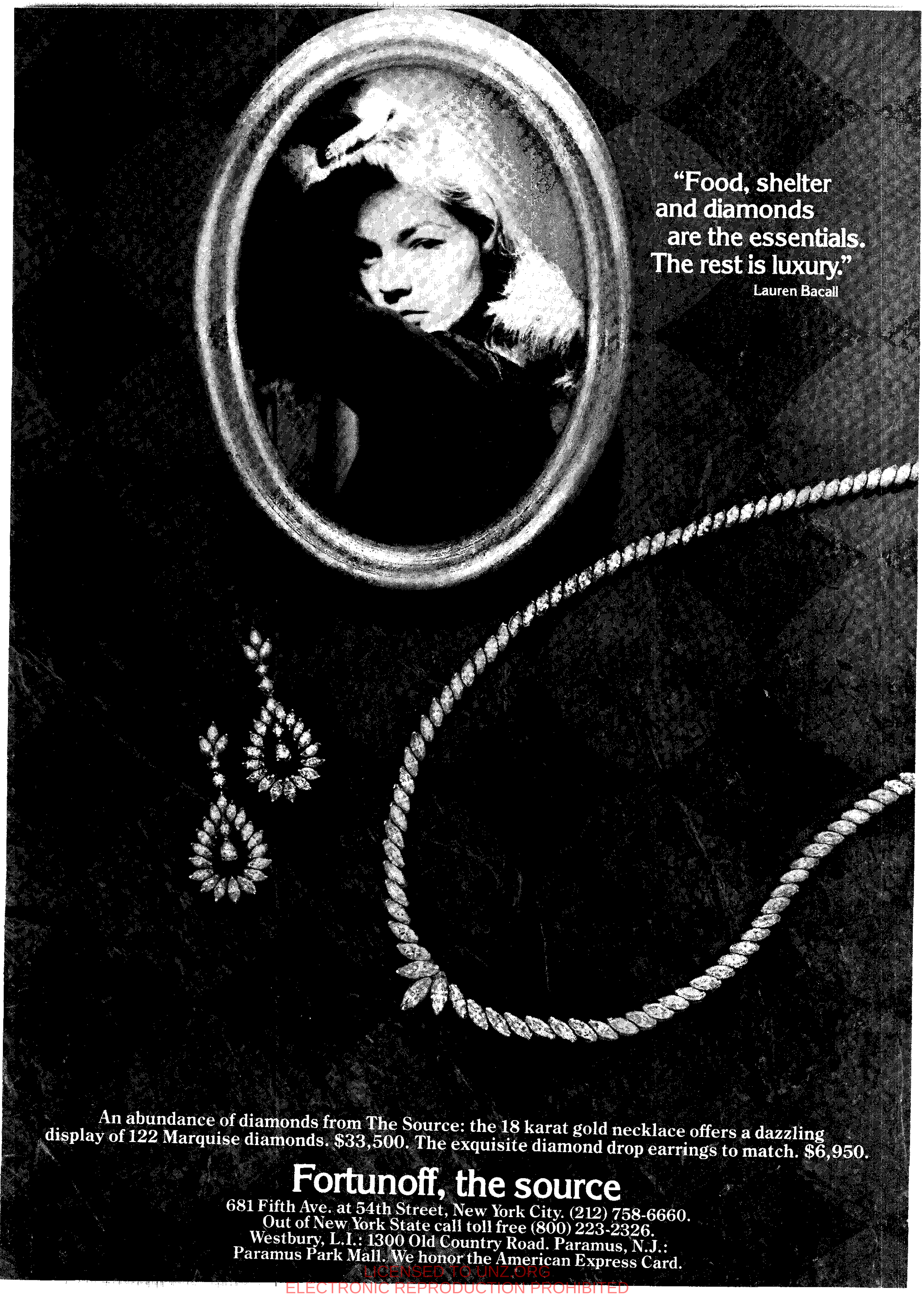
lentless ingenuity, promote competition among their suppliers in order to avoid becoming captive to any one of them and, in general, to make the best possible deals in buying new airplanes. Roger Béteille, of France, who is the executive vice-president and general manager of Airbus Industrie and, in the opinion of many Europeans and a few Americans, currently the most versatile figure in the business, says that everyone favors competition "except when it pinches." When it pinches unexpectedly—and particularly when the pinch comes from an unexpected quarter—competition is alarming and provokes overreaction. Overreaction on one side provokes exaggerated moves on the other; governments are drawn in, anxious to protect precious national assets—their airplane and engine manufacturers, some of which are struggling for survival. The Europeans are really scrambling to become not just the close second to Boeing but eventually its equal, and Boeing is trying to achieve a position so strong as to be beyond the reach of any competitor while enduring the crises and uncertainties that a serious player in the commercial-airplane game must expect. On every side, there is a good deal of complaining, much of it shrill. Boeing, McDonnell Douglas, and Lockheed deplore a situation in which strictly private companies must compete against a company that is government-controlled. Europeans, accustomed to American dominance in this business, ridicule the American complaint; they point to military programs that absorbed the heavy first costs of many American commercial airplanes and engines, and also the continuing investment by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in the relevant technologies. The Americans bitterly protest some of Europe's competitive practices, and the Europeans respond by citing similar grievances of their own. McDonnell Douglas and Lockheed tend to blame the competition from Europe for their own difficulties. All this is exaggerated. The difficulties of McDonnell Douglas and Lockheed have been largely self-induced. Europeans overstate the degree of government support available to the Americans: the research supported by NASA does help a little, but the military-aircraft programs that once cleared the way for derivative commercial transports are a thing of the past. An American supplier contemplating the multibillion-dollar expense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of a new airplane is on his own. And the sharp competitive practices about which both Europeans and Americans profess to be outraged are common to both sides.

Boeing is particularly sensitive to the threat from Europe, because its airplanes, and especially its new airplanes, are the ones most directly threatened. The wholly new 767 is challenged by Airbus Industrie's A310, a slightly smaller version of the A300. The single-aisle 757, which is a longer and more modern variant of the 727, with two instead of three engines (extremely fuel-efficient ones), is also threatened in the world market by the A310, chiefly because the 757 has nearly as many seats as the A310 and the 767, both of which are wide-bodied, double-aisle airplanes. The A310 and the 767 are almost identical in seating capacity and performance characteristics; indeed, the only two airplanes that are as closely matched are the wide-bodied trijets—the DC-10 and the L-1011. And the intensity of the competition between the Boeing and Airbus products recalls the epic struggle, at the end of the nineteen-sixties, between Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas for a market that wasn't large enough for both their airplanes. Deliveries of the 767 should begin this summer. Deliveries of the A310 and the 757 will start early in 1983.

Boeing has so far managed to keep the A310 out of the American market, just as the Airbus Industrie consortium has kept Europe largely (though not entirely) immune to Boeing's new airplanes. The fact that a good many of Europe's airlines and airplane manufacturers are government-owned gives the Airbus consortium an apparent advantage. Boeing's stout defense of its home base has required a lot of imagination, a determination to compete with the Europeans in pricing, and the ability to finance in part some purchases of its own aircraft. Boeing has had to offer its own funds to help ailing airlines, such as T.W.A., and even somewhat healthier ones, such as United, buy the 767s they have ordered. In both these cases, the competition with the Airbus was stiff, the outcome was uncertain, and Boeing was pressed hard to match attractive European terms and conditions. Boeing was taking nothing for granted; in April of 1978, another major American carrier, Eastern Air Lines, had bought twenty-five A300s and had taken options for nine more—an event that sent a shock wave through America's aircraft industry and parts of its government as well. (Eastern has since ordered twenty-five more A300s.) In 1979, Airbus Industrie sold more wide-bodied airplanes than any American company—even Boeing—and did so again in 1981. Boeing and Airbus Industrie were by then competing fiercely for the expanding markets beyond Europe and America. The Airbuses have sold well in these markets—well enough to give the consortium a broad customer base. Among the other suppliers, only Boeing has such a base in the world market, but this base was fashioned with sales of existing airplanes—707s, 727s, 737s, and 747s. Boeing's new products have not sold well outside the United States.

The Third World market consists mainly of small airlines, most of them nationally owned; they buy airplanes in small numbers, but each order for new equipment from these customers is a significant event for the airplane and engine suppliers. To give one example, in the early months of 1980 Boeing and Airbus fought hard for the sale of six wide-bodied twins to Kuwait Airways. The A310 was eventually selected over the 767, and Boeing was bitterly disappointed. Six airplanes sold takes the supplier that much further down the learning curve; more important, the outcome of one competitive struggle tends to influence others. And in November of 1980, just four months after the Kuwait decision, Middle East Airlines (M.E.A.), of Lebanon, faced with the same choice of new airplanes, ordered five A310s and took options for fourteen more. A month or so earlier, Saudia, which is Saudi Arabia's airline, had reached a decision to order eleven A300s but hadn't announced it; again, the competing airplane was Boeing's 767. Next, Kuwait Airways increased its order of A310s from six to eleven.

The president and chief executive of Airbus Industrie is Bernard Lathière, a fifty-three-year-old former *haut fonctionnaire*, who once directed France's civil-aviation authority, and he is an effective advocate of his company's interests, particularly with participating governments. Lathière, a jovial and expansive man, discusses business in a suite of offices that take up part of the second floor of a town house near the Seine in a fashionable Left Bank neighborhood. About the Middle East sales, he says, with considerable

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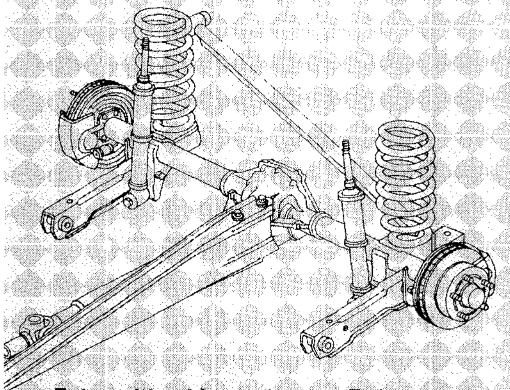

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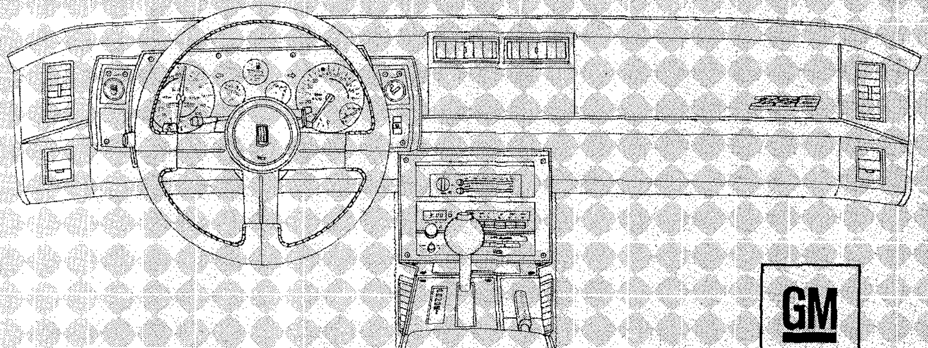

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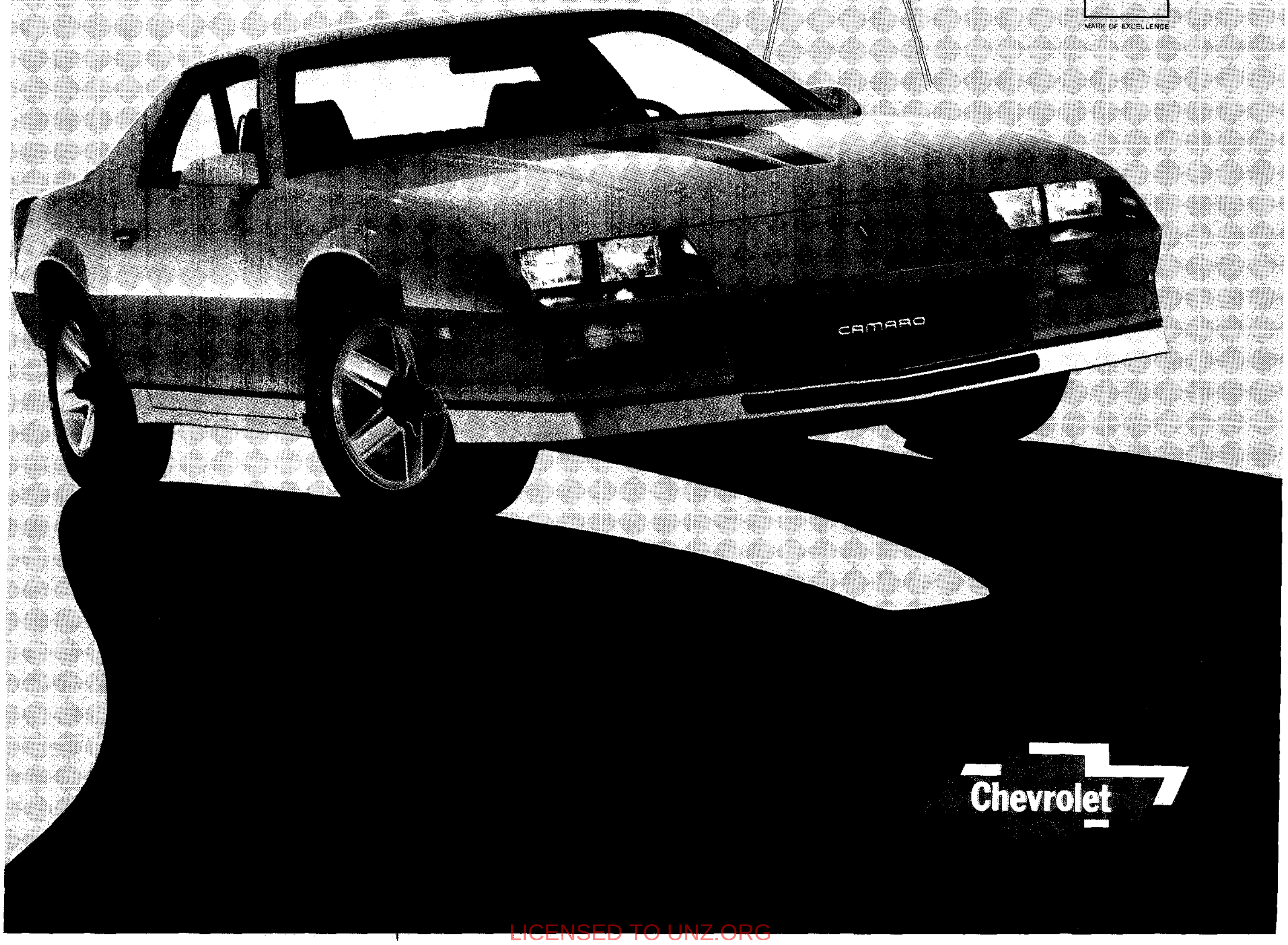

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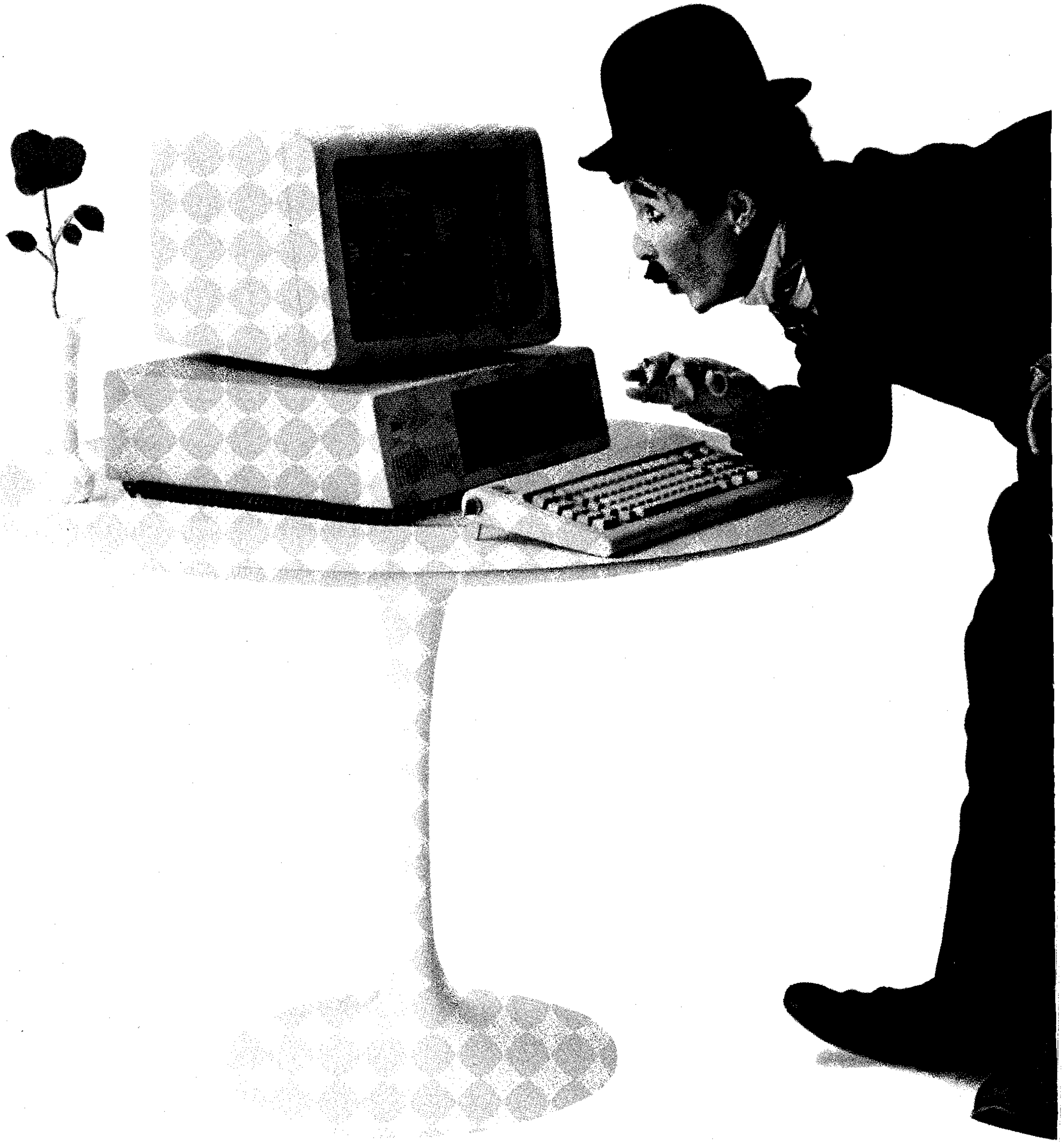

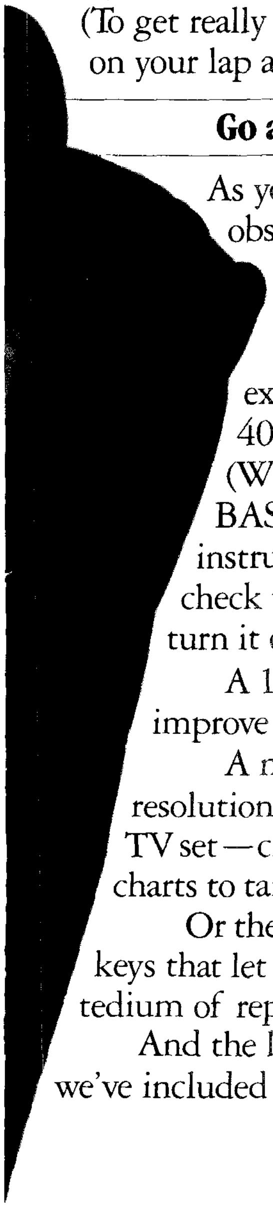

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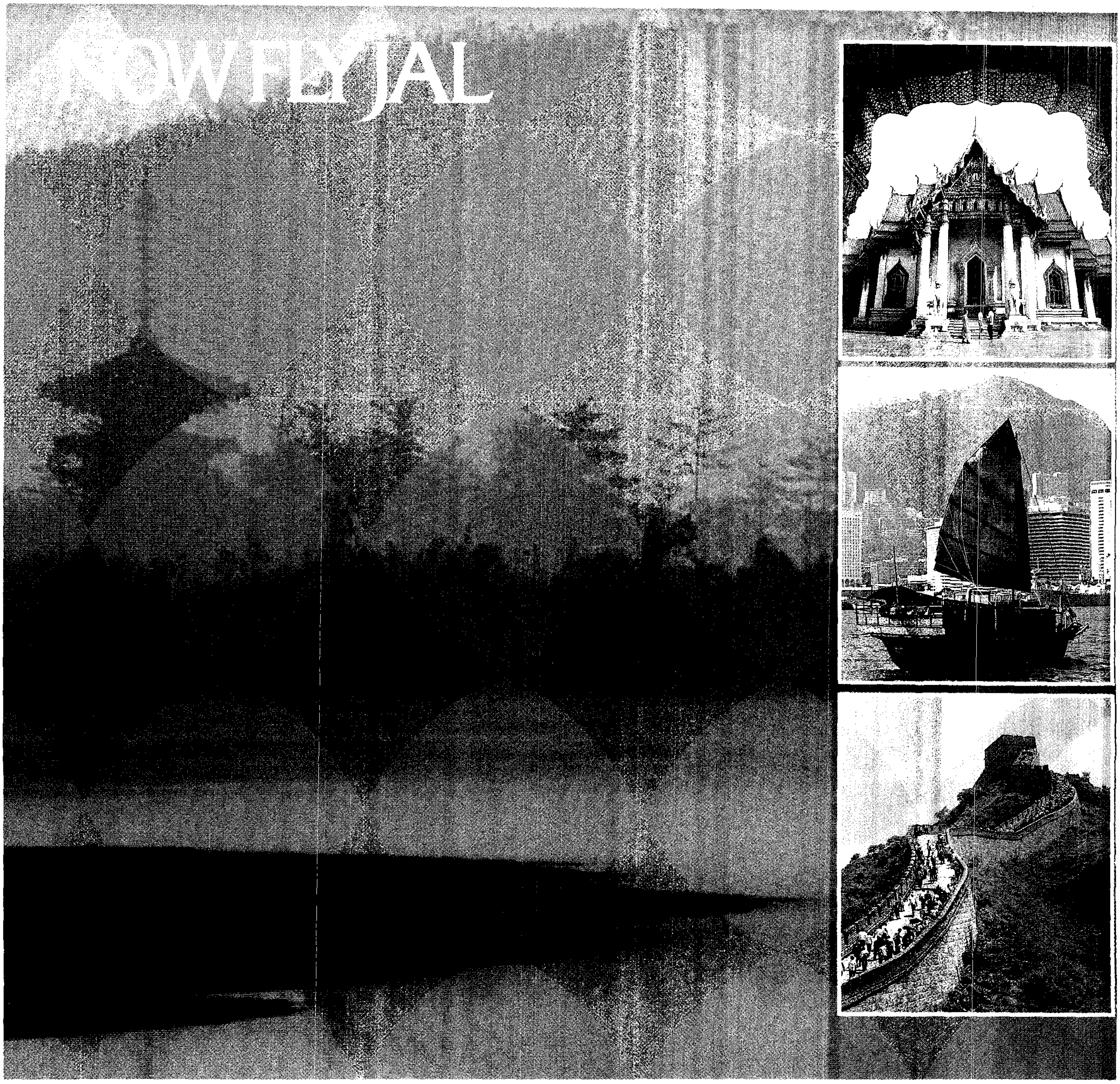

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zest, "These were three big battles, and we won them all." His company's coup—forty-one airplanes ordered, including those on option, at roughly forty million dollars each—drew little attention in the United States; it coincided roughly with and was obscured by the order from Delta Air Lines for sixty Boeing 757s, the most widely publicized and discussed of the industry's transactions in recent years. Yet, as Lathière notes, "Kuwait Airways had been a Boeing airline," flying only Boeing aircraft, its people trained by Boeing. For marketing strategy and operations, Lathière relied heavily on an American named George Warde, who was the president of American Airlines from 1972 to 1974 and became a senior vice-president of Airbus Industrie in 1975. Warde recently left Airbus and became president of Continental Air Lines. He began his professional life in 1940 as an apprentice mechanic with American, and now, at sixty, he is as expansive as Lathière and as authentically American in his style as Lathière is French in his. Warde was more familiar than his European colleagues with the ins and outs of selling airplanes and providing after-sales service. He, Lathière, and Roger Béteille, who as general manager is in charge of the Airbus program and may be the most formidable promoter of its fortunes, were an impressive team. They sought to create a network of customer airlines stretching westward from Japan toward Europe. In effect, they have been selling Airbuses along this so-called "silk route" as replacements for older airplanes, most of them Boeing's, and, more to the point, have been keeping their only competition—Boeing's new airplanes—out of most of these markets. By early 1980, the Airbus network was largely in place except for a wide gap in the Middle East. Now Lathière and his associates believe that their victories there in 1980, combined with earlier sales of the A300 to Egyptair, complete their Asia-to-Europe base, and they will continue to build on it.

A successful airplane program relies on momentum: the supplier strives for a "cascade" of orders that will establish his airplane as the one to beat. Each of the suppliers estimates the world market for new airplanes over a period of several years and the airlines' aggregate need for capital in the same period. Most such forecasts project a need over the next decade for roughly four thousand medium-range and medium-to-long-range airplanes, varying in size from a hundred and fifty seats to two hundred and seventy seats, and costing, in 1981 dollars, anywhere between a hundred and ten and two hundred and twenty-five billion dollars. (The spread points up, among other things, the futility of estimating how much airlines will actually be able to spend to meet their needs.) These planes will be the A310 and the 767, with about two hundred seats, and the A300, with about two hundred and fifty; the only single-aisle airplane in this class is Boeing's 757, with between a hundred and eighty and two hundred and fifty-seat airplane does not yet exist. The three-engine, three-hundred-seat airplanes built by Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas probably won't be factors. The major struggle will pit Boeing against the Europeans, who have sold over five hundred Airbuses to forty-four airlines. (Over three hundred of these have actually been ordered; the rest have been taken on option.) All told, the Europeans expect to sell from nine hundred to a thousand.

Europe's success is the more impressive, especially to worried American companies, for being unexpected. The production runs of the European airplanes have averaged less than a hundred, compared with about four hundred and fifty for the American ones. Some of the European programs were government-owned ventures and some were private; some—like France's Caravelle, the first short-haul commercial jet—were technologically ahead of America's. Developing each of them cost a lot of money, little of which was recovered in most cases, if only because the European companies, having sold so few units, never obtained the cost benefits of descending the learning curve. But the Airbus program, according to its dedicated leadership, will be different. While it may well be, the larger question concerns not the airplane but the company, Airbus Industrie. Its role as the No. 2 supplier of airplanes after Boeing is secure. What isn't clear is whether it is destined to be fully equal to Boeing or a contented second.

It is likely that during the next few years Boeing will maintain its lead over all other suppliers combined. Airbus's potential, although it is considerable, may be somewhat limited. "We can't succeed by being Boeing,"

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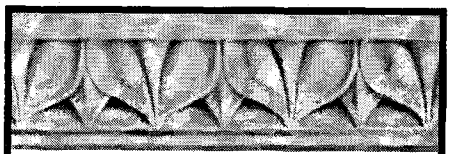

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Lathière says. "However, a large part of our success is the need of airlines for two sources. If they buy 747s, they will want another supplier for the shorter-range airplanes." Lathière means that since only Boeing currently makes an airplane as large as the 747, the customers have an obvious interest in having two suppliers competing for the trade in smaller airplanes. The airlines of the world, including those in the United States, fear becoming dependent on Boeing. If they buy Boeing's new airplanes, they wish to do so in a competitive environment.

It is unlikely that Airbus Industrie will match Boeing product for product. It will probably develop a family of airplanes, but a smaller family than Boeing's. Béteille and the other senior Airbus people are aiming at holding a thirty-per-cent share of the world market; they concede Boeing a better than fifty-per-cent share for now. The differences between a multinational European consortium and a successful, highly competitive American company are deep and abiding. Boeing, if it chooses (and its board of directors agrees), can bet the company on a new airplane. For any such large decisions, Airbus Industrie requires approval of the French, German, and British governments—a consensus that is hard to obtain on any subject. Conversations with government officials and bureaucrats in London, Paris, and Bonn indicate that on many issues, such as whether to launch new airplane programs, there are strong differences of opinion between Britain and France, neither of which seems to be on the same wavelength as its German partner. That is hardly surprising, for the German aircraft companies are smaller than their French and British counterparts—Aérospatiale and British Aerospace—and, more important, the German companies are, for the most part, privately owned, and are less willing than the almost wholly government-owned French company to pour money into projects of doubtful profitability. (Production costs are higher in Europe, and airplane programs there normally lose even more money than American ones do.) Boeing, however, usually operates with a sure sense of what it is doing.

For Airbus Industrie to compete effectively against Boeing over a period of years is likely to require both more coherence and more effort than the company has demonstrated so far. A French bureaucrat who knows the United States well and envies Ameri-

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can companies their freedom says, "Government-owned aircraft companies have a problem, because the O.M.B. types"—a reference to Washington's Office of Management and Budget—"in Europe don't understand what an up-and-down business this really is. If one year is good, they don't understand why the next one isn't good, even though the market may have absorbed most of the airplanes it currently needs."

The three Airbus Industrie governments—along with Spain, which has a four-per-cent share in the consortium—are united in their strong commitment to the commercial success of the Airbus program and to some important goals that that success serves. It promotes favorable trade and payments balances in these countries by offering European and other airlines alternatives to American airplanes, and it discourages the so-called brain drain—the migration of skilled European engineers to America's aerospace industry. Continuing European success in the commercial-airplane business will divide the market with America for a product that is not only supremely advanced in its technological attributes but as visible politically, and as important, as any other single product. Yet unexpected success, like unexpected competition, can be disconcerting; the political importance of the Airbus has become great enough to dramatize and perhaps enlarge the risks of launching another European airplane, which might restore the status quo ante by failing commercially. And the risks are even larger since the governments (especially the French and the British) share fundamental political and social interests, some of which inhibit thoughts of betting the company à la Boeing.

Employment is a consideration even more important than global prestige. American aircraft companies lay off portions of their work forces when business falls off; people are rehired if business improves. In Europe, unemployment is a more serious matter; there the labor force of a given industry, and especially a government-owned industry, is not allowed either to grow or to diminish appreciably. Growth beyond a certain point carries the unacceptable risk of institutionalized unemployment; the aim is to maintain a stable labor force, and in the aircraft industry that means, among other things, having a large backlog of orders. The backlog is more an end in itself than it would be

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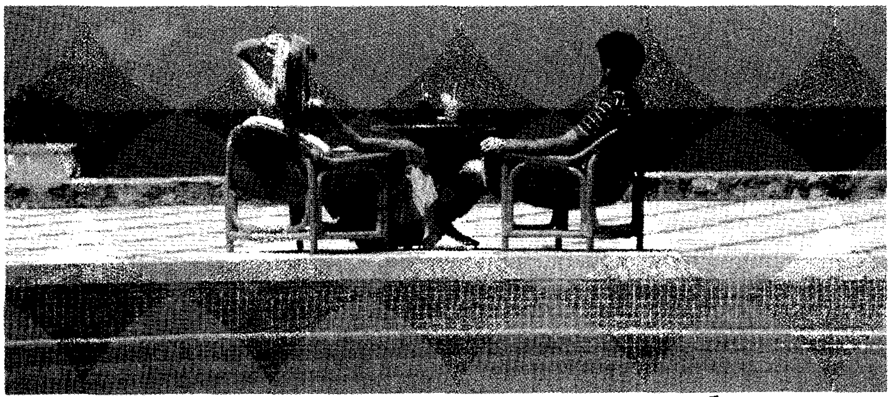

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for an American company, and this is particularly true of Boeing, which increases production—and its labor force—at whatever rate is needed to keep pace with orders and thereby advance the day when an airplane begins to pay its way. It is far more difficult for Europeans to increase production—at the rate and on the scale that Boeing can do it, at least. Within Airbus Industrie, production is increasing steadily, but the backlog of orders for new airplanes is large and growing; welcome though the backlog is, meeting delivery schedules will be another important test of the company's ability to compete with Boeing, which rarely misses a delivery date. One incident created by the Boeing-Airbus competition is revealing. The two rivals had battled through most of 1979 for an order from Trans World Airlines for ten wide-bodied twins, plus options for ten more. The airline was considering the Boeing 767 and Europe's A310, and it wanted to begin taking deliveries in June of 1983. Because the two airplanes are similar in capacity and performance characteristics, T.W.A.'s decision was going to be more heavily influenced than usual by price and financial terms. And, too, the airline's financial position was weak even by industry standards. About two weeks before T.W.A.'s board was to meet—on December 4 and 5, 1979—to approve one of the aircraft, it appeared that Airbus Industrie would win: on Thanksgiving Day, T.W.A.'s president, C. E. Meyer, shook hands with Lathière at an airport hotel in London to seal an informal understanding they had reached on the central issue—financing. Then, exactly one week before the board meeting, Boeing made a new and ingenious offer, which turned the tide in its favor. (The offer matched Airbus Industrie's financing and committed Boeing to pay a penalty to T.W.A. if the 767's fuel consumption wasn't less than the A310's.) T.W.A.'s board approved Meyer's recommendation to buy the 767 instead of the A310. The European reaction was curiously muted, especially in the light of the Meyer-Lathière handshake, which—accompanied, as it was, by the clinking of glasses of champagne—had seemed to indicate a decisive breakthrough. There was some disappointment in Europe and a feeling that Boeing would do anything, at whatever cost to itself, to avoid losing another major American carrier to the Europeans. But among

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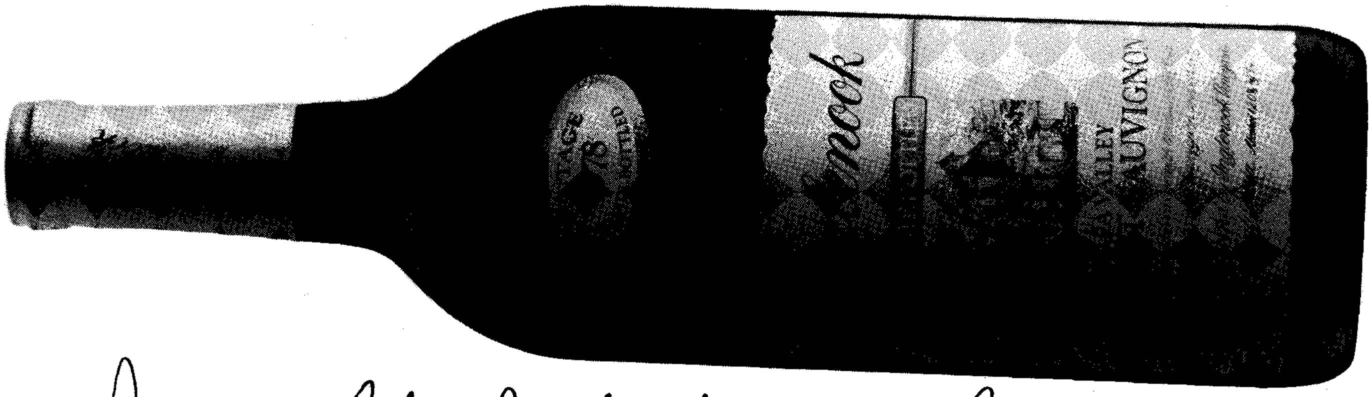

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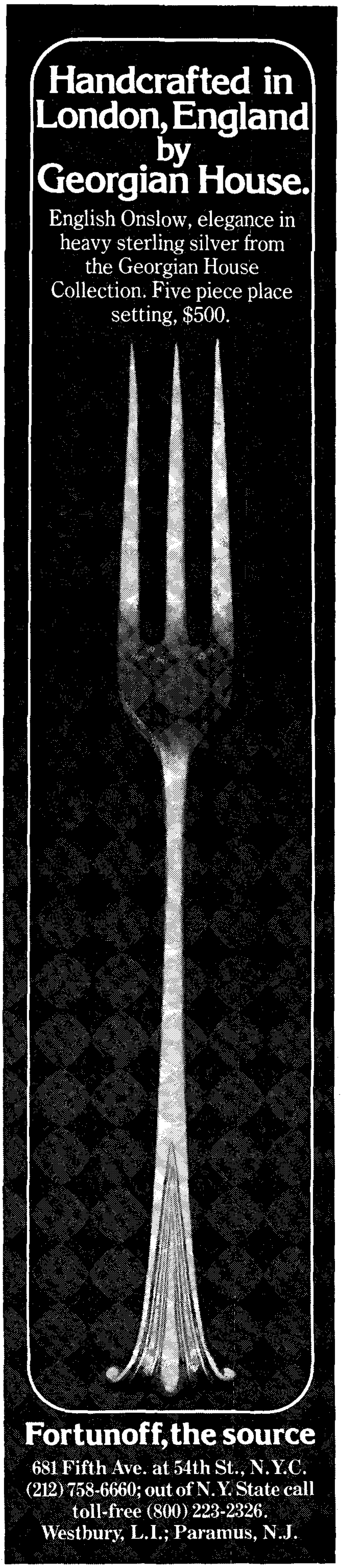
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some elements of Airbus Industrie, especially in Germany, there was actually relief that the T.W.A. deal had been lost—relief arising from a concern that the consortium would not have been able to meet the delivery schedule that had been offered to T.W.A.

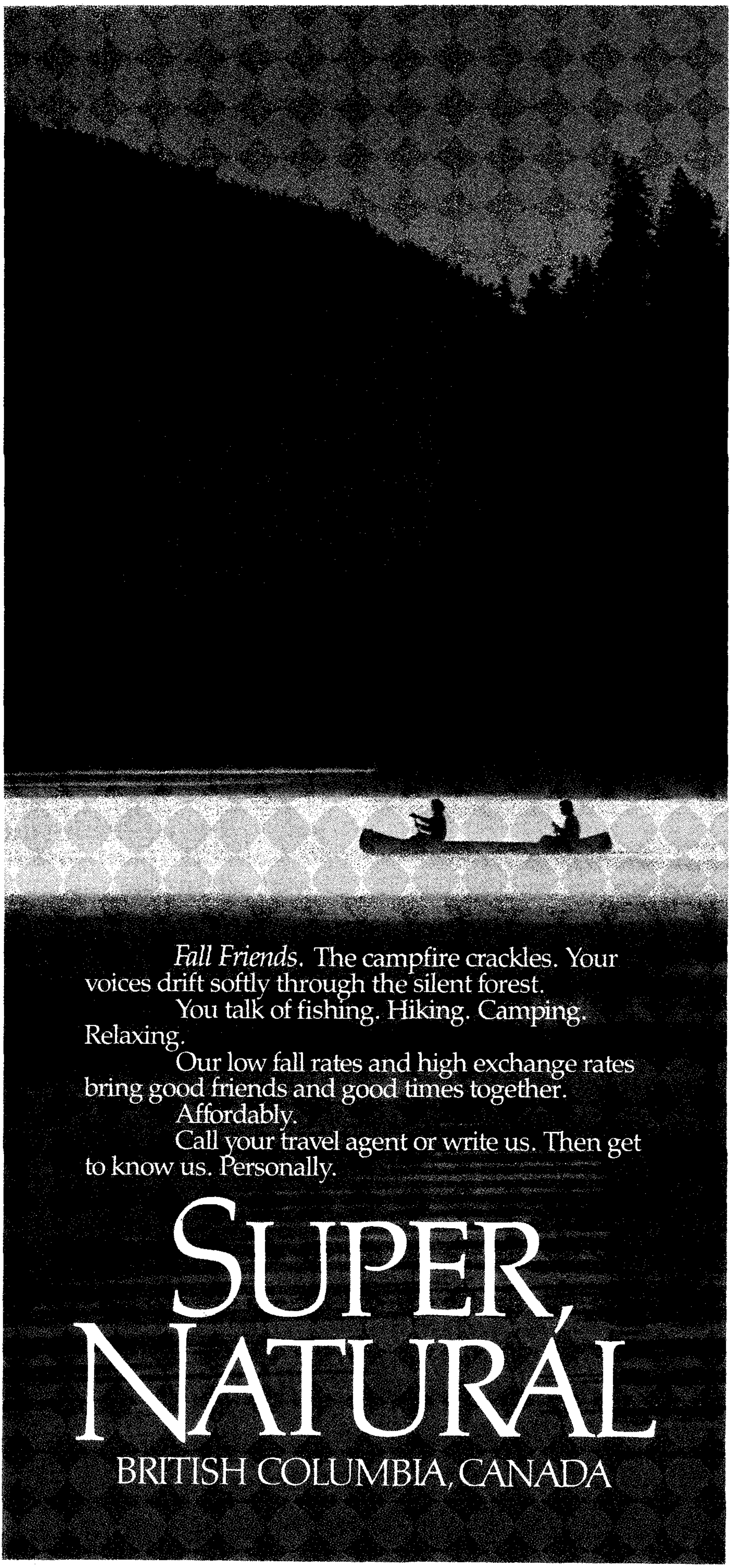
At the time of the T.W.A. affair, the Europeans were producing fewer than three Airbuses a month, whereas Boeing's assorted airplanes were being assembled at the remarkable rate of twenty-eight a month. Airbus Industrie's production rose to almost five a month in 1981 and to six in 1982, and is expected to reach seven in 1983. The goal is to turn out ten airplanes a month in 1985. Even if that goal is reached, however, the consortium will not be in a position to compete with Boeing on the same scale. There are too many constraints. European industry, on the whole, has a more conservative attitude toward investment in plant and equipment than American industry, which is accustomed to committing large sums and accepting large risks. Each of the partners in Airbus Industrie has its own limitations. In Britain, it is low productivity—a problem widely known as the British disease. The British aircraft industry's labor force is much the biggest and perhaps the most experienced and most versatile in Europe, but low productivity adds to the huge costs associated with new airplane programs, and has an inhibiting effect. In Germany, productivity is high—higher than elsewhere in Europe—but the aircraft industry there is much smaller than it is in Britain or France, and the Airbus is less important in the German scheme of things than in the French, even though the French and German shares in the program are equal. German bankers and the relevant German companies are less willing than their government-run counterparts in France to contemplate new airplane programs and to embrace Boeing's "family" concept. The German preference is for maintaining the momentum of the Airbus by making sure that production and delivery schedules do not slip and by creating variants, including a stretched version, rather than new airplanes.

The French have set the loftiest goals for Airbus Industrie; they also have a proprietary attitude toward the company and the airplanes, which irritates their partners. The French are committed to the "family" concept, and are devising means of overcoming limits on the capacity of the Airbus consortium. Yet they themselves are limited by a reluctance to expand the capable work force of their aircraft industry, given the industry's cyclical nature and the heavy cost of institutionalized unemployment. Laying off workers in a publicly owned enterprise obliges the government to continue paying ninety per cent of their wages for a year, and comprehensive health and welfare benefits as well. There is also a hard political edge to France's anxiety about unemployment, not least in the aircraft industry. In May of 1968, when France was paralyzed for weeks by what started as a student outburst, the first workers to join the student radicals were the aircraft-industry workers in Nantes, who seized managers and took control of factories, where they raised red flags. The major part of the industry is concentrated in Toulouse, which is the site of the main aircraft factories of Aérospatiale, the French member of the Airbus consortium. The city is in a region that inclines to the left politically—certainly more so than most other parts of the country.

In Seattle, matters are less complicated. Boeing's Dean Thornton said, before various setbacks darkened the company's hopes, that "peak production of the 767 will be eight and one-half airplanes per month," and added that if demand for the 767 should exceed the company's expectations the production rate would rise above the estimated peak. This is the sort of matter-of-fact, unqualified assertion that only Boeing executives make; it distinguishes Boeing from any competitor, whether American or European. The Boeing Company exudes confidence in its powers and something approaching indifference to practical limits; its competitors speak more cautiously and generally about prospects, and are far from indifferent to the practical limits of their trade and the agonies that new airplane programs may cause. In sum, between Boeing and its chief competitor, Airbus Industrie, there is an important difference (which has faded a bit as a result of the Airbus's success but is likely to remain a factor). This difference is that Boeing regards its airplanes as revenue-earners making other new airplanes possible, while European governments take comfort and satisfaction from the very existence of an airplane program and the employment it provides. The question is whether the Europeans will do what is required to compete against the Americans on roughly equal terms at the leading edge of advanced industrial technology. The stakes for both sides are enormous, the implications for the range of their basic interests obvious.

The success of the Airbus has increased Europe's confidence in its ability to compete against the Americans; and Boeing, despite its remarkable accomplishments and determined style, does have serious problems—problems that could embolden a competitor of rising confidence. The market for the 747, Boeing's largest and most expensive airplane—the company's "cash cow"—is soft. And the American airline industry is still having a terrible time, and is not buying new aircraft at the rate it ought to be, given the fact that fuel prices dictate a shift to more economical airplanes. A year or so ago, the big carriers couldn't afford to buy the new aircraft they needed. Now the situation is much worse, with some of Boeing's major customers stepping back from orders they had placed. American, for example, has cancelled an order for fifteen 757s, and Richard Ferris announced on May 25th that United might cancel or postpone the delivery of twenty 767s and, if necessary, might even cancel the remaining nineteen airplanes in its order, which is worth almost two billion dollars to Boeing. Some of the planes have already been produced, and others are being assembled. There arises the question of whether Boeing will be able to bear the cost of both developing new models and helping domestic airlines to buy them—a practice that has included lending money to customers. (Boeing is reported to have lent Braniff nearly a hundred million dollars a few years ago and has not been paid back.) The head of Boeing's commercial-airplane operations, E. H. Boullioun—an acute and very direct man, aged sixty-three, whom everyone calls Tex—says of these financing arrangements, "We are at the end of that road. We will very soon be accumulating a large inventory," and adds, in reference to the 767s and the 757s, "and won't begin to get back any of our investment in the airplanes any time soon." He concludes, "If the airlines can't finance their purchases, we will have to slow down."

Because the costs of developing the 767s and the 757s are peaking, Boeing



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is now annually spending about a billion dollars more than it is taking in. The cash flow will reverse when deliveries of the new lines achieve some momentum, but by then Boeing will be borrowing heavily, and will probably be out of cash. Early in 1982, its bond rating slipped. The company's problems have been obscured by its striking success. It is America's leading exporter. At one point, in 1980, the market value of Boeing's stock exceeded the market value of the stock of all the domestic airlines put together. And now that the company is complaining about the foreign sales it has lost, particularly in the Middle East, some say that Boeing is spoiled or has lost perspective; a share of the world market that exceeds fifty per cent, which would once have seemed far beyond the company's most exalted goal, does not appear to satisfy it. However, a view of the situation that merely compares Boeing's market share with Airbus Industrie's smaller share is misleading. The airliner business is as strategic as it is commercial, particularly from the point of view of the European governments that for many years have covered their company's considerable losses. Employment aside, these governments, it bears repeating, see the business in terms of economic and political advantages: lasting commercial benefits flow from the high technologies that are exploited, and the prestige of the supplier countries is enhanced through sales of the airplanes abroad. Boeing has historically relied on the market beyond the United States for more than half its sales—a pattern that has become more pronounced in recent years. As of January 1, 1982, Boeing had sold a total of three thousand four hundred and one of the most modern of its airplanes now in service—the 727s, 737s, and 747s. Of these, carriers outside the United States bought about one-third of the 727s, two-thirds of the 737s, and well over two-thirds of the 747s. With its domestic competition fading, Boeing is, of course, doing even better than before at home, but it worries about the trend in the overseas market —the more so since the areas in which air travel is growing most rapidly are the Far East, the Middle East, Africa, and Latin America. (Boeing's salesmen see Southeast Asia as the fastest-growing market.) The airlines in these areas are expanding their operations and are having a good deal of success at the expense of the American and European carriers, which once

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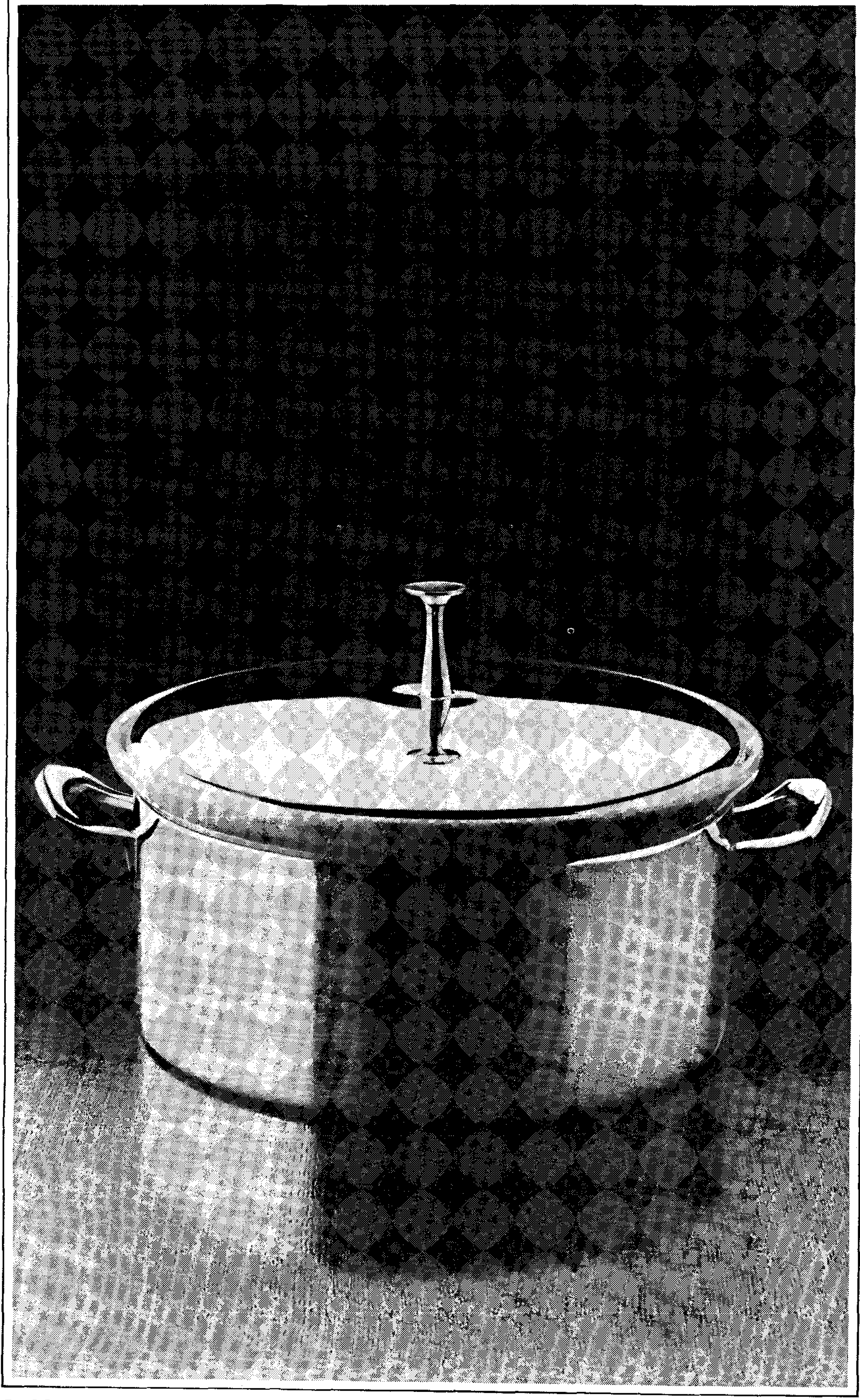

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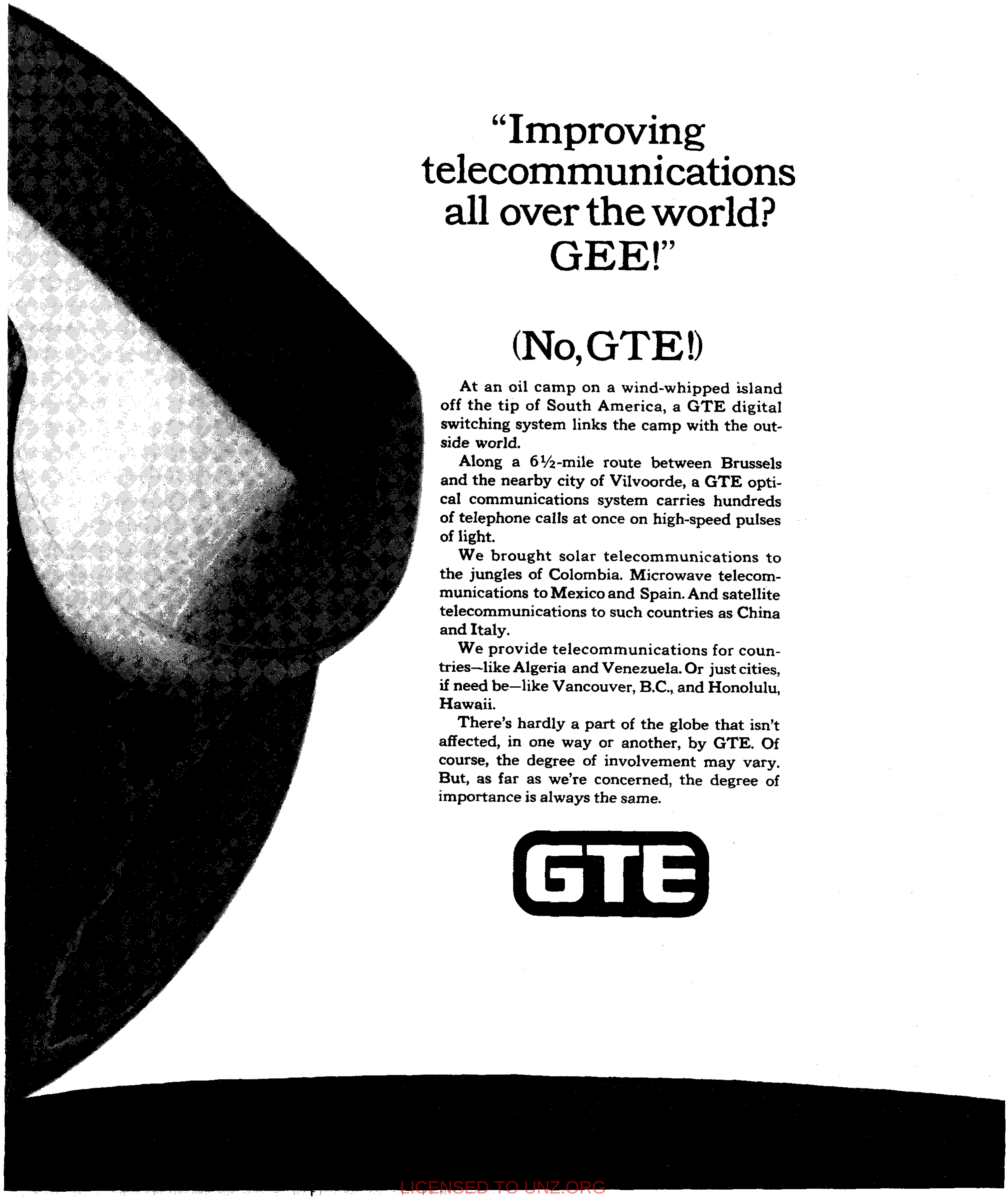

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overshadowed them. In 1981, the biggest single order for new airplanes—eight 747s and six Airbuses—was placed by Singapore Airlines.

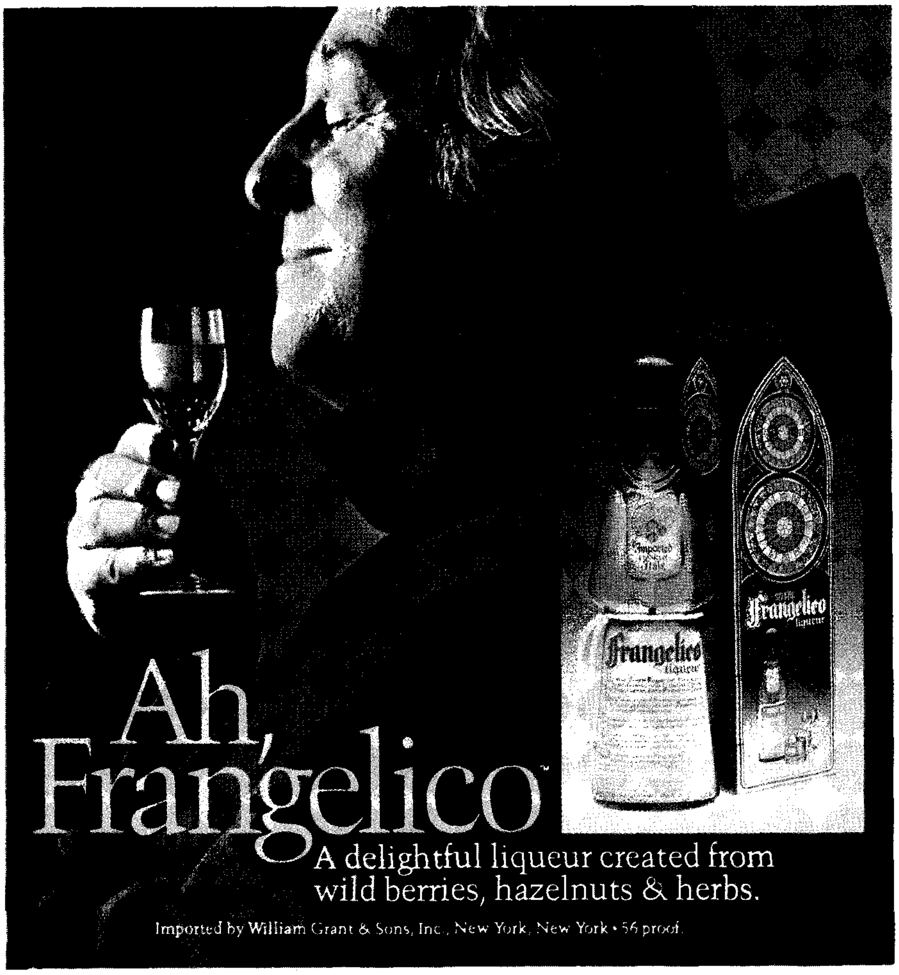
Probably the most important of these airlines to Boeing and Airbus Industrie are the ones that lie along the "silk route." Boeing's 767s and 757s have been all but shut out of this market by the success of the Europeans, who have sold A300s and A310s not only to the Middle Eastern carriers but to Indian Airlines, Korean Air Lines, Malaysian Airlines, Pakistan International, Philippine Airlines, Singapore Airlines, and Thai Airways International. Farther south, Garuda Indonesian and Trans-Australia have also ordered Airbuses. Lathière says, "The biggest share of the wide-body market now belongs to us." For Boeing, the loss of the Middle Eastern market is particularly disturbing; and it was unexpected. Kuwait Airways, as Lathière said, has been a Boeing-trained airline, flying only Boeing airplanes. Middle East Airlines has also been a Boeing airline. Saudia's main supplier has been Boeing. Richard Welch, of Boeing's Commercial Airplane Company, says, "Boeing did not anticipate losing the Middle East—for sure." Dean Thornton elaborates, saying, "Boeing had counted on delivering airplanes"—767s, that is—"in the Middle East in the 1983-84 period. The delivery positions had been earmarked. This reversal cuts back, if not eliminates, chances of bumping up the peak production rate of the 767"—a possibility that Thornton had mentioned to me several months earlier.

As for why Boeing lost the Middle Eastern orders, the two companies offer quite different explanations. The Airbus people, predictably, say that the better of the two airplanes won; Boeing, just as predictably, rejects that claim. Lathière says that his strategy was to persuade the airlines that "they had better buy Airbus, because that is all there is in Europe and Asia." He was referring to wide-bodied twins, not to long-range aircraft, such as the 747, and he meant that neighboring airlines found advantages in "commonality"—in having access to one another's spare parts and maintenance services. Advantages of this kind allow airlines to cut their costs, and Boeing has exploited commonality as successfully as any other supplier. Welch agrees that "no airline wants to be an orphan," and adds, "Boeing's strength has been in blanketing the world market, or creating the impression of doing that." Boeing's position is that what happened in the Middle East had little to do with the merits of the competing airplanes or the virtues of commonality. Instead, Boeing is convinced, a combination of artful intervention by Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, who was then President of France, and weakness in Washington created this high point in the fortunes of its rival. Specifically, Boeing believes that Kuwait's order was lost partly because Giscard, during a visit to Kuwait in March of 1980, tempted his hosts by proposing a number of joint commercial arrangements, including French investment in a petrochemical plant in Kuwait and Kuwaiti investment in some real estate in Paris. These arrangements, Boeing contends, were what led Kuwait's government to reverse a recommendation by its airline's board of directors to buy the 767.

Boeing also feels that misguided and arbitrary application of a United States statute restricting exports to countries that support terrorism undercut its position in the Middle East and elsewhere. The government has in fact refused export licenses for Boeing aircraft to Libya and South Yemen, and for a long time it delayed the approval of licenses for Boeing aircraft to Iraq and Syria. These actions were taken not because the government agencies directly involved—the State and Commerce Departments—thought that it was a good idea but because of pressure brought to bear by a handful of people in Congress. The decision to impose these restrictions was made at the highest level of the Carter Administration, even though Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher had spent a good deal of time on Capitol Hill trying to explain that blocking the sale of commercial aircraft was not likely to discourage terrorism but that it could penalize America's trading position.

Boeing's assessment of its problems in the Middle East is mostly wrong. Its belief that Giscard's commercial proposals were instrumental is wrong, for Kuwait is more than able to develop arrangements of that kind on its own initiative. It's true that Giscard did use state visits as occasions for promoting Airbus sales—a practice that embarrassed his British and German partners. Boeing did not lose the Kuwait order for commercial reasons, however, or because its price was less competitive, or on the relative merits of the airplanes. Boeing lost it for political reasons. Giscard's visit actually was decisive—not for what he offered but for what he said in Kuwait and in the other Arab countries he visited in March of 1980, including Bahrain, Qatar, United Arab Emirates, Jordan, and Saudi Arabia. Everywhere he went, he told audiences what they most wished to hear. Israel, he indicated, should withdraw from the Arab territories it had occupied since 1967; the rights of the Palestinian people, including the right of self-determination, had to be assured, and this meant involving them, probably through the Palestine Liberation Organization, in negotiations. Never before had the chief of state of a major Western nation aligned himself directly with the position that unites all the peoples of the Middle East except Israel. (Giscard's statements foreshadowed a position that France and other European countries took formally within the European Community framework three months later, and that put them in conflict with American policy. But strong anti-Giscard sentiment among French Jews helped to elect François Mitterrand as President in 1981.) The timing of Giscard's visit to Kuwait—March 1st through 3rd—could not have been worse for Boeing: March 1st was the day the United Nations Security Council unanimously approved a resolution calling on Israel to dismantle its settlements in the Arab territories and Jerusalem, which it has occupied since 1967; the resolution also "deplored" Israel's settlement policy. But on March 3rd President Carter reversed America's position, and withdrew its support for the resolution—an action that inflamed public opinion in the Arab states and deepened the impact of Giscard's visit. Even before the visit was completed, Boeing, although it was apparently unaware of the fact, could no longer compete in the Middle East on equal terms with a French-led European consortium.

The drama played itself out over the next ten weeks. Kuwait Airways had for some time been studying the characteristics of the 767 and the A310 along with the financial terms that Boeing and Airbus Industrie were offering—and were regularly adjusting in order to remain competitive with each other. Neither was going to per-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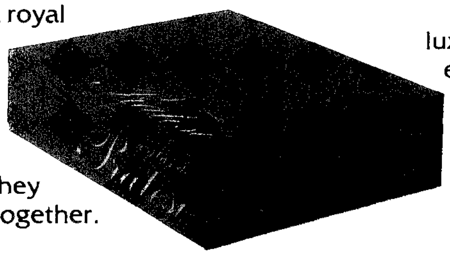

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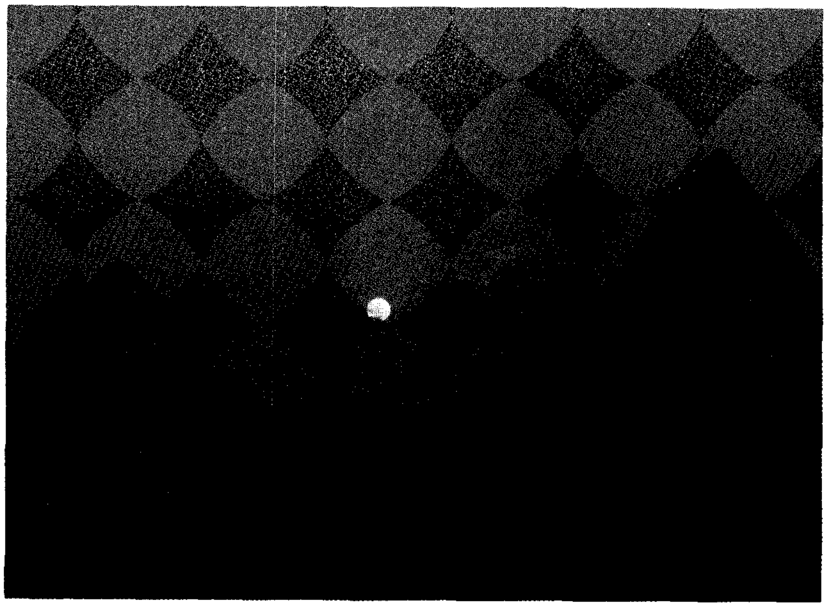

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mit the other to offer a more attractive financial package. At some point, probably in late April or early May, the board of directors of Kuwait Airways met to make a recommendation to the government, which owns the airline. The airplanes had by then been judged to be very close; either, it was felt, would be a good selection. A majority of the board voted to recommend the 767. At that point, the Minister of Finance, Abdulahman Salem Al Ateeqi, became the dominant figure. Al Ateeqi is known to be a devout Muslim, emotional on the Palestine question, and competent. The American Embassy in Kuwait sensed that Boeing's fortunes had abruptly declined, and volunteered to provide whatever assistance it could if the company wished to send a senior official to Kuwait. This message, along with a recommendation to act on it, was sent to Seattle from Washington. Boeing's president, Malcolm Stamper, arrived in Kuwait on May 15th; he was accompanied by Clarence F. Wilde, the vice-president for sales and marketing. Apparently, they were too late; Al Ateeqi was by then edging the decision away from Boeing.

The decision in favor of Airbus Industrie was taken formally soon after Stamper's visit; it was announced in Paris a few weeks later, on June 27th, by Lathière and Al Ateeqi. The gist of the official explanation conveyed by Kuwait's government to the American Embassy was that "the French have a more reasonable understanding of the Middle East situation." Most of the Airbus people shrug off this view or reject it altogether. Lathière, however, concedes that "Giscard's visit and the speeches were a help." Indeed, they maneuvered the Boeing-Airbus competition out of context and squarely into Middle East politics; suddenly, Boeing was saddled with the burden of thirty years of American policy, which is seen throughout the Arabian Peninsula as unsympathetic to Palestinian interests. Kuwait, like a number of Arab states, has a sizable Palestinian population—about three hundred thousand. And 1980 was, of course, a United States election year—and in election years American policy seems to Arabs to tilt even more strongly toward Israel.

The Kuwait affair quickened the shift in momentum to the Europeans that had begun with Giscard's visit. An American diplomat who followed these events says that Middle East Airlines (M.E.A.) and Saudia "hid

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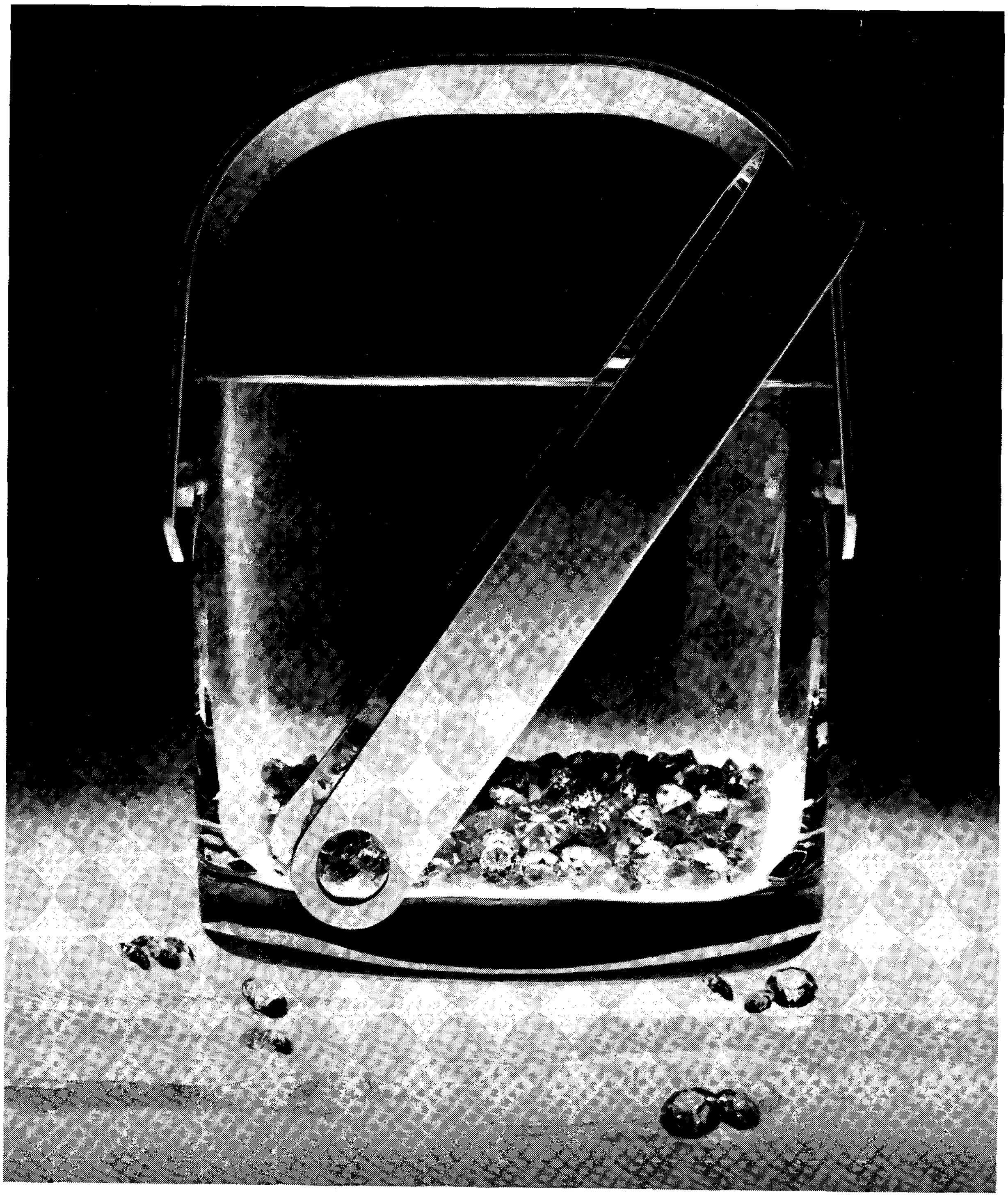

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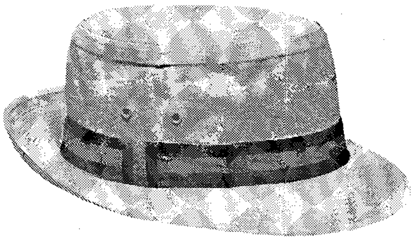

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behind Kuwait's decision and told Boeing that a trend toward Airbus had been established." But few things in the Middle East are free of complexity, and other, more obscure considerations seem also to have worked in favor of the Europeans. In the case of Saudi Arabia, Boeing may have played its hand there badly by pressing its case too little and in too few places. George Warde's spirits rose when he noticed that Boeing seemed to be avoiding the country and its royal family. Actually, Boeing's chief executive, T. (the "T" is for Thornton, but he is known throughout the aviation world as "T."), Wilson, twice scheduled a visit in this period but cancelled it both times, because he was unable to arrange meetings with two key figures—Prince Sultan, the Minister of Defense and Aviation, and Kamil Sindi, who manages civil aviation. People familiar with decision-making in Saudi Arabia stress the importance of building the widest possible support within the royal family and among its advisers, but Boeing made little effort in that direction, because, according to Tex Boullioun, certain problems that major American airplane suppliers had had in the region seemed to argue for working through an outside third party—a distributorship. Boullioun now says flatly, "We made a mistake." Boeing, he says, will go back to dealing directly with the authorities in Saudi Arabia.

Saudia's decision was announced on December 18, 1980—two months or so after it had been made. Warde and his associates, after winning Kuwait's order and discovering that they would also win Saudia's, did not expect to prevail in Beirut; they felt that Boeing could not afford to lose all three orders, and, at whatever cost, would in the end make sure that the price of its airplane to M.E.A. was the lower of the two, its financial package more attractive, and its performance guarantees fully competitive. But fortune as well as momentum was with the Europeans. When two competing airplanes are judged roughly equal both as machines and as revenue-earners, the selection is usually based on price and terms of payment. These, to put it mildly, are variables that emerge in their final form from the ebb and flow of competition. Ordinarily, each competition has its own sequential rhythm of offers, counteroffers, and special inducements. But the M.E.A. competition was different; there was no such process, because the airline requested sealed bids. It did so because some years earlier its chairman, Asad Nasr, was said to have accepted a sizable "commission" from Boeing in connection with the purchase of three 747s. Nasr, who was second-in-command at the time, said that he had accepted the funds on behalf of M.E.A. and had distributed them to M.E.A. employees. M.E.A.'s board accepted the explanation, and Nasr took control when the former chairman resigned. But the incident was not forgotten, and M.E.A., perhaps in order to avoid any similar misunderstanding or controversy in connection with the Boeing-Airbus competition, adopted the highly unusual procedure of requesting sealed bids. On November 7, 1980, Boullioun arrived in Beirut. Boullioun is the world's premier airplane salesman, and spends about half his time on the road proving just that. In Beirut, however, he had no opportunity to negotiate; he could only submit a sealed bid, leave town, and await the result elsewhere. More than two weeks later, on November 24th, M.E.A.'s board met, and in one day it considered the bids and chose the Airbus; Asad Nasr announced the decision in a press release. M.E.A. officials told Boeing that they had assigned a penalty of two million six hundred thousand dollars to the 767; that is, the cost of each Boeing airplane would exceed the quoted price by that amount. Their explanation was that no other airlines in the region were going to buy the 767, and that would mean no commonality—no spare parts to be traded back and forth in the more remote airports, where carriers tend to rely on one another in that way. Just how the sum of two million six hundred thousand dollars was calculated was not made clear, according to the Boeing people; one of them characterized the explanation as "the new law of maximum misery."

Boeing had lost a ballgame—indeed, a series—without having had a full turn at bat. And Airbus Industrie had completed its most important victory. Explicitly at stake was the value of the combined orders for new airplanes—about one and a half billion dollars, two-thirds of which is being paid in cash by Kuwait Airways and Saudia, for, unlike other airlines, they require no financing of their purchases. However, the significance of

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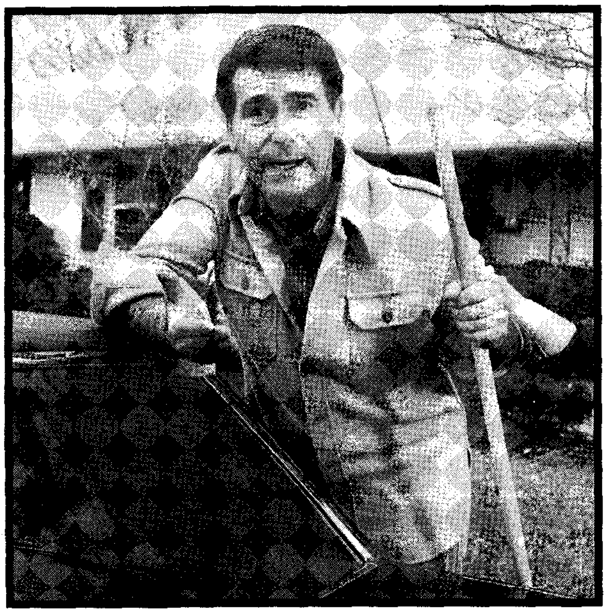

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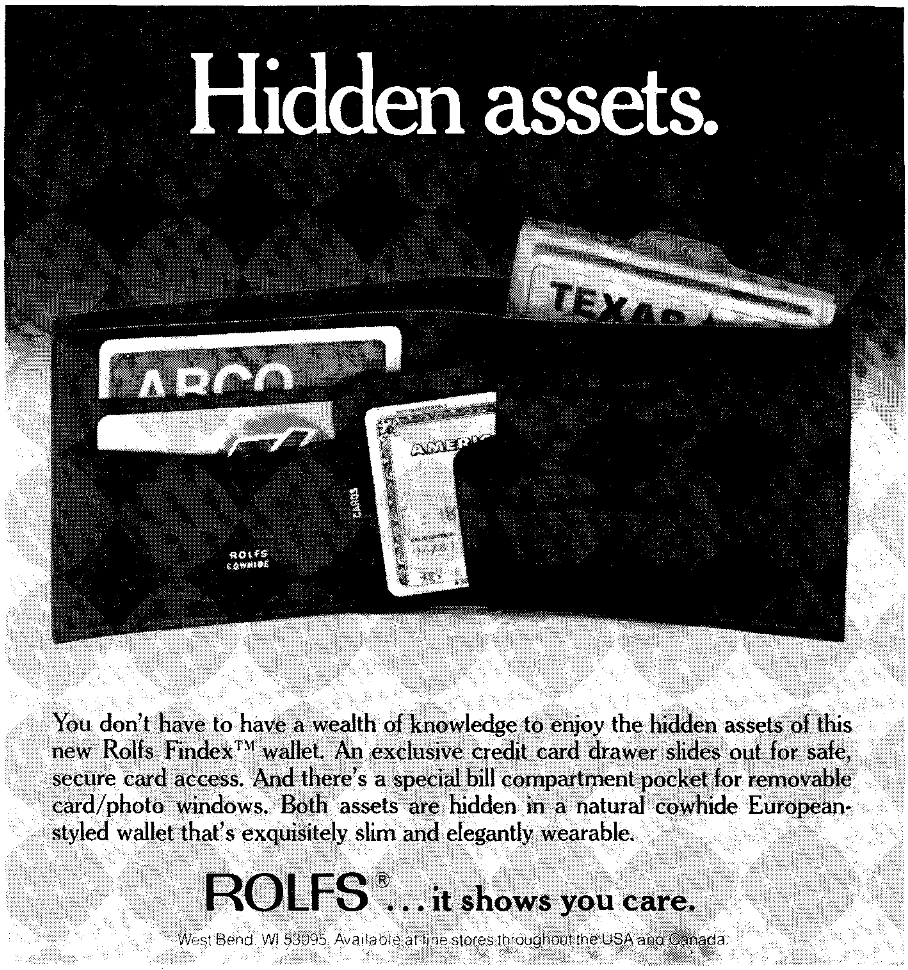
the Middle Eastern competition was far more strategic than commercial, and that is why it was so serious a reverse in Boeing's fortunes—the most serious in recent years.

In appraising its problems abroad, Boeing is justified in worrying about not being able to deliver airplanes to customer airlines whose governments are accused of supporting terrorism. The most questionable of the restrictions on export licenses—those involving Iraq and Syria—took effect too late to have influenced the orders that Boeing lost in the Middle East. But future competitions there and elsewhere could be affected; the State and Commerce Departments as well as Boeing believe that export restrictions create an impression of American unreliability. Richard Welch says, "When you buy airplanes, you are buying eighteen to twenty years of product support. Your customers cannot read the future." By that, he means that when a country buys airliners it doesn't expect to encounter limits on its freedom to buy more of them or on its access to spare parts. Suppliers estimate that an initial sale should amount to between a fourth and a third of the value of subsequent orders. Boeing's people worry that export restrictions might cause the company to lose many billions of dollars in new and follow-up orders from the Third World. The beneficiary, they say, would be their European competitor.

In arguing against export controls, Boeing has never distinguished among the countries affected by them. In Libya's case, however, government support for Boeing's position is muted, for the Libyans, after giving assurances that they would not use American-supplied airliners for military purposes, did use 727s to ferry troops to Uganda in support of Idi Amin. Now the government considers Libyan assurances worthless, and assumes that Colonel Muammar al-Qaddafi, Libya's leader, will use his airliners in any way that suits his purposes. As for less extreme targets of the export controls, both diplomats and trade experts feel that restricting the sales of airliners will achieve nothing constructive and could injure American interests. A perverse irony could emerge from the situation. Until recently, many Third World countries had a strong preference for buying airplanes from America, partly because they felt that the United States, compared with France, for example, would not use its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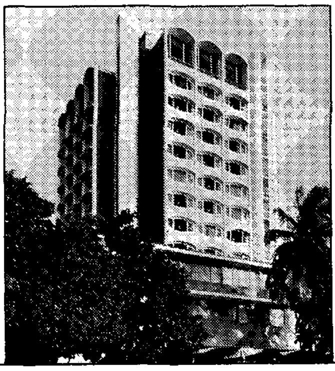
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role as a supplier to direct a customer's behavior. Some of these countries may now be reversing their old notions.

IN Washington, the pressure from Airbus Industrie has created confusion as well as concern, and some parts of the government have overreacted by exaggerating the problems. One of these problems was the tendency of Giscard d'Estaing and members of his government to involve themselves on occasion in Airbus sales; the feeling is that Mitterrand will do no less. That kind of thing—senior political figures linking political or commercial considerations to sales of airliners—is condoned by almost no one. Americans have weakened their case against it, however, by making spurious charges against France. A particularly glaring example concerns Pakistan, where the French were accused by some American bureaucrats and former officials of having linked the purchase of four Airbuses to a nuclear-fuel-reprocessing plant—a facility used for extracting large quantities of plutonium, from which nuclear weapons can be made. The truth is that in early 1976 France did sign a contract with Pakistan to build a reprocessing plant there. Everyone assumed that Pakistan would use the plant to build nuclear weapons—a prospect that alarmed the United States and other suppliers of nuclear fuel, who put pressure on France to withdraw from the arrangement. Eventually, France did withdraw from it, but the first signs of that were not apparent until the spring and summer of 1978—a period that coincided with Pakistan's Airbus order, in mid-July of that year. I asked Lathière about the alleged link between the reprocessing plant and the purchase by Pakistan of the A300s. "The reverse was true," he said. "The French government was slowing things down on the reprocessing plant while we were negotiating with Pakistan. The link between the two things worked against the Airbus sale." The relevant dates clearly support Lathière's version, and so do the memories of Americans who have been officially involved with the problem of nuclear proliferation in recent years. Nonetheless, the view that the two transactions were linked is sincerely held in other parts of the United States government. A case in point is the Export-Import Bank. John Moore, Jr., its chairman during the Carter Administration, told me that in his view the reprocessing plant

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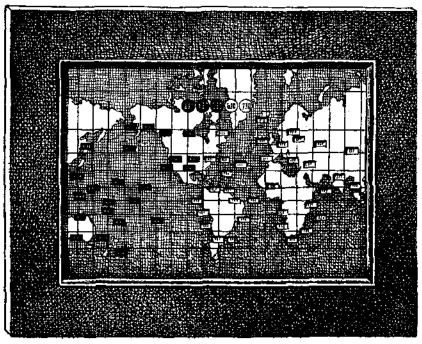

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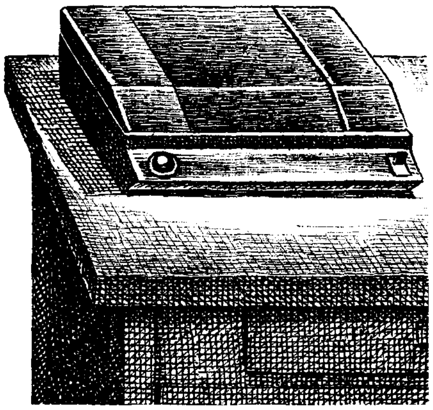

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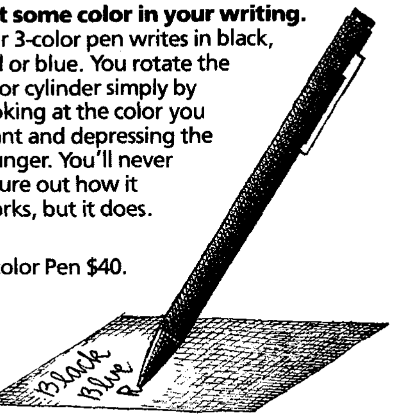

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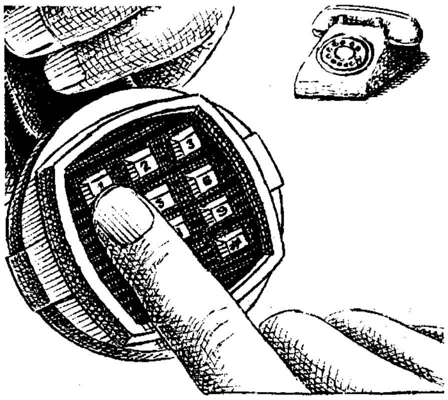

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was linked with Pakistan's purchase of Airbuses. Moore also felt, however, that "we contributed to the success of the Airbus by not having been aggressive enough."

It is hard to know what to think about Boeing's prospects. Its dominance of the American market worries the airlines; they have enormous respect for Boeing and its products but fear the implications of monopoly—specifically, the loss of the advantages they gain from competition between suppliers. Yet, because of Airbus Industrie's success, there probably won't be room for more than one American supplier. Boeing, then, may need to hold on to what it currently has if it is to stay ahead of its European competitor. But, given the aversion of the airlines to relying on a single supplier, Boeing may not in the long run be able to prevent Airbus Industrie from encroaching on the American market, where it now has just one customer—Eastern Air Lines.

A tendency to disparage the Airbus program and its commercial success has developed within the aircraft industry and in some government circles. Boeing's loss of the "silk route" is a hard blow to America's economy. And, because Airbus Industrie is not privately owned, there is some sentiment in favor of deploying federal resources—political and financial—squarely behind America's aircraft industry in its struggle with Europe. The sentiment is not clearly expressed; little of a prescriptive nature comes forward. Boeing and others have pushed for an end to the use of export licenses as a political weapon. And ending this is about all the government can do politically, unless it chooses to alter basic foreign policy in order to help the industry. That is not likely to happen. On the financial side, there is vague talk within Boeing of persuading the Administration, banks, and insurance companies to set up an agency to finance sales to foreign airlines. Something of that kind could develop but probably won't. There is no single official Administration attitude toward most things, including Europe's Airbus. For example, diplomats who are involved with European affairs or North Atlantic defense see reasons for not deploying American assets in a way that would restore an American near-monopoly in the world airliner market, but it is too late for that anyway. Such thinking reflects a belief that Western Europe has a political need for a hardy commercial-

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aircraft industry, and that attempting to interfere in the efforts to create such an industry would cause serious and perhaps lasting difficulties between the United States and its chief allies.

Government policy is normally shaped by such considerations. The question is how to reconcile it with the expanding problems that American airplane suppliers are having. It's not likely that their problems can be ignored, since Boeing has become America's largest exporter, averaging nearly four billion dollars annually in overseas sales. (The General Electric Company, with close to three and a half billion, is second, but, unlike Boeing, it has a diversified product line.) The trouble isn't only that Boeing's rival, Airbus Industrie, is financed by the major European governments. It is that these governments have policies and attitudes that a number of Third World countries find more congenial than America's. Most Arab countries are in that category, and so is Brazil, a major market, where the two largest airlines have selected Airbuses over the new Boeing airplanes. Moreover, some of these same countries feel, in varying degrees, that their security is linked to the United States; therefore, they prefer to buy their weapons from American suppliers. But it appears that in some cases their governments see merit in hedging their bets politically by buying other items of high visibility, particularly airliners, from other sources.

A Japanese shadow looms over the planning of both Boeing and Airbus Industrie. Each company expects Japan to join the fray as a third source of airplanes; the question is when. Each also sees a requirement—a gaping hole in the market—for a new airplane; namely, a single-aisle twin with a hundred and fifty seats. Most of the Europeans, and especially the French, would like to build it. As for Boeing, although it is pinched financially by its three new programs, it would be reluctant to concede this potentially large portion of the market to the Europeans, especially since three of America's biggest airlines—Eastern, United, and Delta—say that they want such an airplane. With the Germans reluctant to take a major part in a new program, the French and other interested Europeans would like Japan to share the financial risks and help build the airplane. Boeing has just as great an interest as the Europeans in having the Japanese assume a large part of the burden of a new airplane program. And

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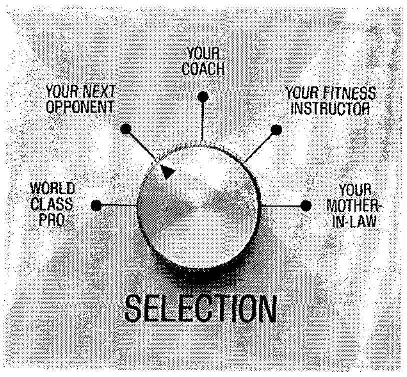

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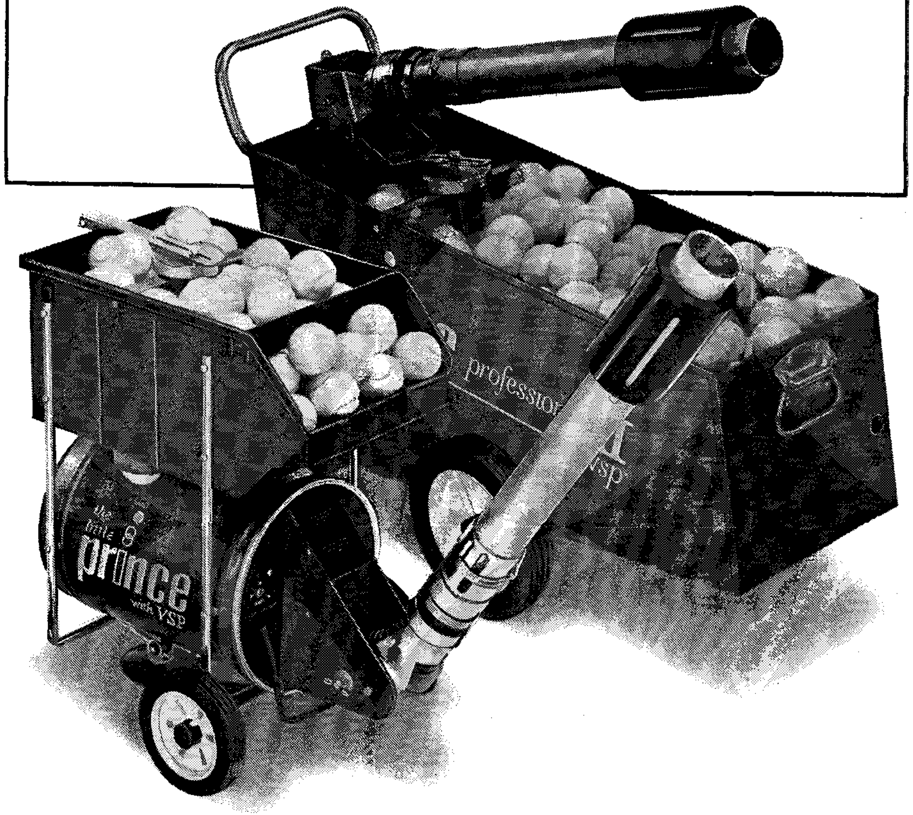

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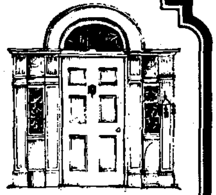

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Boeing would like to have them as a partner, if only to discourage a Japan–Airbus Industrie connection. The Europeans are similarly unsettled by the possibilities of a Boeing-Japanese partnership on the new airplane. Boeing and the Europeans all see more minuses than pluses in a strong Japanese presence in the airplane business; the concern is that Japan will eventually be competing against both America and Europe—the partner of neither. And no one doubts Japan's potential for competing strongly.

The Japanese are shrewd enough and experienced enough to avoid moving hastily; the hazards of the airliner business create a strong argument for a cautious, step-by-step involvement. The Japanese have taken the first steps. In 1977, the government organized a kind of consortium of three aircraft companies—Mitsubishi, Kawasaki, and Fuji Heavy Industries. Together, these companies are building some of the body sections of Boeing's 767. Next, the Japanese decided to acquire advanced aircraft-engine technology, and negotiated a fifty-fifty partnership with Rolls-Royce in the development of a new power plant. Now they want to have a similar arrangement on a new airplane. They are talking with all the relevant parties—McDonnell Douglas, Boeing, and Airbus Industrie. Each of the companies has a high respect for Japan's current abilities. Dean Thornton, who has monitored the Japanese work on the 767, says that it is "as good as and probably better than that of Boeing's other subcontractors," and everyone at Boeing, a company that is not easily impressed by the work of others, seems to feel as Thornton does. Already, the Japanese outperform most of the American aircraft companies in the supremely important area of quality control. In the sophistication of their tools and methods, they may by now be second only to Boeing, perhaps because they have emulated Boeing. Their plants closely resemble Boeing plants. Japanese teams spent a year in Seattle preparing for their involvement with the 767; a large part of the design work on the 767 was computerized, and the Japanese who were in Seattle acquired knowledge of the ultra-sophisticated computer-aided design process.

Boeing and Airbus Industrie are in a similar position. Each has a strong incentive to build a new airplane in partnership with Japan, but each wishes to do so on its own terms. The

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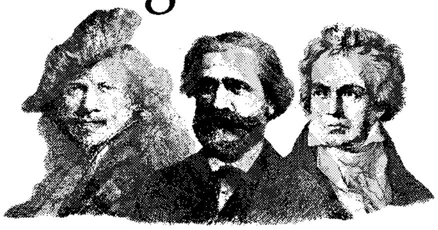

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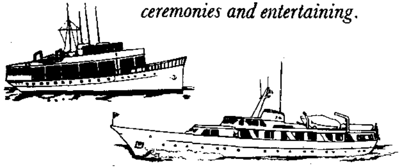

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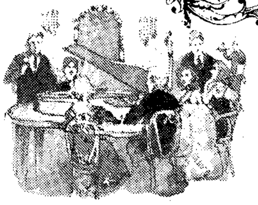

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terms include Japan's willingness to concede the larger design responsibility to its partner. Thornton reflects the mixed feelings of Boeing. "We don't want the Japanese to make a Chrysler out of us," he says. "But we can't just sit here in Seattle. We don't have that luxury. We have an international market." He means that Boeing has to compete well abroad, and that a partnership with Japan could help vis-à-vis its European competition; specifically, such a partnership could help Boeing recapture the "silk route." Some Americans and Europeans think, or hope, that in the end the Japanese will shrink from the high risks and huge initial costs of developing a commercial airplane. That is possible but not likely. Important parts of the Japanese government are known to favor moving forward. Within Japanese industry, there is a strong bias in favor of going ahead as a means of broadening the nation's technological base. The high-powered electronics industry is said to be an especially strong advocate of this course.

It is a time of rapid and sweeping change in the airliner business. In America, only Boeing is likely to hold its own in the years ahead. Whether Boeing continues to prosper and accept the risks of the trade will depend on some things that it can probably control and some—world politics, for example—that it cannot. Quite possibly, the volatile market for airliners will not support three major enterprises—one American, one European, and one Japanese—if each functions independently. Unless the competition that lies ahead is moderated by governments or by the companies themselves, it could exceed in ferocity, wastefulness, and political effects any that this singular industry has up to now experienced.

—JOHN NEWHOUSE

(*This is the first part of a four-part article.*)

•

> At this time, we find Tabachnick getting freer in handling and in spirit, painting with a mature fluid wand—but, she is entering into the mind zone, where philosophers, old and new, practice on a turf with a galloping Troika composed of steeds called man/nature/creativity.
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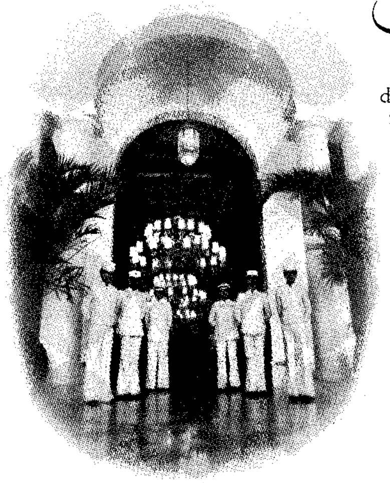

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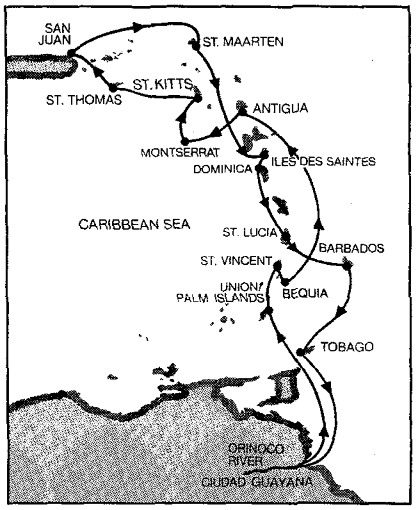

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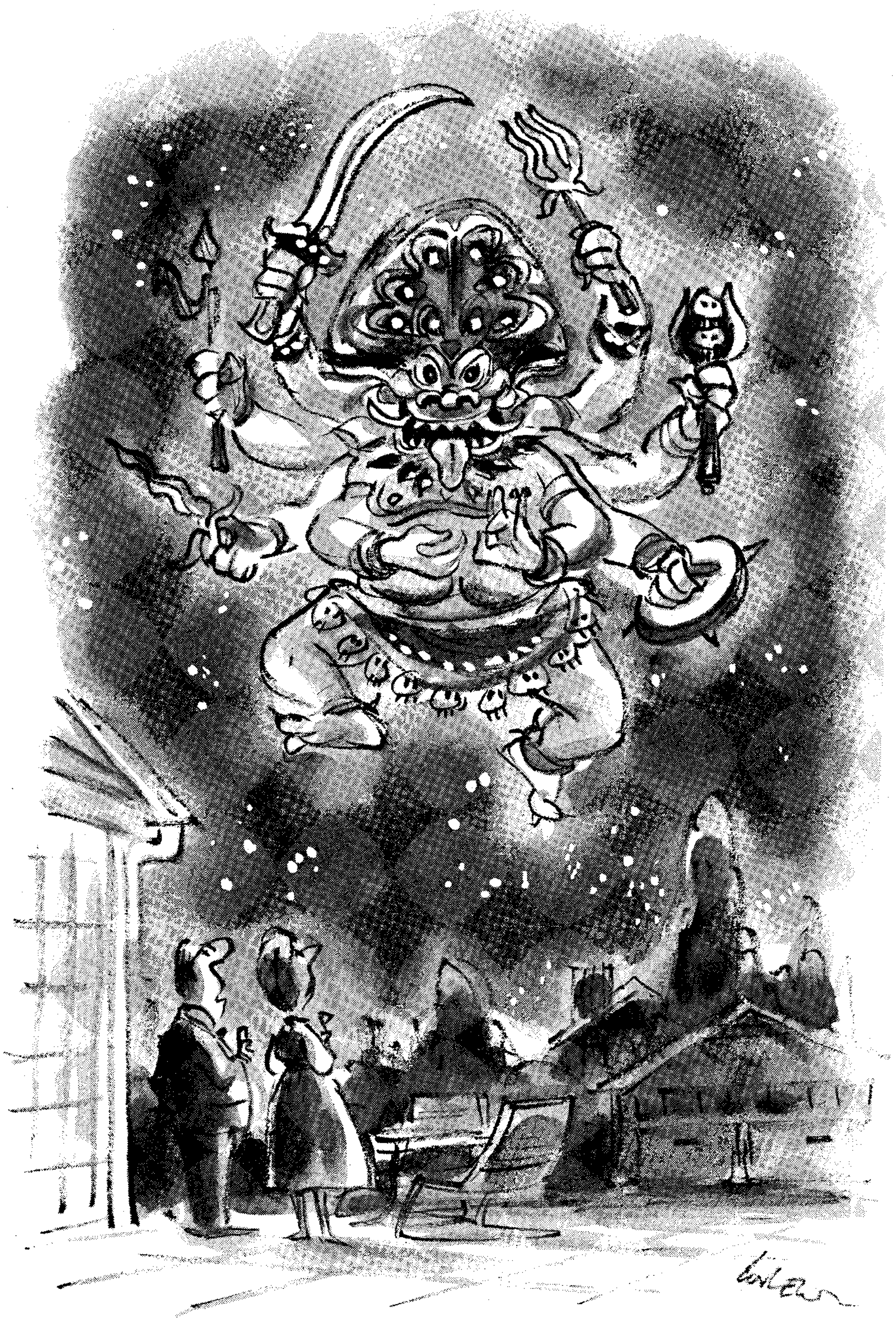
A Walk on the Wan Side

"Blues in the Night," at the Rialto, consists of four people singing twenty-four songs (a couple of which are reprised), and the producers of this oddity may have hoped that they had hit upon a means of making a skimpy evening in the theatre seem to approach conventional size by giving it a portion of the traditional structure of a musical comedy—not even so much as a book, to tell the sorry truth, but at least a set and a laborious progress through time, intended to persuade its audiences that authentic roles were being played and that a few authentic emotions were being expressed. The set, designed by John Falabella, displays three contiguous bedrooms in a cheap hotel in Chicago in the year 1938; the three women occupying the bedrooms, the grisly verisimilitude of which only a historian on the order of Studs Terkel would be able to vouch for, are apparently not known to one another, though on occasion they drift through the invisible barriers of their bedroom walls to form a makeshift trio. Each of them is a lonely woman in thrall to some errant louse of a man—why else would they be singing the blues? The fourth performer is a man, billed in the program as a saloon singer; he plays a piano onstage, accompanied by instrumentalists behind a scrim, and he is evidently no less lonely than the others: black woe—or, rather, imitation black woe—is the content of the show.

The three women performers are Leslie Uggams, Jean Du Shon, and Debbie Shapiro, and the male performer is Charles Coleman. Most of the songs are golden oldies—"These Foolish Things Remind Me of You," "Willow Weep for Me," "Blues in the Night," "Am I Blue," "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues," and the like—but in nearly every case they are sung in such a fashion as to become victims of vocal overkill, not to say caterwauling. The more classic the song, the more modestly should it be addressed, but Miss Uggams and her colleagues have chosen a different and less prudent course—they not only tear passions to tatters, they tear vowels and consonants to tatters, leaving the stage strewn with dismembered diphthongs. In the presence of a professional disaster of this kind, I usually cast about to say something affirmative concerning the costumes, or the lighting, or the direction ("energetic"), but for once I feel obliged to fall back upon mere props as an opportunity to provide praise. I congratulate the Diamond Match Company, which supplied the wooden matches with which the cigarettes of despair were enkindled. The matches lit splendidly.

—Brendan Gill



"It appears to be Siva, manifesting himself as Lord of Destruction, but why he's in Hartsdale on a Thursday night is beyond me."

•

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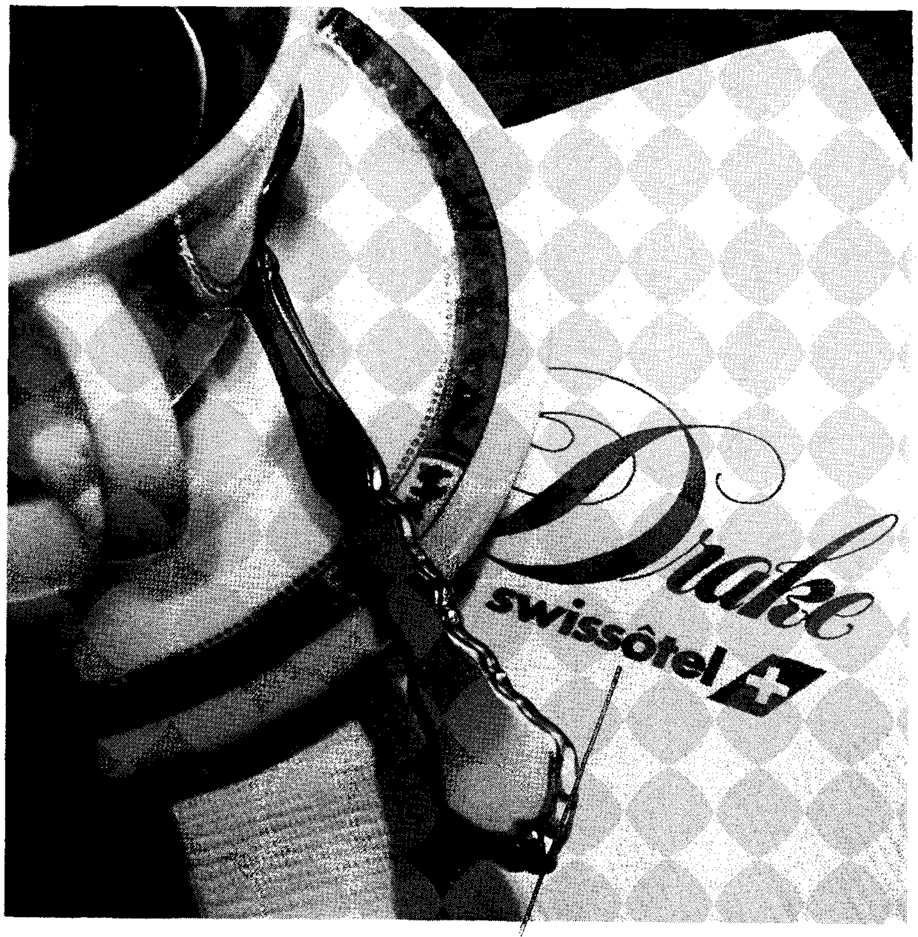

The reputation of the Lobby Lounge at the Drake in New York for strong coffee and stronger drinks did not first arise with the little Swissôtel emblem on the napkins. On the contrary, precisely because this typical residential hotel on Park Avenue at 56th Street has always had that sort of lobby lounge, it has become one of the Swissôtel group, which otherwise includes only the Bellevue Palace in Berne, the Hotel Président in Geneva, and the Hotel International in Zurich. You see Swissôtel aspires to be a group of the best and most individual hotels rather than a chain of as many uniform units as possible.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Genius of a Kind

ROSSINI called Offenbach “the Mozart of the Champs-Élysées.” Wagner in early days likened the warmth of his music to that of “a dungheap on which all the swine of Europe wallowed” but in 1882 was ready to allow him a resemblance to Mozart. Offenbach is a composer who has been received with delight, with contempt, with praise now extravagant, now tempered. The fifth edition of Grove ranked him below Johann Strauss for sentiment and below Sullivan for craftsmanship. The New Grove calls him “the composer of some of the most exhilaratingly gay and tuneful music ever written.” His merits and his methods await scholarly examination. He had genius of a kind, and the materials for assessing it are at last being assembled. The music publisher Belwin-Mills has announced a detailed thematic catalogue of Offenbach’s works, compiled by Antonio de Almeida, and due next year. Volume II—the critical report—of Fritz Oeser’s careful new edition of “Les Contes d’Hoffmann” has recently been published. And Belwin-Mills has also announced a complete reissue in piano-vocal score of Offenbach’s hundred-odd *œuvres scéniques*, with Mr. Almeida as their general editor. Two of them have already appeared: “Les Bavards” (1863) and “L’Île de Tulipatan” (1868). They are clarified and corrected reprints of French vocal scores, amplified by an English translation and by bilingual appendices containing the spoken dialogue. (“Tulipatan” is one of those scores that usefully indicate orchestration in the piano reduction.) The gatherings of pages are glued, not sewn, into their paper bindings. I hope they don’t come apart—as my paperback Fifth Grove has done—when the volumes are put to use. I hope they will be put to use. The music *is* exhilarating. But a performing style for it needs to be found. Offenbach’s wit, grace, and sparkle often escape Anglo-Saxon performers—opera singers and conductors alike. In the last decade, only one of the Offenbach revivals I’ve seen has been intoxicating: the Bronx Opera’s “Ba-Ta-Clan,” in 1975. The same director, Lou Galterio, laid a heavier hand on “Le Mariage aux Lanternes” when the Manhattan School of Music mounted it in April. The show wasn’t bad. It wasn’t as crude as the City Opera’s unhappy “Grand Duchess of Gerolstein.” But the execution was workaday. John Crosby’s conducting was sedate, not springy. The young performers lacked lightness and charm. None of them was debonair.

“God bless you, angel! I really need a fifth Martini.”

“Marriage by Lantern Light” was done in English, on a double bill with the American première of Alexander Zemlinsky’s “Eine Florentinische Tragödie,” first performed in Stuttgart in 1917. The libretto is an abridged German translation of Oscar Wilde’s “A Florentine Tragedy”—an overwritten, overripe costume drama cast in purple blank verse indebted to Webster and Marlowe. Zemlinsky’s music is a rediscovery of our day. Two years ago, I told of my delighted encounter with his Second String Quartet. His name now turns up in the operatic reports from Europe, and there are three recordings of his “Lyric Symphony.” “Eine Florentinische Tragödie” is composed and scored with his habitual mastery, but the libretto is distasteful. In Renaissance Florence, a hardworking merchant surprises his young wife with a rich, noble lover, taunts him, tricks him into buying his costliest goods, duels with him, disarms him, strangles him, and then turns to his wife. She, formerly disdainful, now “comes towards him as one dazed with wonder and with outstretched arms,” saying “Why did you not tell me you were so strong?” He replies “Why did you not tell me you were beautiful?” and kisses her on the mouth. Curtain. A distasteful libretto needn’t stop an opera from being a masterwork; after all, there is Strauss’s “Salome.” Puccini contemplated setting “A Florentine Tragedy” in 1906 (after “Butterfly”) and again in 1912 (after “La Fanciulla del West”), deeming it potentially “a rival to Strauss’s ‘Salome,’ but more human, truer, closer to the feelings of the common man.” (That was in a letter to his publisher, Giulio Ricordi. Ricordi sent a curt telegram to Puccini’s librettist, Luigi Illica: “Absolutely necessary for future good of Doge [Puccini] to throw Florentine stupidity into fire.”) The dramatic world is that of Max von Schillings’ “Mona Lisa” (1915), Erich Korngold’s “Violanta” (1916), and Franz Schreker’s “Die Gezeichneten” (1918), all once widely performed on German stages. Schillings conducted the first performance of “Eine Florentinische Tragödie.” Schreker wrote the libretto of “Die Gezeichneten” for Zemlinsky but then decided to set it himself. There was a vogue at the time, especially in Germany, for charged Italian costume drama, sensual, violent, and satined—for *cavalleria* not *rusticana* but *cortigiana*. Prokofiev’s “Maddalena” (unperformed until 1979) represents a Russian variant; Italo Montemezzi’s “L’Amore dei Tre Re” (1913) and Riccardo Zandonai’s “Francesca da Rimini” (1914) are earlier Italian examples. Most of those pieces seem dated now (but I hope to report on the Prokofiev after its American première, in St. Louis this month) unless they are sung by potent and passionate singers. Then they can still grip an audience. I wasn’t exactly gripped by the “Florentinische Tragödie” at the Manhattan School but was glad of the chance to see and hear it. So, I imagine, were most of those who care about opera. Schools and universities do well to fill the gaps in our live experience of operatic history. (The Manhattan School’s productions of Humperdinck’s “Königskinder” and Hindemith’s “Neues vom Tage” and the Juilliard School’s productions of Mozart’s “La Finta Giardiniera” and Chabrier’s “Le Roi Malgré Lui” are shining examples.) And sometimes they come up with a revival of a piece that goes on after a school showing to join the international repertory. (The Oxford University Opera Club’s “Idomeneo” and “Les Troyens” helped to relaunch those operas.) I shan’t urge “Eine Florentinische Tragödie” on the Met or the City Opera, but the decent school performance left me eager to hear again the *music*, at least, with someone like Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau or Sherrill Milnes in the leading role. (The

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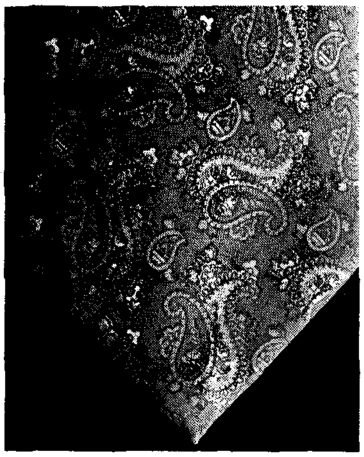

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opera is almost a monodrama for the husband.) Manhattan's very able baritone Allan Glassman—who has sung at the City Opera, in the title role of Jan Bach's "The Student from Salamanca"—revealed how much might be made of the part. In a concert performance, the music would take precedence of the trite, gaudy play. The score is worth hearing. Zemlinsky's one-acter could well form the second half of an orchestra program.

CONCERT performances provide another way of hearing works that for one reason or another the regular opera companies are shy of. Without the concert performances of Eve Queler and her Opera Orchestra of New York, the city's operatic life would have been duller in the last decade. Miss Queler's latest venture, in Carnegie Hall in April, was the American première of Arrigo Boito's "Nerone," the grandiose opera Boito worked on from the eighteen-sixties until his death, in 1918. He left "Nerone" incomplete. Toscanini and Vincenzo Tommasini brought four of its five acts to performance at La Scala in 1924. The production was spectacular (there is good reason for opera companies to be shy of "Nerone;" its scenic demands are immense), but the music, it seems, was found rather dull. It is rather dull. Back in 1877, after "Mefistofele," Verdi, in a letter to a friend, set out a sage, measured opinion of Boito:

> It is difficult at the moment to say whether Boito will be able to provide Italy with masterpieces. He has much talent, he aspires to originality, but the result is rather peculiar. He lacks spontaneity, and he lacks *il motivo* [a term Verdi uses to describe incisive, eloquent melodic inspiration]. He has many musical qualities. With those attributes, he can succeed, more or less, in subject matter as strange and theatrical as that of "Mefistofele." It will be more difficult with "Nerone."

The world holds Boito in esteem, and rightly, for without him it would not have Verdi's—and his—"Otello" and "Falstaff." Boito was learned, cultivated, and influential. He had an aspiring and wide-ranging mind. He recognized genius and was eager to associate himself with it. He once wrote, "I offer Wagner everything I have, even my legs," and he translated "Tristan" for its Italian première, in 1888. In "Otello" (1887), he made of Verdi the "Italian Wagner" that he perceived Verdi could be, cunningly drawing out the old master's strengths. In "Falstaff," he led Verdi to create an Italian answer to "Die Meistersinger." But he hankered for more. In his own "Mefistofele," he had tried to show that an Italian composer could rise to Goethe's heights; his unrealizable "Nerone" was planned as a yet greater "Faust," richly wrought, intellectually intricate, a consummation of Italian art. The "Nerone" libretto Boito wrote is enthralling, not at all dull: a mingling of mythical, classical, and Christian history, and of love pure with love polluted and perverse. The contrasts are violent. Extremes of passion, piety, and cruelty are explored. The panoplies of church and state—high spectacles of temple, circus, theatre, and civic assembly—become metaphor. What is real, what illusion? Nero makes his first entry screaming in terror, bearing his mother's ashes, and believing himself pursued by the Furies. The last, uncomposed act out-Freuds Freud as, in a theatre amid a Rome ablaze, Nero plays—and seems to become—Aeschylus' Orestes.

Alas, Boito was not composer enough to find the music for this. Ernest Newman once declared him possessor of "a semi-musical gift that rarely rises above the mediocre and generally dips a point or two below it." If transcendent capacity of taking trouble could produce a masterpiece, "Nerone" would be one. But Boito lacked *il motivo.* The one per cent in Edison's famous formula was missing, and without it Boito's music remains lifeless. "Nerone" was an opera I'd wanted for decades to hear; now, a few weeks after hearing it, I find that almost none of its music has stayed with me. I return to the score and see careful planning, careful workmanship, thoroughness—Verdi's "many musical qualities"—and nothing more. No fault of Miss Queler's. The performance was good. There was a strong international cast. Krunoslav Cigoj, a Yugoslav tenor, made his New York début in the title role. The other principals were the Mexican soprano Rosario Andrade (Asteria), the Hungarian contralto Klára Takács (Rubria), in her American début, and, more familiar, Pablo Elvira (Phanuel) and James Morris (Simon Magus).

ANOTHER piece heard in concert in Carnegie Hall in April was Tchaikovsky's last opera, "Iolanta," brought from Washington by the National Symphony Orchestra. It is a sweet, charming short opera, composed to form a double bill with "The

Nutcracker." Galina Vishnevskaya was the heroine, and she was in admirable voice, sounding pure, true, and unworn. Nicolai Gedda (Vaudemont), Chester Ludgin (Duke Robert), John Shirley-Quirk (the Moorish physician), and Dimiter Petkov (King René) made up a distinguished team of principals. Mstislav Rostropovich conducted with enthusiasm and emotion but missed the grace of the score. I would have enjoyed the evening more if memories of the captivating Mannes College production, staged in 1977, had not been so strong. Performed by young, fresh singers, "Iolanta" was more poignant and more beautiful.

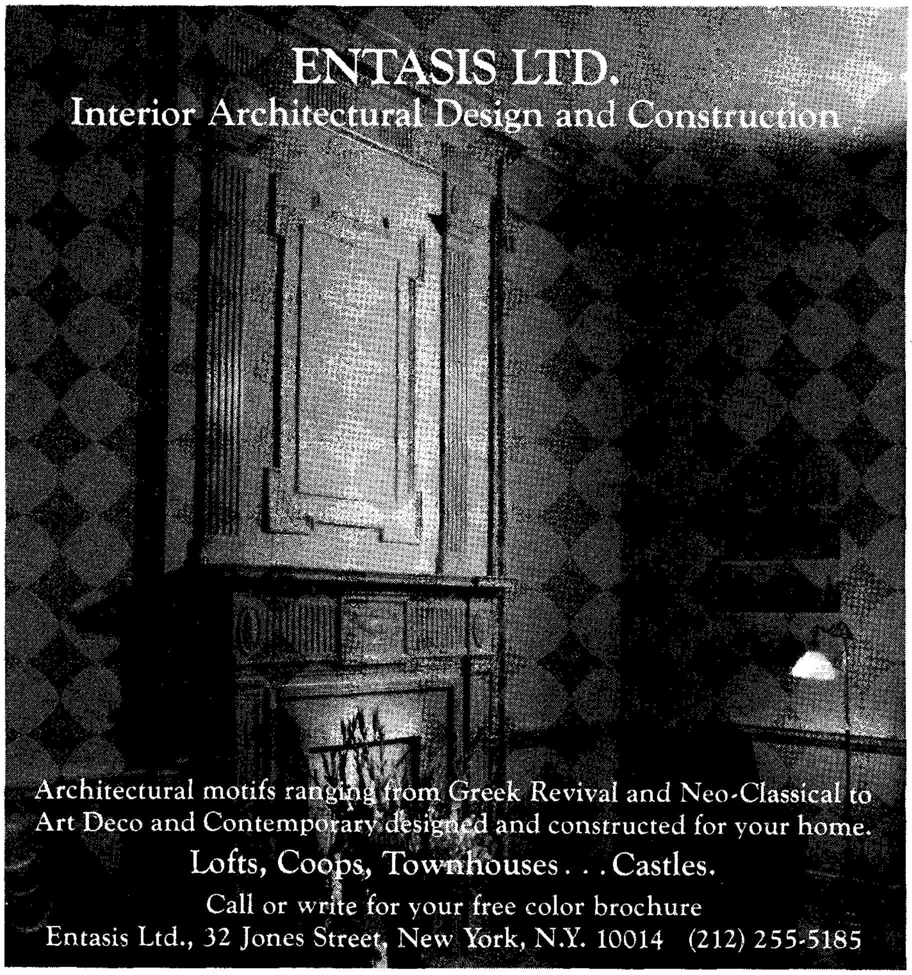
—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Knockout

SPECULUM MUSICAE does not believe in letting its listeners off lightly. Its concert last month at Alice Tully Hall presented four pieces, all of them demanding. (There would have been five if Oliver Knussen's "Coursing" had not been postponed until next season.) A new Concerto for Flute and Chamber Orchestra, by Michael Gandolfi, about fourteen minutes long, was cogently organized, though I wasn't able to hear all the processes described in the composer's program note. The opening conflict between soloist and percussion and the subsequent interweaving dialogue between soloist and different instrumental groups within the orchestra were strikingly composed; the resolution of these conflicts in the final movement seemed less successful until the very last moment, when the music twisted itself onto a single note and evaporated. Much of the tension in the composer's plan was released in cadenzas for solo flute, which were played confidently but without very strong projection by Susan Palma. Harvey Sollberger, who is himself a noted flutist, directed a clear, energetic performance.

Oliver Knussen's "Ophelia Dances, Book I," a revised version of a piece first performed by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center in 1975, could scarcely have been more different from the concerto. Preoccupied above all with color, and with the precise timing of delicate instrumental effects, this was a work of imagination and beauty, which required—and on the whole received—a performance of care and subtlety, with some fine wind solos. The listener did not need to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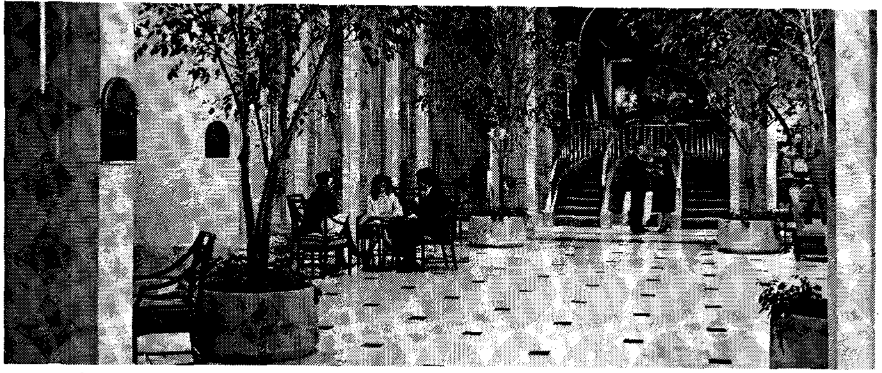

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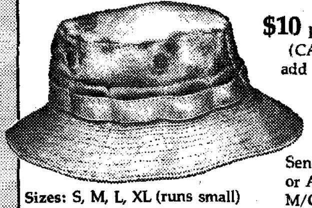

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know that the piece's melodic material was drawn from Schumann's "Carnaval," but a vague, wistful awareness of tunes of long ago buried in the music helped it to work its magic. To open and close the program, where we might have expected some light relief, there were two knockout works—Stefan Wolpe's Piece for Piano and Sixteen Instruments, which on this occasion I found impenetrable, and Roger Sessions' Quintet for Two Violins, Two Violas, and Cello. This, in a passionately lyrical performance, led by Benjamin Hudson, seemed an absolute masterpiece—forceful, yearning, written with complete success for a difficult combination of instruments. Puzzling to think that it should be any less well known, less loved or respected, than the quartets of Schoenberg or Bartók.

Raymond Dudley's recital at Merkin Hall at the end of last month ought to have been an important one. He brought with him two pianos: a Viennese late-eighteenth-century-style piano in a modern copy by Philip Belt, and an original Erard piano, dating from 1870. On the Viennese piano he played Haydn, at the beginning and end of the program; on the Erard he played Liszt's B-Minor Sonata and Ravel's "Gaspard de la Nuit." The Liszt and the Ravel were indeed transformed by the sounds of the Erard; listening carefully, one could discern all manner of unaccustomed tone colors that might have affected the balance, shape, and rhetoric of the music. The perfect crispness of the bass notes, sharply resonant but not creating a wash of harmonics over the whole keyboard; the reedy, penetrating warmth in the tenor and alto registers; and the sharp, crystal, almost biting attack in the high treble—these qualities should have enabled us to hear an exceptional amount of detail in the performance. But Mr. Dudley seemed intent on counteracting these special sounds by a continual use of the sustaining pedal, which blurred harmonies and melodies. (Even unaccompanied lines in the treble were washed together in this way.) Instead of letting the unusual sonorities suggest an unusual style of playing, he laid into the sonata with all the loose, wayward panache familiar from countless conventional performances; rubato was crude, there were many technical difficulties, and the structure did not cohere. In the Ravel, he had better fortune—at least in "Ondine," where the shimmering treble of the Erard was beautifully brought to life and the occasional descent into the bass had a spine-tingling, sensual appeal. In the Haydn, the piano sounded dreadful: a jangly, metallic noise that doomed to failure all attempts to extract eighteenth-century expressiveness from the sublime Andante and Variations in F Minor, and created only an animal excitement in the last movement of the E-Flat-Major Sonata, No. 52.

Some performers, without self-advertisement or vulgarity, define the experience of their chosen instrument for a generation of listeners. Wanda Landowska did that for the harpsichord, and Andrés Segovia for the guitar. Today, such associations are too often devalued by commercial exploitation. But Heinz Holliger, who gave a concert last month in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has not been tainted by that process: he represents, for me, the ideal sound of the modern oboe. And after such a peerless recital as he gave one is tempted to paraphrase words used of Landowska: "He plays the instrument better than anyone plays anything." This is curious, because his intensity, his fierceness of attack, and his thickly textured tone are not really right for the music of J. S. Bach, three of whose sonatas dominated this program. Yet in the G-minor transcription of the great B-Minor Flute Sonata, BWV 1030, Holliger set his own terms and was insistent and convincing. In Benjamin Britten's "Metamorphoses After Ovid," even though he seemed slightly less at ease than usual, Holliger drew every ounce of wit, inventiveness, and lyricism from the music. He made the Five Pieces written for him by the conductor and composer Antal Dorati, in their American première, seem almost like miniature masterpieces. Two reservations about this concert: Mr. Holliger's sound overwhelmed that of his harpsichordist, John Steele Ritter, and reduced him to the role of a mere accompanist, which was wrong. And Mr. Ritter, in his solo contribution, made two Scarlatti sonatas sound like Czerny studies, which was ridiculous.

Verdi's Requiem was heard in Carnegie Hall last month, as the final concert in a series by the Cleveland Orchestra which marked the end of Lorin Maazel's music directorship. (He becomes general manager and artistic director of the Vienna State Opera in the fall.) Mr. Maazel controlled his vast choir and orchestra efficiently. The Cleveland Orchestra Chorus sang with rare precision and sensitivity, and some orchestral contributions (cellos in the Offertorium, screeching piccolo in the "Dies irae") were outstanding. But Mr. Maazel could do little to control his four wayward soloists, of whom three—the alto Dunja Vejzovic, the tenor Peter Dvorsky, and the bass John Paul Bogart—were unequal to the special demands of the music, while the fourth, the soprano Hildegard Behrens, seemed out of sorts. One hopes that this was not a preview of Mr. Maazel's casting policies at the Vienna State Opera.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

•

The Whitbread fleet has had its share of difficulties during this first leg. The second seeded *Ceramco New Zealand* (Peter Blake, New Zealand), a 68-foot sloop, was dismasted south of the equator but, under jury rig, continued on to Cape Town.

American yacht *Alaska Eagle* (Neil Bergt, U.S.A.) has lodged a protest against *Berge Viking* (Peder Lunde, Norway) charging that *Viking*, one of the fleet's leaders on handicap, has been receiving illegal weather reports from its sponsor, a Norwegian shipping company. Such reports have been transmitted via radio in Swedish. Race rules forbid private communications and require that all communications take place in English, the official race language.

The illegal reports came to the attention of *Alaska Eagle* navigator Dick Seay, who has been monitoring their transmission. *Alaska Eagle's* doctor, Roger Nielson, a Swede, has been translating the reports.

Berge Viking has counter-protested *Alaska Eagle*, but race secretary Captain Norman FitzGerald could not hear skipper Peder Lunde well enough to understand the reason.

Bergt also has complained that other yachts have been obtaining positions and weather information from merchant vessels. This, too, is against the rules, and the race committee has warned competitors that they may be penalized.

Some yachts at the back of the fleet have not been joining in the daily "happy hour" radio chat show, so the three leaders—*Flyer*, *Ceramco New Zealand* and *FCF Challenger* (Leslie Williams, GB)—refused to share weather information with other yachts, or give their positions.

Seven yachts have failed to give full position reports to race headquarters. They have withheld their longitudes, presumably to conceal from other competitors their strategy for crossing the doldrums. This is a rule infringement and liable to penalty.

La Barca Laboratorio (Claudio Stampi, Italy) also has been dismasted in the South Atlantic and proceeded under jury rig to Brazil for repairs. The yacht is crewed by scientists conducting experiments in human behavior.—*Cruising World*.

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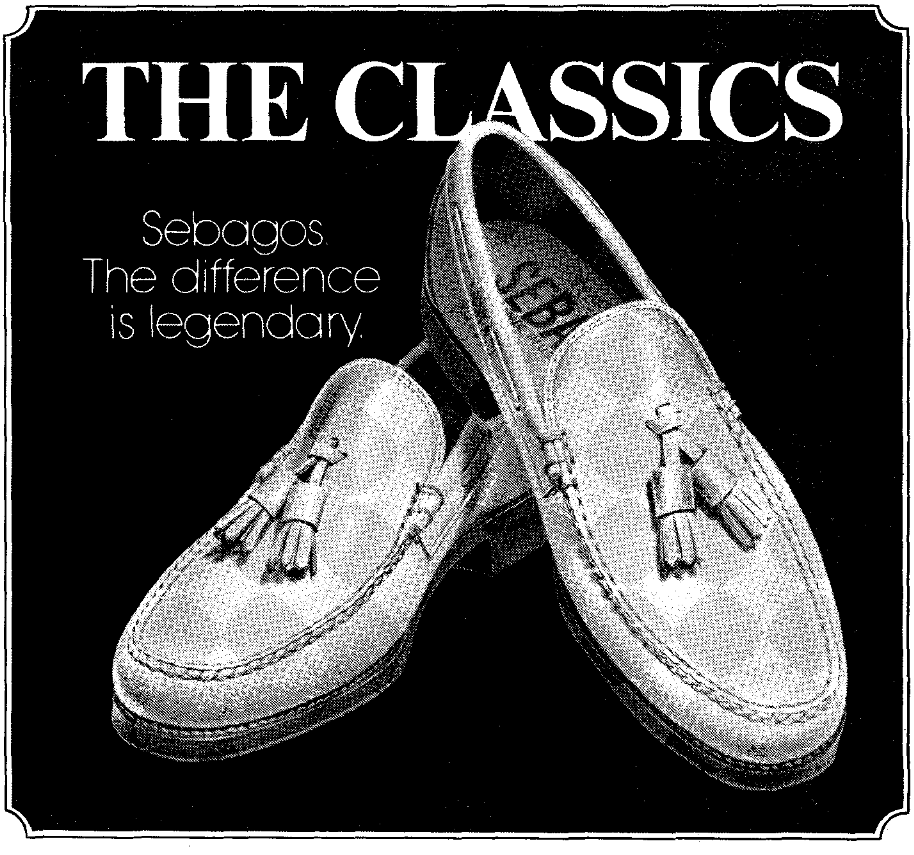

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JAZZ

Good Tidings

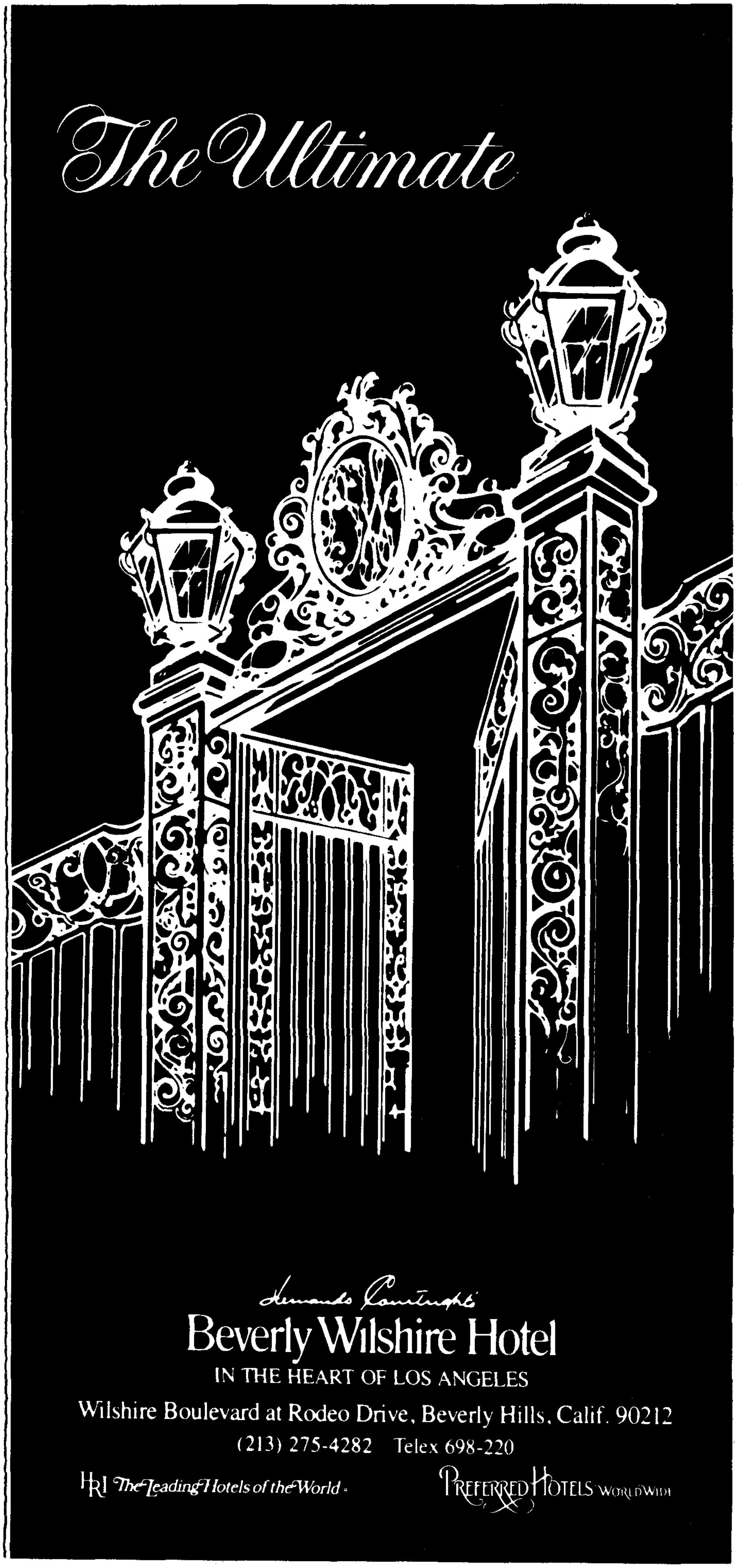
A RARE appearance (Old and New Dreams at Lush Life), a long-overdue return (Shirley Horn at Michael's Pub), and a début (Howard Alden at the Village West Club)—all choice New York jazz occasions—took place late in May and early in June.

Old and New Dreams, made up of Dewey Redman on tenor saxophone and musette, Don Cherry on pocket trumpet and piano, Charlie Haden on bass, and Ed Blackwell on drums, suggests the Hot Five without Louis Armstrong, the Red Hot Peppers without Jelly Roll Morton. Barring Redman, it is the same quartet that Ornette Coleman had at the Five Spot Café in the winter of 1960. That group, more or less intact until Coleman disbanded it in 1962, was first reassembled, with Redman standing in for Coleman, on a 1976 recording called "Old and New Dreams" (after a Redman number in the album). The recording was acclaimed, and in 1978 the four men decided to become a working group. They wanted to celebrate Coleman's unique and often beautiful compositions, and they wanted, as Coleman protégés, to reinvestigate his old adventures and discoveries. (Redman grew up in Fort Worth with Coleman and has played with him frequently.) What made Coleman's Five Spot quartet so startling was its leader's passionate and unshakable belief in what he was doing (a new kind of improvisation, based on mood, melody, and certain tonal centers and rhythms) and the blazing, headlong way he and his musicians carried it out. They travelled fast across ground that only a few jazz musicians had seen, and that none had explored. The quartet, which had a hounding density and tension, was exhausting. The listener first had to clear away the verbiage that almost immediately engulfed it (brickbats or messianic superlatives). Then he had to learn *not* to listen for chords, conventional melody, keys, chorus structures, or expected rhythmic turns. He had to do some virgin listening. The group was not nearly as madcap as it seemed. Its improvisations were strongly attached to Coleman's indelible, muscular melodies, the rhythmic pulse was strong, if not always stated or steady, and the collective playing loosely resembled early New Orleans polyphony. Old and New Dreams is lyrically and aptly named; its music is a series of meditations, carried out with striking calm, on the old Coleman quartet. Redman is a heavy, earthy Coleman whose rhythm-and-blues origins show. He is erratic: sometimes his solos wander and sometimes he plays with logic and great feeling. Cherry has changed a good deal. During his Five Spot days, he sounded shrill and inconclusive; his solos constantly went against the grain of the music. Since then, he has broadened his technique, and he has experimented with the folk music of Europe, Africa, and India. He has replaced uncertainty and implication with a declarative ease and lyricism. Haden was from the first an impassioned, impulsive player. His tone envelops each note, and it doesn't diminish at fast tempos. He has avoided the current bass fads (sliding, singsong notes, wooden tone, empty technical displays), and he has developed his melodic sense. He has become a full, hornlike voice in the group. Blackwell, a native of New Orleans, is a funny, melodic drummer. He's as loose as a goose. No matter what tempo he is playing, he sits behind his drums—his dark glasses halfway down his nose, his elbows easy at his sides, his shoulders rounded, his hands hayforks—as if he were ambling down a country road. He gets a lot of melodic continuity out of his snare and cymbals and tomtoms, and much of what he does as an accompanist and as a soloist is based on New Orleans marching-band drumming.

"I'll introduce you to some people as soon as there's an opening."

At Lush Life, Old and New Dreams was surprising. Most of the time, it sounded like an adventurous edition of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. The melody was stated in unison or in rough counterpoint by the horns, there were long solos, and the melody was restated. There was little of the furious collective interplay of Coleman's quartet, and the solos were approachable and often highly melodic. Cherry alternated cascades of notes with short, graceful melodies, and his tone was sweet and sure. Redman was in surging form. Haden and Blackwell played steaming, lifting tempos or developed immense, rolling marching rhythms. It's a wonder they had the strength. The room was uncomfortably full, and there was little ventilation. The temperature on the bandstand must have been in the high eighties. Jazz musicians, more often than not, are still hired hands.

THE singer and pianist Shirley Horn was born in Washington, D.C., and has spent most of her life there. Her engagement at Michael's Pub was only the fourth time that she has appeared in New York, and it was one of the few times in recent years that she has ventured outside Washington. (Her earlier New York visits, at the Village Vanguard in 1961 and 1962, were at the behest of Miles Davis, who, impressed by a Horn recording, insisted she work opposite him.) She is a demure, quiet, soft-faced woman with a soft, beautiful voice. She is a first-rate pianist, whose accompanying calls to mind the effortless, brilliant way Nat Cole played for himself. Strange influences float by in her singing. Much of her style appears to come from Billie Holiday's late work—the singing she did in the fifties, when her voice was often a shell, a ruin, a croak. Shirley Horn sings as if she had healed and rounded that Holiday voice. Her accents are similar, and so is her legato phrasing, which also suggests early Ahmad Jamal: it has more silence than sound. Some of the songs she sang at Michael's Pub ("There's No You," "Street of Dreams," "Serenade in Blue") were so slow and full of pauses they seemed to stand still instead of moving from left to right, as music does. But "Gee Baby, Ain't I Good to You" rocked a little, and "Our Love Is Here to Stay" and "I'm Old Fashioned" nearly hit medium tempos. She has a rich, subtle voice, and a good, jarring sense of dynamics. She can whisper and she can belt. It is easy to get mixed up in Shirley Horn's singing and miss her accompanying. Since few



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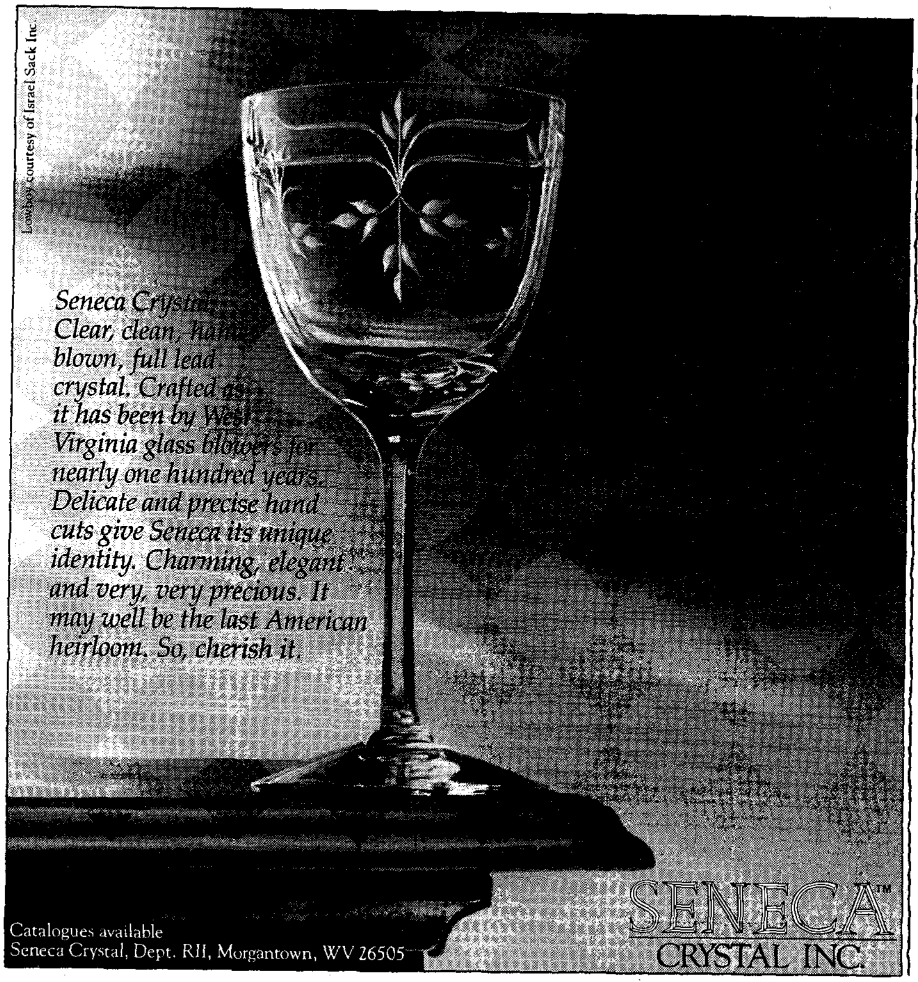

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MARK well the name of Howard Alden, a twenty-three-year-old California guitarist who worked his first formal New York gig the last weekend in May at the Village West Club. Alden was discovered a couple of years ago by the singer Mavis Rivers, who passed him on to Red Norvo, who used him in his group during the summer of 1979. Alden is a small, easy, compact man who plays with utter assurance. He has a crystalline sound, and each note is articulate and complete. His solos are succinct and orderly and swinging. At the Village West, little of this was apparent at first, because of the odd group he was embedded in—Dick Sudhalter on cornet, flugelhorn, and piano, and Daryl Sherman on vocals and piano. Sudhalter likes his own fine playing (Ruby Braff, Buck Clayton, Bix Beiderbecke), and he likes Miss Sherman's singing (well furnished by the likes of Barbra Streisand). But excellence invariably outwits plethora, and on such numbers as "Come Easy, Go Easy Love," "I Double Dare You" (Sudhalter also likes old pop songs), "Lady Be Good," and "I'm Old Fashioned" Alden came forward. Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt went by, and Charlie Parker, and Jim Hall—then a couple of clear, light, silvery Howard Alden choruses. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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The Westport Country Playhouse was a recent recipient of a $4,500.00 gift from the Thomas Meloy Foundation in Washington, D.C. "This is the largest individual gift ever presented to the historic theatre," said Playhouse General Manager Todd Haimes.

The Meloy family was recently contacted by the Playhouse Public Relations Director, Carole Cortese. Wishing to remain anonymous they said that Mr. Thomas Meloy "was interested in setting up a foundation that would be used to support education, preservation of open space and the arts."—*News release from the Westport (Conn.) Country Playhouse.*

Their wish is Carole Cortese's command.

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[*From the Sonoma (Calif.) Index-Tribune*]

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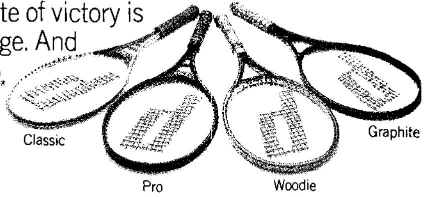


THE CURRENT CINEMA

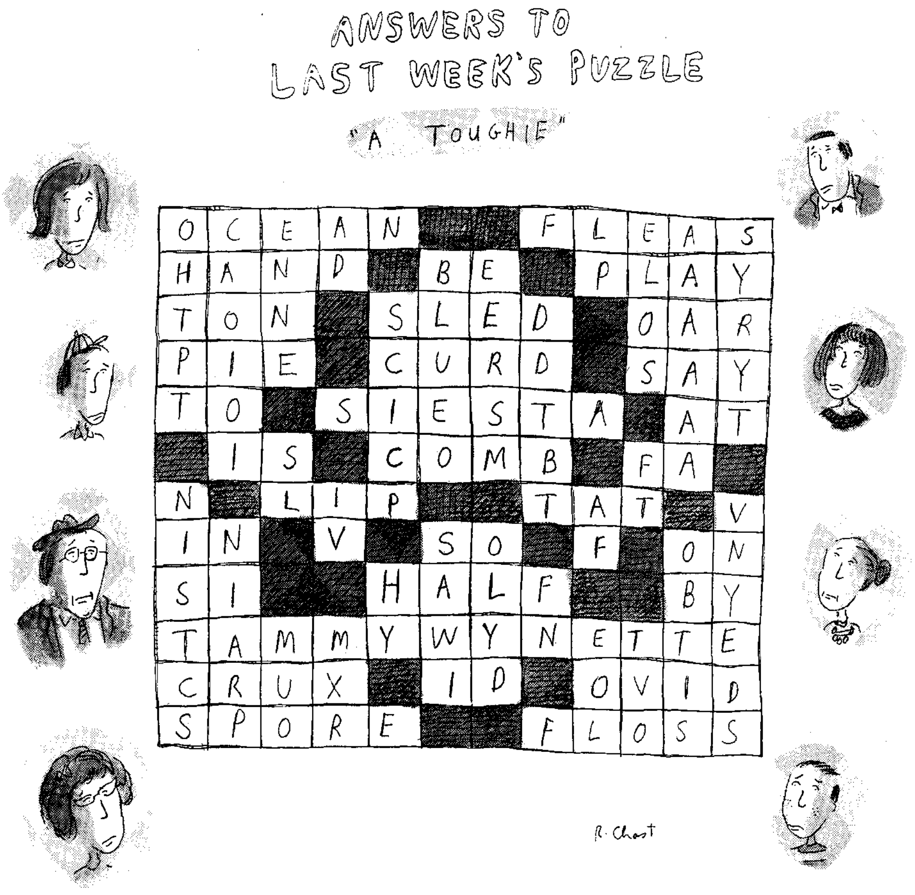
The Pure and the Impure

STEVEN SPIELBERG'S "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" envelops you in the way that his "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" did. It's a dream of a movie—a bliss-out. This sci-fi fantasy has a healthy share of slapstick comedy, yet it's as pure as Carroll Ballard's "The Black Stallion." Like Ballard, Spielberg respects the conventions of children's stories, and because he does he's able to create the atmosphere for a mythic experience. Essentially, "E.T." is the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien, inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship.

If the film seems a continuation of "Close Encounters," that's partly because it has the sensibility we came to know in that picture, and partly because E.T. himself is like a more corporeal version of the celestial visitors at the end of it. Like "Close Encounters," "E.T." is bathed in warmth, and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. Spielberg is right there in his films; you can feel his presence and his love of surprises. This phenomenal master craftsman plays high-tech games, but his presence is youthful—it has a just-emerged quality. The Spielberg of "Close Encounters" was a singer with a supple, sweet voice. It couldn't be heard in his last film, the impersonal "Raiders of the Lost Ark," and we may have been afraid that he'd lost it, but now he has it back, and he's singing more melodiously than we could have hoped for. He's like a boy soprano lilting with joy all through "E.T.," and we're borne along by his voice.

In Spielberg's movies, parents love their children, and children love their siblings. And suburban living, with its comfortable, uniform houses, is seen as a child's paradise—an environment in which children are protected and their imaginations can flourish. There's a luminous, magical view of Elliott's hilly neighborhood in the early-evening light on Halloween, with the kids in their costumes fanning out over the neatly groomed winding streets as each little group moves from one house to another for trick-or-treat, and E.T., swathed in a sheet and wearing red slippers over his webbed feet, waddles along between Elliott and his teen-age brother, Michael—each of them keeping a firm, protective grip on a gray-green four-digit hand. E.T. isn't just Elliott's friend; he's also Elliott's pet—the film catches the essence of the bond between lonely children and their pets. The sequence may call up memories of the trick-or-treat night in Vincente Minnelli's "Meet Me in St. Louis," but it's more central here. All the imagery in the film is linked to Halloween, with the spaceship itself as a jack-o'-lantern in the sky, and the child-size space visitors, who have come to gather specimens of Earth's flora, wrapped in cloaks with hoods and looking much like the trick-or-treaters. (The pumpkin spaceship is silent, though when you see it you may hear in your head the five-note theme of the mother ship in "Close Encounters," and the music that John Williams has written for "E.T." is dulcet and hushed—it allows for the full score that the movie gets going in your imagination.)

"E.T." probably has the best-worked-out script that Spielberg has yet shot, and since it seems an emanation of his childlike, playful side and his love of toys, it would be natural to assume that he wrote it. But maybe it seems such a clear expression of his spirit because its actual writer, Melissa Mathison, could see what he needed more deeply than he could himself, and could devise a complete structure that would hold his feelings in balance. Mathison was one of the scenarists for "The Black Stallion" and is a co-writer of "The Escape Artist;" it probably isn't a coincidence that all three of these films have young-boy heroes who miss their fathers. Writers may be typecast, like actors; having written one movie about a boy, Mathison may have been thought of for another, and yet another. In "E.T.," she has made Elliott dreamy and a little withdrawn but practical and intelligent. And very probably she intuited the necessity for Elliott, too, to be bereft—especially since Spielberg himself had experienced the separation of his parents. Mathison has a feeling for the emotional sources of fantasy, and although her dialogue isn't always inspired, sometimes it is, and she has an ear for how kids talk. Henry Thomas, who plays Elliott, and Kelly Reno in "The Black Stallion" and Griffin O'Neal as the boy magician in "The Escape Artist" are not Hollywood-movie kids; they all have an unusual—



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a magical—reserve. They're all in thrall to their fantasies, and the movies take us inside those fantasies while showing us how they help the boys grow up. Elliott (his name begins with an "E" and ends with a "T") is a dutiful, too sober boy who never takes off his invisible thinking cap; the telepathic communication he develops with E.T. eases his cautious, locked-up worries, and he begins to act on his impulses. When E.T. has his first beer and loses his inhibitions, Elliott, at school, gets tipsy, and in biology class when each student is required to chloroform a frog and then dissect it he perceives his frog's resemblance to E.T. and sets it free. (His classmates follow suit.) The means by which Elliott manages to kiss a pretty girl who towers over him by at least a head is a perfectly executed piece of slapstick.

It's no small feat to fuse science fiction and mythology. "E.T." holds together the way some of George MacDonald's fairy tales ("At the Back of the North Wind," "The Princess and the Goblin," "The Princess and Curdie") do. It's emotionally rounded and complete. The neighborhood kids whose help Elliott needs all come through for him. Even his little sister, Gertie (Drew Barrymore), is determined to keep the secret that E.T. is hidden in Elliott's room. And when Elliott's harried mother (Dee Wallace) rushes around in her kitchen and fails to see E.T.—fails to see him even when she knocks him over—the slapstick helps to domesticate the feeling of enchantment and, at the same time, strengthens it. Adults—as we all know from the children's stories of our own childhoods, or from the books we've read to our children—are too busy and too preoccupied to see the magic that's right there in front of them. Spielberg's mellow, silly jokes reinforce the fantasy structure. One of them—Elliott on his bicycle dropping what look like M&M's to make a trail—seems to come right out of a child's mind. (Viewers with keen eyes may perceive that the candies are actually Reese's Pieces.) Among the costumed children radiating out on Halloween is a tiny Yoda, and the audience laughs in recognition that, yes, this film is part of the fantasy world to which Yoda (the wise gnome of "The Empire Strikes Back") belongs. And when E.T.—a goblin costumed as a ghost—sees the child dressed as Yoda and turns as if to join him it's funny because it's so unaccountably right.

Henry Thomas (who was the older

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of Sissy Spacek's two small sons in "Raggedy Man") has a beautiful brainy head with a thick crop of hair; his touching serio-comic solemnity draws us into the mood of the picture. When one of the neighborhood kids makes a fanciful remark about E.T., Elliott reprimands him, rapping out, "This is reality." Dee Wallace as the mother, Peter Coyote as a scientist who from childhood has dreamed the dream that Elliott has realized, and the other adult actors are the supporting cast. Henry Thomas and E.T. (who was designed by one of the authentic wizards of Hollywood, Carlo Rambaldi) are the stars, and Drew Barrymore and Robert Macnaughton, as the teen-ager Michael, are the featured players. Elliott and his brother and sister are all low-key humorists. When Michael first sees E.T., he does a double take that's like a momentary paralysis. Elliott has an honestly puzzled tone when he asks Michael, "How do you explain school to a higher intelligence?" Little Gertie adapts to E.T. very quickly—he may have the skin of a dried fig and a potbelly that just misses the floor, but she talks to him as if he were one of her dolls.

Spielberg changed his usual way of working when he made "E.T.," and you can feel the difference. The visual energy and graphic strength in his work have always been based on his storyboarding the material—that is, sketching the camera angles in advance, so that the graphic plan was laid out. That way, he knew basically what he was after in each shot and how the shots would fit together; his characteristic brilliantly jagged cutting was largely thought out from the start. On "E.T."—perhaps because the story is more delicate and he'd be working with child actors for much of the time—he decided to trust his intuition, and the film has a few fuzzy spots but a gentler, more fluid texture. It's less emphatic than his other films; he doesn't use his usual wide-screen format—he isn't out to overpower you. The more reticent shape makes the story seem simpler—plausible. The light always has an apparent source, even when it gives the scenes an otherworldly glow. And from the opening in the dense, vernal woodland that adjoins Elliott's suburb (it's where we first hear E.T.'s frightened sounds), the film has the soft, mysterious inexorability of a classic tale of enchantment. The little shed in back of the house where Elliott tosses in a ball and

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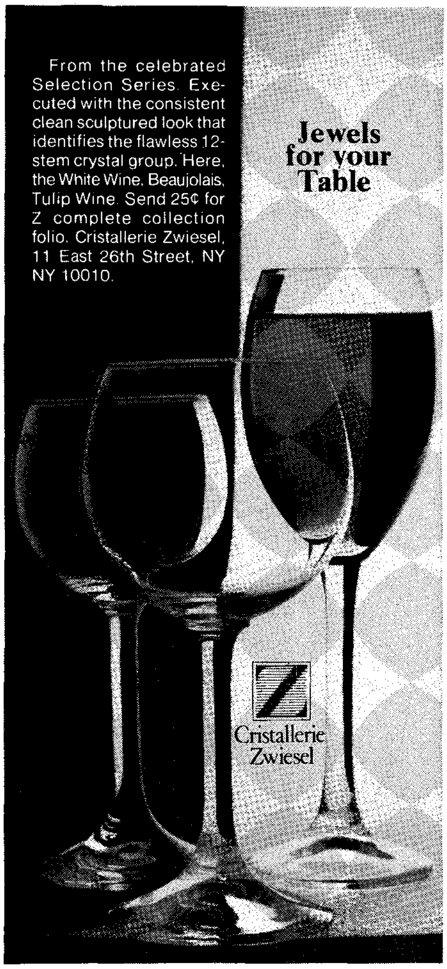

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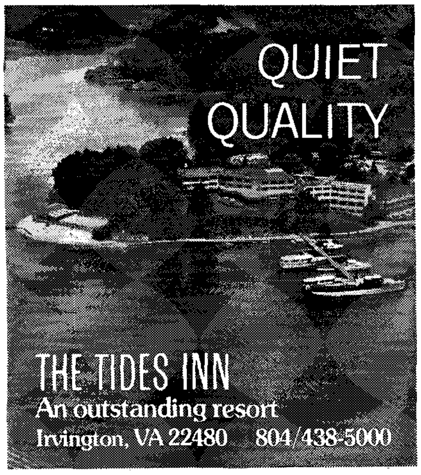

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The only discordant note is the periodic switch to overdynamic camera angles to show the NASA men and other members of the search party whose arrival frightened off the space visitors and who keep looking for the extraterrestrial left behind. These men are lined up in military-looking groups, and the camera shows us only their stalking or marching bodies—they're faceless, silent, and extremely threatening. Their flashlights in the dark woods could be lethal ray guns, and one of them has a bunch of keys hanging from his belt that keep jangling ominously. The rationale is probably that we're meant to view the men as little E.T. would, or as Elliott would, but most of the time neither E.T. nor Elliott is around when they are. Later in the movie, in the sequences in a room that is used as a hospital, it's clear that when adults are being benevolent in adult terms they may still be experienced by children as enemies. But the frequent intrusive cuts to the uniformed men—in some shots they wear moon-travel gear and head masks—are meant to give us terror vibes. They're abstract figures of evil; even the American-flag insignia on their uniforms is sinister—in modern movie iconology that flag means "bad guys." And this movie doesn't need faceless men; it has its own terror. Maybe Spielberg didn't have enough faith in the fear that is integral to any magical idyll: that it can't last.

When the children get to know E.T., his sounds are almost the best part of the picture. His voice is ancient and otherworldly but friendly, humorous. And this scaly, wrinkled little man with huge, wide-apart, soulful eyes and a jack-in-the-box neck has been so fully created that he's a friend to us, too; when he speaks of his longing to go home the audience becomes as mournful as Elliott. Spielberg has earned the tears that some people in the audience—and not just children—shed. The tears are tokens of gratitude for the spell the picture has put on the audience. Genuinely entrancing movies are almost as rare as extraterrestrial visitors.

As if to offer positive proof of how confounding people can be, Spielberg has also made an anything-for-a-scare movie—"Poltergeist," a suburban gothic in which the children's paradise turns into a children's hell. Although the writing credits are shared, he wrote the initial story and rewrote the other writers' work on the script, and he produced the picture and supervised the final edit. And although he picked Tobe Hooper to direct, he storyboarded the shots and, it appears, also took over, in considerable part, on the set. Whatever the credits say, he was certainly the guiding intelligence of "Poltergeist"—which isn't a high compliment. There are some amusing possibilities suggested at the outset—they relate to kids and television. The film's biggest disappointment is that these aren't the ones that are followed through. "Poltergeist," which is about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts (there appear to be multitudes of them), is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Exorcist" without morbidity, or, more exactly, it's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. There are lots of these, and some are awkwardly reminiscent of effects in "Close Encounters" and "Raiders of the Lost Ark," but the worst thing about them is that there's no rationale for the forms that the poltergeists take on or for what they do.

At first, Spielberg's skill may get your hopes up—you think everything will come together in some wonderful sneaky-clever way. When you realize that it won't, your whole relationship to the movie changes. You've become the director's target: you're being subjected to thrills, bombarded by them, as you were in "Raiders." And so, since the director puts you in the position of being a connoisseur of special effects, you sit back and turn bitchy—at least, I do. It doesn't take long for the principle of diminishing returns to set in: after a while your anticipation of a grisly new horror is more fun than what is delivered—ectoplasmic manifestations, spinning rooms and flying objects, gooey stuff that extrudes around closed doors, ambulatory cadavers, and angry, roiling skies and a mean tornado. The spectral effects are so varied that the film turns into a showcase for fancy opticals. And when we get into that jaded mood any effects that actually carry an emotional charge—such as the little boy in the family having nighttime terrors of a gnarled old tree with clawlike moving branches that's outside his bedroom window, or the boy's anxiety about a ghastly stuffed clown doll (its eyes seem to light up)—may be irritants.

These effects don't have any clearer connection to the poltergeists than the others do, but they bother some of us because we associate them with our own childhood fears, and so we respond to them on another level than connoisseurship—and it seems almost callous for the movie to toss them in with skeletons popping up and other "Boo!" effects.

If "Poltergeist" succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family itself in its tract home, full of toys, in a fast-expanding new subdivision. In "Amityville," the family was an indifferent—even ludicrous—group; you didn't care what happened to those people. But in "Poltergeist" Diane, the mother (Jobeth Williams), and Steve, the father (Craig T. Nelson), are terrific, groovy people. When the ghostly manifestations start in the kitchen, what happens seems so benign that Diane reacts as if her household objects were staging a vaudeville show for her—she's turned on by it. High and giddy, she's bubbling over when she tells Steve about it, prefacing her description with "Remember when you used to have an open mind?" The oldest of the three kids is a teen-age girl who's so busy with her friends that she's hardly ever around, but the two little ones—Robbie (Oliver Robins), who's eight or nine, and Carol Anne (Heather O'Rourke), who's about five—are really menaced. It's Carol Anne, who was born in the house, that the spooks are after, and they steal her away, but not far. She can be heard calling out to her mommy from somewhere inside the house. What prevents the situation from being too harrowing is that the film keeps up a cheerful, cartoonlike comic tone (the family dog is a heavy old slobby, snuffling golden retriever); and, besides, you know that Diane and Steve will battle any evil spirits to bring Carol Anne back. These parents love their kids so much that no harm can come to them. Jobeth Williams makes Diane a cool, jazzy mother, and you develop real affection and respect for the blandly handsome Craig T. Nelson as an actor—he brings out something sly and pointed in Steve's intelligence. Steve knows he's beefy—he's a kid in a big, oversize body. They're both kids at heart; the suburbs are a big toy to them—which makes them ideal parents for a Spielberg movie.

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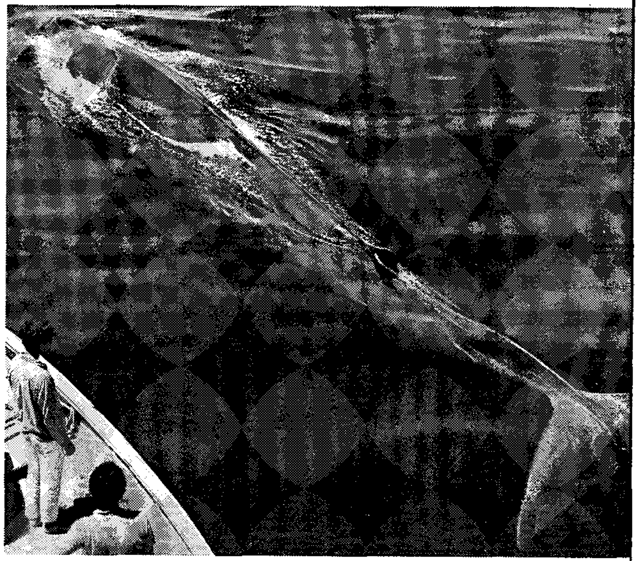

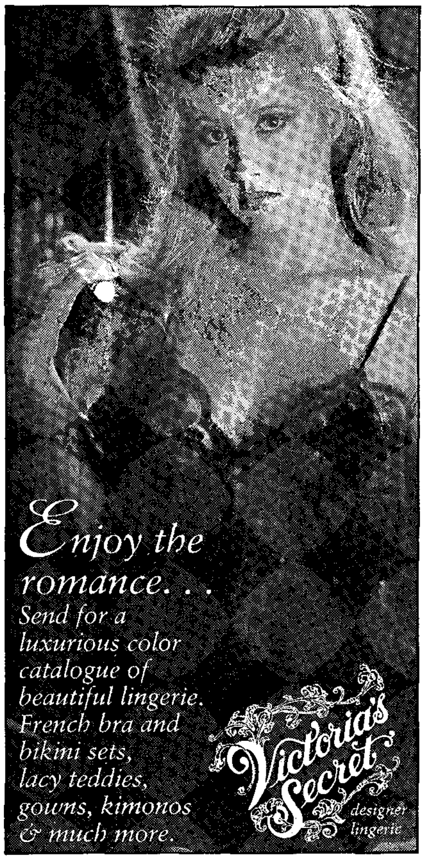

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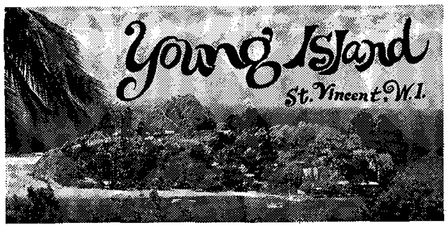

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audience blind and, in a few of her speeches, brings the picture to a halt, as if she'd put a hex on the director and the editor. But then a psychic is brought in: a little woman named Tangina comes to "cleanse" the house. As played by Zelda Rubinstein, the four-foot-three-inch actress who recently organized the Michael Dunn Memorial Repertory Theatre Company in Los Angeles, this character gives the movie new life, and she makes a large chunk of it work. Tangina has a slightly metallic, childlike voice (it sounds as if it were coming through a megaphone), and she emanates the eerie calm of someone who is used to dealing with tricky, deceiving ghosts. Zelda Rubinstein isn't fazed by having to deliver a speech that's a groaner. She holds the screen like a small Florence Bates; she's so fresh a performer that you want to applaud her exit line. It seems remarkably ungallant—and clumsy—of Spielberg to press on with plot developments that undercut the conviction she has brought to her role, which is about the only solid thing in the picture. If "Poltergeist" doesn't do much more than give people a rousing summer spook show and make money for M-G-M, it should at least bring honor and recognition to this actress and her (nonprofit) theatre group.

You hear bits of Spielberg's voice all through "Poltergeist," but it isn't a song—it's more like whistling in the dark. "Poltergeist" doesn't have a structure; it has only a situation, and a bunch of flapping loose ends. Spielberg must have had to work much harder *on this film than on* "E.T.," because it doesn't tap the sources of magic; it's just a dumb concoction, and every effect has to stand on its own. What's lacking is what "E.T." has—the emotional roots of the fantasy, and what it means to the children. There is nothing about Diane and Steve and their kids that relates in any way to what happens to them. The parents show their love for Carol Anne, but it was never in doubt. Their courage is tested, but that doesn't seem to have any particular meaning for them or for the kids, or any connection to how things turn out. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. But he isn't really thinking in this film—he's just throwing ideas and effects at us. If he'd tossed in an earthquake and a batch of giant, mutant

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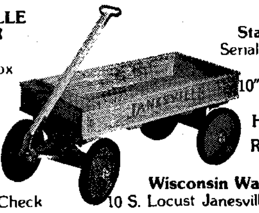

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ants, they'd make as much sense as anything else in "Poltergeist."

At first, "The Escape Artist" seems to have everything going for it. Directing his first feature, Caleb Deschanel, who made short films (such as "Trains") and was the cinematographer for "The Black Stallion" and "Being There," brings a new sensibility to the screen. The quietness of everything draws you in. Deschanel is a patient, courtly director, with a down-home grace; his unstressed humor makes you grin and his feeling for beauty makes you take a deep, clear breath. The script, by Melissa Mathison and Stephen Zito, based on David Wagoner's novel, has some of the qualities of the writing in "E.T." and of the sleepy-American-city sections of "The Black Stallion." And as Danny Masters, the teen-age magician, who believes that his dead father was "the greatest escape artist in the world, after Houdini," Griffin O'Neal (Ryan's son and Tatum's brother) is a great-looking gamin daredevil.

The orphaned boy has practiced magic tricks while living with his grandmother; when he thinks he's good enough to be a pro he runs off and goes to see his aunt and uncle (Joan Hackett and Gabriel Dell), who do an act together in vaudeville. The film takes place in a small, rather underpopulated Midwestern city (the exteriors are mostly Cleveland), in an indeterminate time in the past. This is probably a mistake: we feel somewhat dislocated. But in general everything is promising up to the point when Raul Julia comes into the picture. Since Julia, with his Puerto Rican accent, is playing the half-mad son of the crooked Mayor (the senior Desi Arnaz, with his Cuban accent), his entrance suggests a crazy-comedy interlude. But Raul Julia sticks around (though his girlfriend, Teri Garr, comes and goes), and the characters and the story that the director has been carefully building seem to disintegrate. There are lapses in the continuity, and the picture is pushed toward a ready-made, theatre-of-the-absurd melodrama—the kind of instant fantasy that filled "One from the Heart." It all begins to revolve around a stolen wallet that contains the Mayor's graft money. "The Escape Artist" was made at Zoetrope Studios, under Coppola's aegis, and there were reports in the trade press of test screenings with different running times. It's just about impossible to judge whether the altera-

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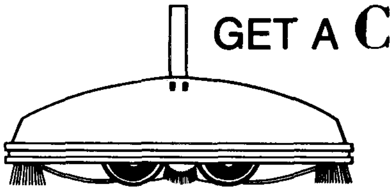

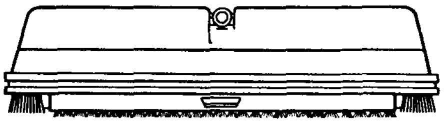

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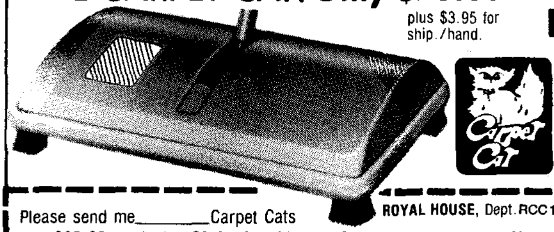

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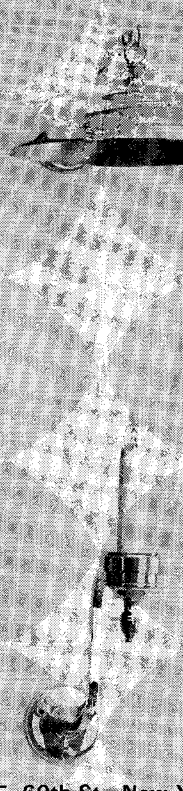

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tions were warranted or whether they wrecked the film—maybe a little of both.

In what's left, almost everything that Griffin O'Neal does gives off sparks of pleasure. He has a naturally pugnacious face; as Danny, he looks like a street urchin who could find his way around back alleys. He's determined and resourceful, yet he's sunny. O'Neal's husky voice helps: his Huck Finn croak goes with his freckles. And, with Deschanel guiding him, O'Neal lets you see the calculations that are going on in Danny's mind, so you actually experience the boy's triumphs and his frights right along with him. (The movie suggests Mark Twain with a solemn face.) O'Neal has a good scene or two with Jackie Coogan, as the owner of a magic shop, and some lovely moments with a girl he courts (Elizabeth Daily) so that he can persuade her to be sawed in half, and Deschanel has given him a stunningly lighted, red-hued vision in which he makes his father levitate under a cloth cover and then disappear. This scene is true magical moviemaking. With the exception of Barry Levinson ("Diner"), Deschanel is probably the most talented new American director to appear since Jack Fisk made his début last year, with "Raggedy Man," and both he and Fisk are the kind of visually expressive moviemakers whose images linger in the mind even if their narratives go wrong. Still, just about everything that Raul Julia does is unignorably bad. He seems to act from the outside, like a man training to be a matinée idol. Deschanel tries to use this sleazy theatricality as part of the character of the Mayor's son, and he doesn't sentimentalize him—he keeps him a creep to the end. But there's nothing in Raul Julia's face for the camera to register; even his big dark eyes are blanks. (Have you ever seen an actor who's less interested in creating a character? That dead thing he does with his eyes is his way of trying to bring you into cahoots with him; it's like what Johnny Carson does—going deadpan and playing dumb for you while signalling "We're both hip to this.") "The Escape Artist" is so misshapen that it's only intermittently affecting. A boy magician's determination to perform the tricks that his father did—and even the one that may have caused his father's death—has suspense. But a stolen wallet is an insult to the audience. It's as if the movie were yawning at us. —PAULINE KAEL

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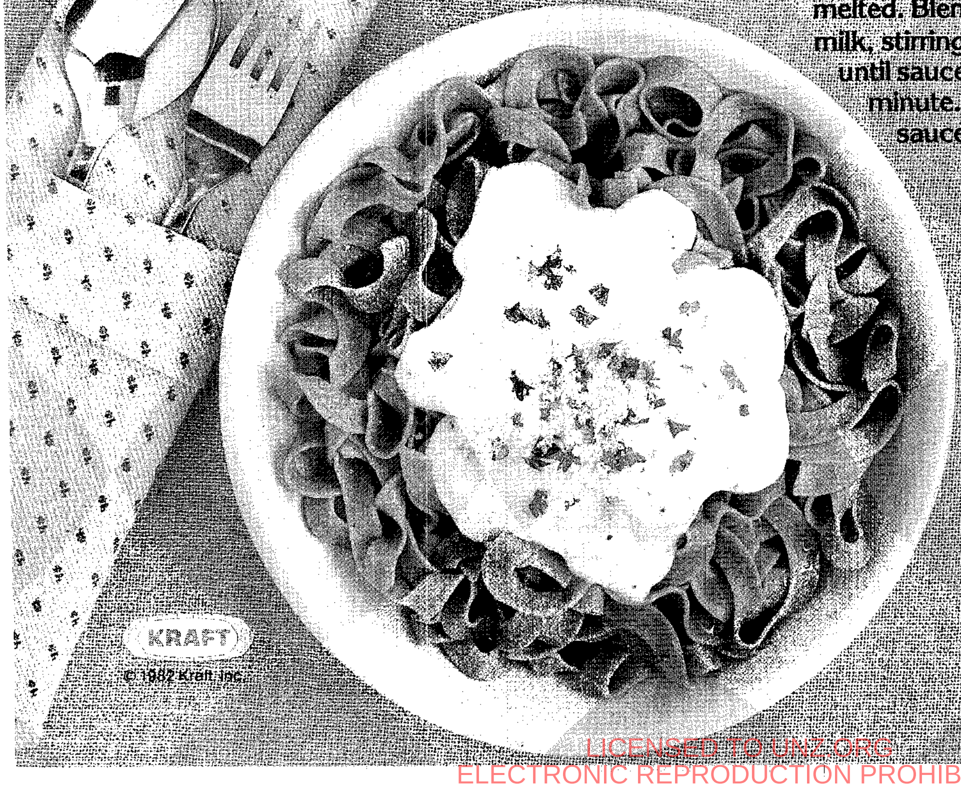

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BOOKS

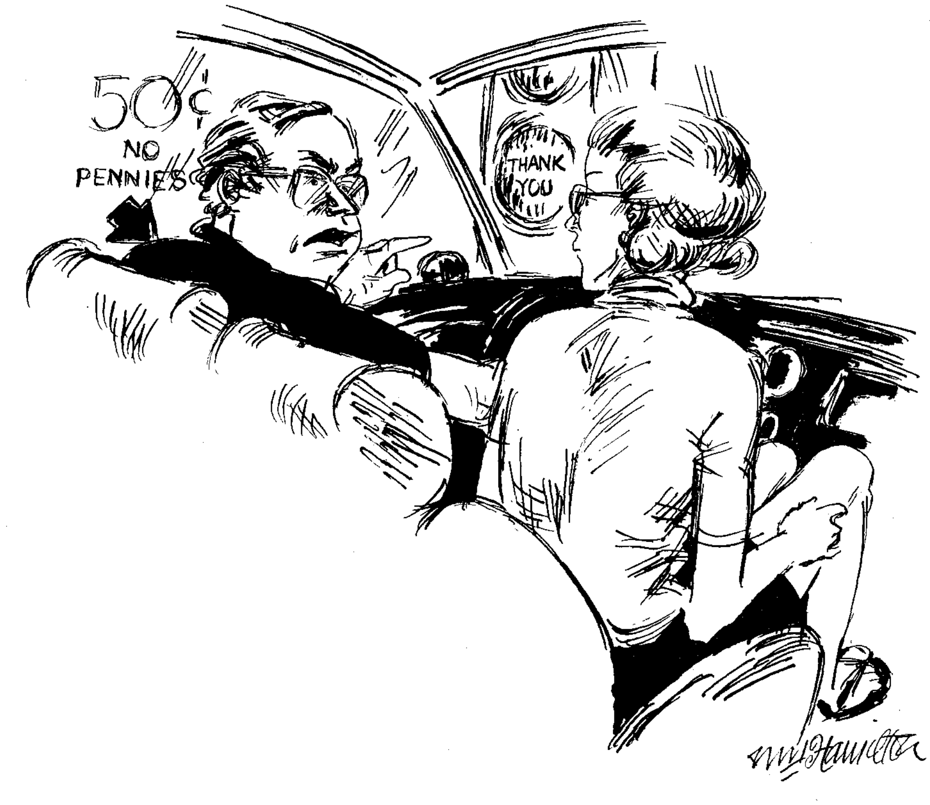
The Squeeze Is On

CRITICS who urge upon American writers more social commitment and a more public role should ponder the cautionary case of Günter Grass. Here is a novelist who has gone so public he can't be bothered to write a novel; he just sends dispatches to his readers from the front lines of his engagement. His latest work, "Headbirths; or, The Germans Are Dying Out" (translated from the German by Ralph Manheim; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $9.95), is topical and political with a specificity that warrants a prefatory Publisher's Note:

> *Headbirths* was written in late 1979, shortly after Günter Grass returned from a trip to China and just before the German elections of 1980. Candidates of the two major parties contending for power were Helmut Schmidt, the Social Democrat Chancellor of the German Federal Republic, and Franz Josef Strauss, Bavarian Prime Minister and head of the opposition party, the Christian Democrats. Günter Grass's commitment was and is to the Social Democrats and their party head, Willy Brandt.

Got that? Then you are ready to take a brief ride on the roller coaster of Grass's mind as it goes clickety-clack, clickety-clack, *wheeeee!* on the ups and downs of such issues as nuclear plants, the low German birthrate, the early middle age of the protest generation, the union of the two Germanys, the importance of the German language and its writers, and capitalism and its clear inferiority to an ever so dimly apprehended "Democratic socialism"—themes already stirred into such bubbling stews as "The Flounder," "Local Anaesthetic," and "The Meeting at Telgte." The pot this time holds a few dollops of fiction, as Grass shares with the reader his efforts to imagine a movie about the Asian adventures of Harm and Dörte Peters, hypothetical schoolteachers from Itzehoe in Holstein. As they move through the itinerary mapped for them by Sisyphus Tourist Bureau and its omniscient Dr. Konrad Wenthien, they—childless, though in their thirties—also try to puzzle through whether or not to saddle the world and themselves with a baby; when Harm is willing, Dörte is dubious, and when Dörte is keen Harm turns impotent. These two give the reader (or is it the viewer?) a few winsome moments, mostly in Bali, but in general suggest nothing so much as the blank-faced figures in a demographic chart. Their very typicality illustrates one of the things wrong with Germany: "There are teachers like Harm and Dörte in every district capital. And Itzehoe with its modernization damage, its garbage-disposal problem and pedestrian zone, might just as well be called Tuttlingen and be situated on some other river." Grass freely shares with us his difficulties in inventing a story for these indeterminate creatures of his, and for a perishable liver sausage he has thrust into their imaginary luggage. "But since my intention to make them finally land is still blocked by misgivings based on details that had no place in the first draft, the question arises here in the third draft: mightn't it be better to buy the coarse liver sausage not from some butcher in the city of Itzehoe . . . but at Kruse's Delicatessen on Kirchstrasse . . ." Imperfectly animated dolls, they struggle to disentangle themselves from their creator's autobiography: "I admit that the idea of the liver sausage (as the basis of a subplot) is autobiographical. . . . Because Harm and Dörte Peters are my headbirths, I put things into their cradle that concern me—for instance, the continuation of the Brokdorf trial on Monday, November 26, 1979, in Schleswig."

It is hard to imagine an American writer of comparable distinction publishing a book so unbuttoned in manner, so dishevelled in content, so ingenuously confident of his readership's indulgence. Saul Bellow, his head as spinning with ideas as Günter Grass's, yet dresses them up in fictional costume, in "The Dean's December," or else presents them straightforwardly as journalism, in "To Jerusalem and Back." These are clean headbirths; Grass gives us pangs, placenta, and squalling infant all in a heap, plus a damp surgical mask and a bent forceps. He tells us about his trip to China, and about the dying of the poet Nicolas Born, an old friend and fellow-participant in unofficial East-West writers' meetings held in East Berlin for four years ending in 1977. He rehearses political speeches for the coming Strauss-Schmidt campaign, he pleads for hopeless causes like a "National Endowment . . . a place where every German can look for himself and his origins and find questions to ask," he pontificates about the Germans ("They always insist on being terrifyingly more or pathetically less than



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they are"), he imagines himself as born ten years earlier and turning his pen to pro-Nazi rhapsodies, he proposes that East and West Germany swap systems every ten years ("The Democratic Republic would have an opportunity to relax under capitalism, while the Federal Republic could drain off cholesterol under communism"), he writes cascades of little editorials already dated by their sneers at Carter ("a bigoted preacher in Washington") and their focus on Iran. He spouts off, in short. Like a psychiatrist patiently auditing a stream of free association, the reader listens for the telltale note, the clue to the monologuist's real concerns. Grass seems happy in his sex life with his occasionally mentioned Ute—at least, he voices no complaints. He talks a great deal about writers: Chinese writers, dead German writers, live German writers, writers as heroic Sisyphean figures "piling words on words." Nothing abnormal in this, just healthy egoism. But—what's that? Turks?

> We Germans want to go on being surveyable, countable, not some numberless mass. After all, we're not Indians, fellahin, Chinese, or mestizos. We've already got Turks enough!

"Headbirths" appears to be really about Turks. The Chinese that Grass visits and admires, the Indians and Balinese that disquiet Harm and Dörte, the millions and millions of them, are Turks of a different color. The Turkish Turks are already in Germany; the eighties will bring the others in. "In the course of the eighties," Harm Peters orates to a frightened crowd of cement workers in Lägerdorf, "Asia will discharge its demographic pressure and flood the European continent. I see them by the thousands, by the hundreds of thousands, silently trickling in, and here, yes, here in Itzehoe, in our very midst." In Grass's cinematic vision, the beer halls and women's clubs fill with "Indians, Malays, Pakistanis, and Chinese, with Asia's overflow, until Harm and Dörte find themselves applauded by predominantly foreign audiences, while what's left of the native Germans, intimidated, lose themselves in the enthusiastic mass." A mere eighty million industrious, frugal, politically earnest, unprolific Germans cannot possibly survive in such a human sea: "Europe is dissolving into Asia." That is the anxiety, symbolized by the Turks invited into Germany for their cheap labor and now looming as an unbanishable presence. Grass's last paragraph attempts

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with a feeble smile to ease the dread: Dörte and Harm nearly hit a small Turkish boy with their Volkswagen, but avoid calamity. The child, "lucky again," laughs. "Other Turkish boys are waiting for him, and together they celebrate his survival. Now from side streets and backyards, from all directions, come more and more children, all foreign. Indian, Chinese, African children, all cheerful. They fill the street with life, wave from windows, jump from walls, innumerable." This is the sort of polychrome poster Americans are raised on. "Headbirths; or, The Germans Are Dying Out," beneath all its merry guff, holds an authentic pang as Germany surrenders its barbaric old notion of racial purity and sizes up its modest place in a mongrel world.

HEINRICH BÖLL's new novel, "The Safety Net" (translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz; Knopf; $13.95), deals with Turks of a different kind: terrorists. Or, rather, it shows the effects of terrorism upon the protected members of "the system" and the police who are protecting them. The figure at the center of the safety net, which confines as well as protects, is Fritz Tolm, a prosperous newspaper publisher and the newly elected head of "the Association," a fictitious organization of corporation heads. Though the novelist has done some work trying to imagine capitalism at its top levels, the Association feels persistently mythical—more like a circle of literary bigwigs—and Fritz Tolm, with his wry skill at interviews and his ironic reflections upon his own success and his interest "in Madonnas and architecture, in trees and birds" and his writing about art for his own newspaper, resembles an eminent author restive under the constraints of eminence. Böll dedicates the book to his three sons "in gratitude," and Fritz Tolm has a large and complicated family: a wife, Käthe, a nurseryman's daughter from his home town of Iffenhoven; a daughter, Sabine, who is the wife of a playboy clothes manufacturer, Erwin Fischer, and the mother of a daughter, Kit, and the mistress of one of the policemen guarding her, Hubert Hendler; a son, Herbert, never onstage but notoriously involved in a disreputable leftist crowd; another son, Rolf, once radical activist enough to burn automobiles in demonstrations and to be jailed, now a dropout wood-gleaner living with a mistress, Katharina Schröter,

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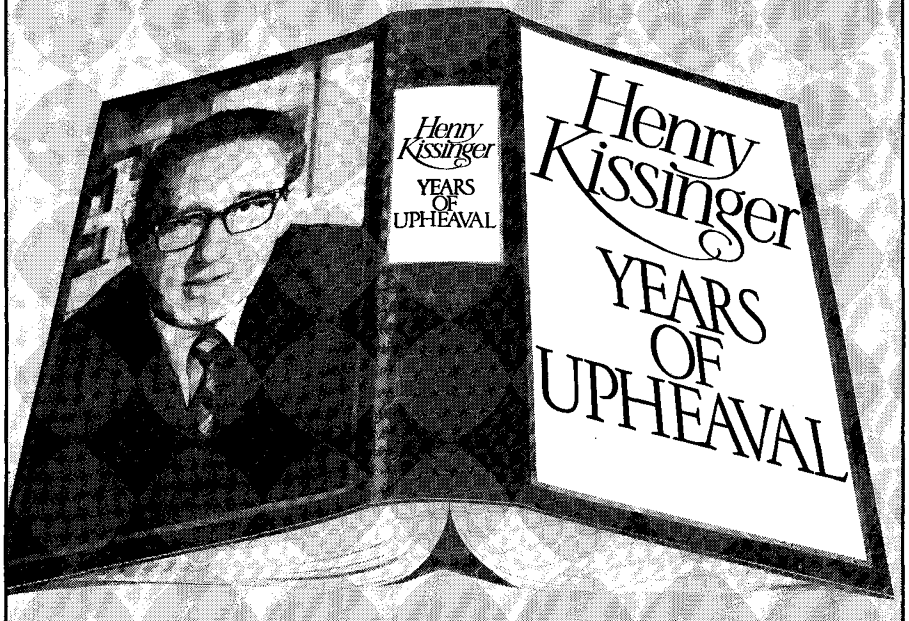

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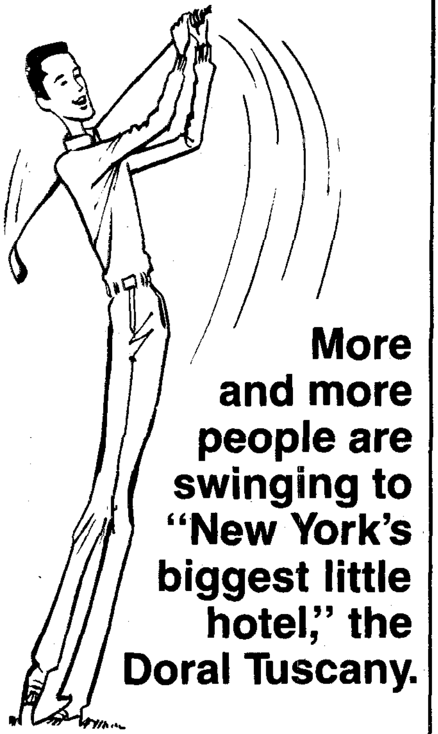

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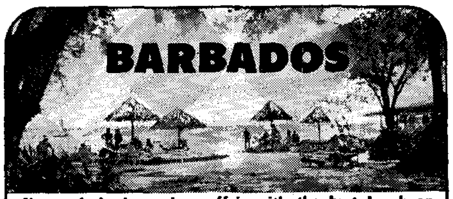

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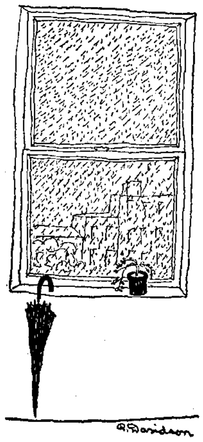
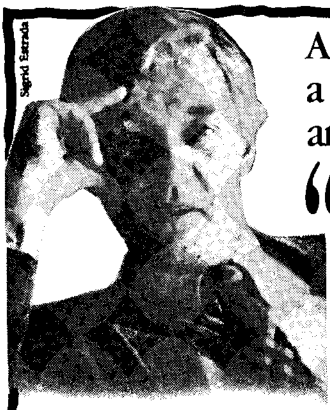
by whom he has had a son, Holger, called Holger II to avoid confusion with Holger I, the son Rolf had with his former wife, Veronica, who now lives underground with the arch-terrorist Heinrich Beverloh, a former pet employee of Fritz Tolm's who got disenchanted with the system while visiting New York City, of all friendly places. "The Safety Net" is prefaced by a three-page List of Characters, and the reader sure needs it, as the Heinrichs and Herberts and Huberts and Hendlers and Holzpukes chase one another across the pages and Heinrich Böll repeatedly indulges his favorite Faulknerian trick of beginning a chapter in the middle of a stream of consciousness. The novel contains not only a plethora of characters but an ambitious and unsettling multiplicity of points of view. Though full of psychological insight, not to mention a noble and lofty sympathy for the human plight in general, "The Safety Net" moves its burden of circumstance minimally, and then by strange twitches of hearsay. Most novels give the impression of a tour too guided, the reader too purposefully led through a series of Potemkin villages and compressed encounters on the narrow trail the plot has laid out. The reader of "The Safety Net," on the other hand, is repeatedly and prolongedly situated in spots where the action is *not* occurring, though rumors of it can be faintly heard, and glimpses had as if from behind a broad post in the grandstand. There is something wrong with time and space in this book; though ostensibly about the highest realms of power, it mostly takes place in small towns, in manor houses and vicarages, and developments that feel leisurely turn out to consume less than a day—one person (Veronica) seems to be instantly transported from a hideout in Istanbul (more Turks!) to the German-Dutch border, riding an explosive-laden bicycle. How did she get there? What is going on?



Böll's realism, like that of Balthus, is stately, eerie, and surreal. The developments are set forth with a quiet and measured authority but have, as one character reflects, something "downright fantastic" about them. In this novel, several galaxies of concern seem to be in slow collision. Böll is better on sex and religion than on power and politics. The affair between Sabine Fischer and her bodyguard Hubert Hendler is given a nineteenth-century resonance by their both being serious Catholics; the possibility of guilt established, the novelist is able to do some lovely psychologizing (raising the question Can you have a psychological novel without religious consciousness? or, to put it another way, Are human souls worth reading about if there is no sin?). Sabine, hitherto a dutiful daughter and wife, marvels at her own coolness and skill in deception and wonders "where it all came from, how one simply knew such things, that cool way of dismissing something as if nothing had happened, something that was still and always would be called adultery." She marvels, too, at "the strange fact that she felt like an adulteress not toward Fischer or Hubert but only toward Helga"—Hendler's wife. Hendler himself, who became a policeman, against his parents' wishes, out of a strict and even fanatic commitment to "safety and order for all," also suffers paradoxical revelations. "Chaos, disintegration, and he didn't want to be sucked in, yet was in the very midst of it." Through Helga's eyes we see his changed behavior at home: sexual coldness and sharp faultfinding toward her; anger toward his young son, Bernhard; and a morbid intensification of his normal cleanliness and neatness—"no longer merely pedantic but almost pathological, the way he sometimes spent almost an hour under the shower, found fault with his freshly pressed trousers, and—this was really an insult—sniffed at his socks before putting them on and, if he discovered the tiniest crease in those expensive cotton shirts, made a face as if seriously offended." Then, when Sabine becomes pregnant, his mood shifts again: "He could not explain how it was that he had become gentler toward Helga and the boy on learning that Sabine was expecting a child." The psychological weather within this triangle, so much more tenderly and reverently observed than in the case-hardened treatment of the same situation which we have come to expect in American fiction, would hold us longer than Böll permits it to; the clouds are quickly and oddly dispersed, as they are on the terrorist level of the action as well. It is as if Böll, having been seated long in the creation of this congested, repetitive work (the characters know each other too well, and repeat in dialogue what the author has already told us), suddenly rose and gave an abrupt, abstracted blessing, like an elderly priest bored by too long and tangled a confession.

THE aura of congestion, of stale air being breathed over and over, tinges as well Günter Grass's shorter and more frolicsome work, and may tell us something about today's Germany. West Germany is more densely populated than India. This surprising fact, recently come upon, haunted my reading of these two books, and illuminated some of their themes: that of reluctance to multiply in "Headbirths" and, in "The Safety Net," the loss of privacy and freedom brought about by the pressure of terrorism and the ubiquitous countermeasures. Not only is the freedom to have a personal life being eroded but the land itself is being devoured; the Tolms' old town of Iffenhoven and old home of Eickelhof have vanished, levelled and replaced by a vast pit where brown coal is mined to feed the power stations that rim the landscape. And the Tolms' present home, Tolmshoven, also sits on brown coal, and will eventually be bulldozed away. There is a lot of devouring in the world Böll pictures: newspapers and corporations devour one another, security dossiers devour private identities, the cultural tide of "porn and pop and dope" is devouring the Catholic Church—there are not one but two priests in this novel who flout their vows of chastity. Behind all this devouring lurks "the system," which Rolf explains with an indicative Germanic twist, remembering "the horrified frenzy that had seized Heinrich [Beverloh] when he discovered the 'international continent of money,' that ocean no one can cross, those mountains no one can climb . . . It wasn't envy, not that, no more so than Saint George or Siegfried killing the dragon out of envy. Indeed, perhaps his motives might be better understood by comparison with the Nibelung saga than by any sort of envy- or hate-philosophy . . . [The dragon] was no longer encompassed by the word 'capitalism,' it was something more, something mythical." The sense given in "The Safety Net" is of an interlocked society some of whose members fight claustrophobia with extremist visions and acts that the majority press themselves into an even tighter phalanx to



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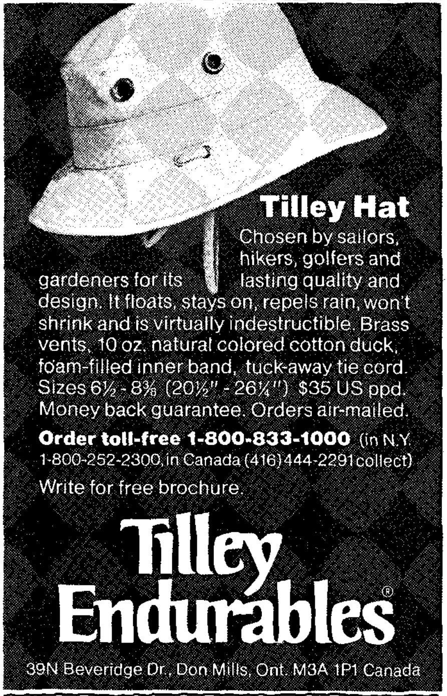

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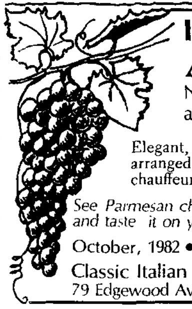

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combat. A number of characters escape this novel, and the reader escapes it, too, with relief but a fearful suspicion that its social gridlock is the shape of things to come. Our hero, the bewildered and diffident rich man Fritz Tolm, has this piquant exchange with his wife near the end:

> "You know I have always loved you. And there's something else you must know."
>
> "Yes, what is it?"
>
> "That some form of socialism must come, must prevail. . . ."

As if it had not already crushingly prevailed over hundreds of millions, and as if it did much more, at best, than make the squeeze official.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

OBASAN, by Joy Kogawa (Godine; $12.95). "Seizure and government sale of fishing boats. Suspension of fishing licences. Relocation camps. Liquidation of property. Letter to General MacArthur. Bill 15. Deportation. Revocation of nationality." These phrases catch the eye of the narrator, a second-generation-Japanese-Canadian schoolteacher, as her aunt, an indignant spokesman for Japanese-Canadians and other oppressed minorities, thrusts into her hands a pamphlet entitled "Racial Discrimination by Orders-in-Council." The year is 1972, and the aunt has just returned to Canada from a conference in California on "The Asian Experience in North America," which, it seems, was far harsher in western Canada than in the western United States during and after the Second World War. The narrator's own memories of the nineteen-forties are painful and fragmentary, but her aunt gives her certain documents and a diary that refresh her memory and supply terrible facts from which adults at that time thought a child should be protected: why, for instance, her family was uprooted and broken up over and over, as the Canadian government classified close relatives in different categories and separated men from women and children; and why, especially, her mother, who had returned to Japan in 1941 for a brief visit, was never heard from again. A bitter, haunting story. A common phrase from the war years which the narrator recalls—"*kodomo no tame*," meaning "for the sake of the children" and referring to the need for a show of silent strength—helps explain her fear of learning all of a sudden, so many years later, exactly what she, as a child, suffered and survived.

LOVE AND OTHER NATURAL DISASTERS, by Allen Hannay (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $12.95). Bubber Drumm, a genial young man from the sorry town of Merry, Texas, tells a funny story, set mostly in his home town, featuring a pet tiger, a house-trained python, a brute nicknamed Tire-Iron, an infuriating flirt who soon has good reason to be jealous of her mother, and more than one armadillo. Mr. Hannay, whose first novel this is, lives (according to the dust jacket) near Dripping Springs, Texas: a pleasantly improbable address for the author of such a pleasantly improbable tale.

GENERAL

STUFF OF SLEEP AND DREAMS: EXPERIMENTS IN LITERARY PSYCHOLOGY, by Leon Edel (Harper & Row; $20). An uneven collection of essays—many of them intended for scholarly circles, and some of these revised and expanded several times over—in which biographical data are used to explain why certain writers over the past hundred and fifty years or so have chosen to behave and write as they have: why Henry David Thoreau took a mirror with him when he banished himself from civilization (he wore a beard, so it wasn't for shaving), and why Virginia Woolf could not bear to use one to powder her nose; also why Kafka has his Joseph K. arrested "one fine morning" for no good reason, and why Hugh Walpole dedicated his last novel to "the great author of 'The Turning of the Screw.' " The collection is divided into four parts: an introduction to the methodology of literary psychology; two sections focussing on James Joyce and the James family (Henry et al.); and, sandwiched in between these two, a set of seven chapters dealing with depression (or "tristimania," a term coined by Benjamin Rush, America's first—eighteenth-century—psychiatrist) and how Tolstoy, W. B. Yeats, T. S. Eliot, Virginia Woolf, Willa Cather, and Edmund Wilson (among others) coped with it. Mr. Edel is careful to avoid reductionism (a fault often found, apparently, in literary psychologists), but he is less leery of psychologese ("ego-structure," "energies"). He is most successful when he sets out to solve a small mystery, such as the case of Rex Stout's Conan Doyle complex, and reports his findings briskly, in the manner of Sherlock Holmes.

Uncivil Liberties, by Calvin Trillin (Ticknor & Fields; $10.95). A collection of the humorous pieces that the author contributes regularly to *The Nation*. Mr. Trillin's tone is his and his alone; as for his subjects, they can be anything—politics, preppies, the new New Right, Nancy Reagan's adoring smile, country music. He is at his best when he does not seem to be making much effort—when he is just sitting around the house, so to speak, entertaining idle thoughts, like why people who work in health-food shops look so unhealthy and how it is that every American boy is told he can grow up to be President but no one tells him he doesn't have to if he doesn't want to. It would be wrong, however, to give the impression that Mr. Trillin is simply a genial humorist; he can leave bite marks, and very often does.

An English Temper: Essays on Education, Culture, and Communications, by Richard Hoggart (Oxford; $15.95). This excellent collection, the work of an Englishman who, except for five years at UNESCO, has spent his adult life teaching (he is now at the University of London), deals with many problems familiar to Americans. Mr. Hoggart writes about the purposes of education and the nature, real and ideal, of schools, from grade schools to universities. He discusses adult education, compensatory education, and "relevant" and "traditional" education, and examines the relations between schooling and society. He seems to know everything that has been said or written or done on all sides of every question, and he picks his way through passionate polemics to suggest simple but subtle solutions.

Elsie de Wolfe: A Life in the High Style, by Jane S. Smith (Atheneum; $19.95). Elsie de Wolfe (1865-1950) charmed her way into New York society as an amateur actress; between 1890 and 1904, as a professional actress, she was noted chiefly for her stylish costumes. In 1905, she invented a new career and became America's first interior decorator, winning interna-

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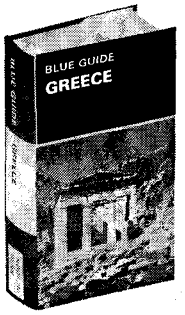

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tional fame and making a substantial fortune. Her clients were millionaires, but the decorative concepts she evolved remain this country's middle-class vernacular. During these years, she had the support and companionship of an equally remarkable woman, Bessie Marbury, who was one of the first international theatrical agents, and who ultimately became a power in the Democratic Party and, with another friend, Anne Morgan, attempted to develop Elsie de Wolfe's social conscience. The women drifted apart after the First World War, during which Elsie nursed French soldiers. Between the two wars, she helped found café society and married Sir Charles Mendl, who worked for the British Embassy in Paris; she discovered Elsa Maxwell and tutored Wallis Simpson in chic. Ever a shrewd businesswoman, she rode out the Depression in France and the Second World War in California, contriving to find new generations of friends, protégés, and paying customers. Mrs. Smith attempts to inject a little significance and earnestness into her talented, high-spirited, childish, and calculating heroine. Apart from herself, though, Elsie's only love was French antiques, and her life is a lesson in getting away not with murder but with narcissism.

Note: "Russian Blood: A Family Chronicle," by Alex Shoumatoff, has been published by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan ($17.95). Some of the contents first appeared in these pages.

•

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[*From an editorial in the San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle*]

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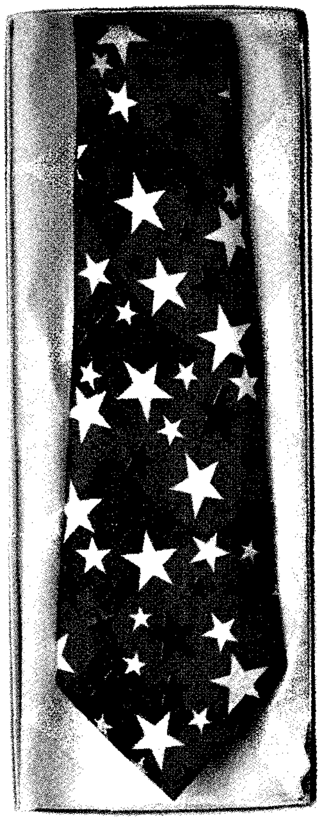
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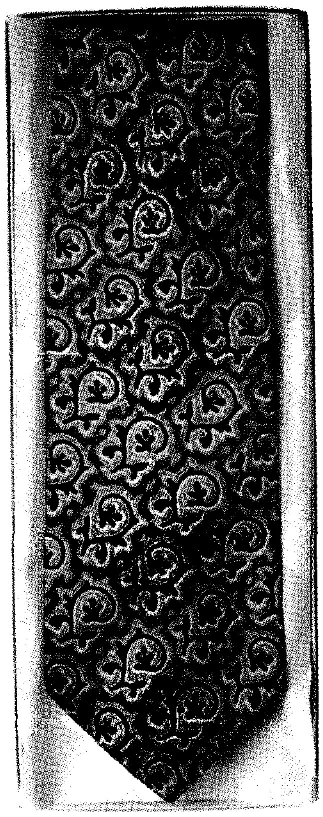
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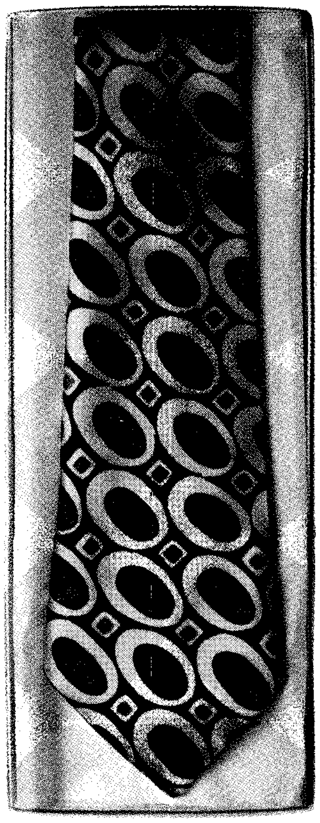
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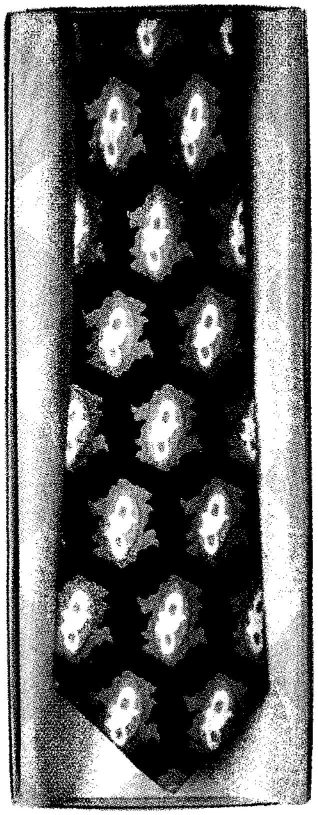
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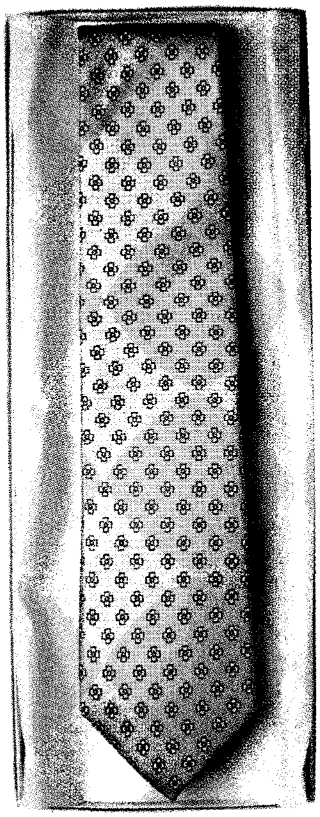
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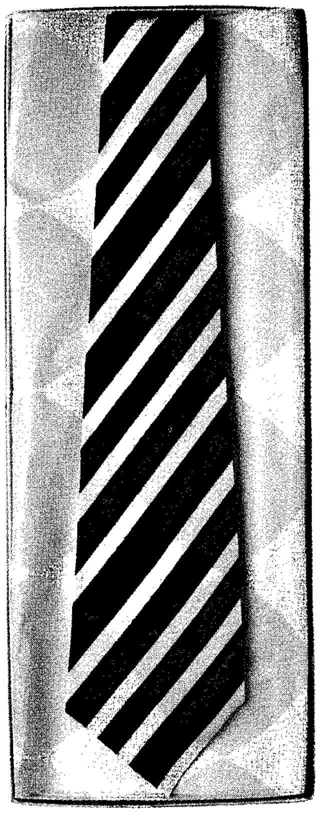
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